PLAYERS WIN FABULOUS RICHES

Silver Screen

March

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"SITTING PRETTY—NO COMPLAINTS"



PRESENTING THE

GLAMOUR ENSEMBLE

in a single thread of Fragrance

Gemey

Linger in castle corridors on court nights in London. Dance on a Budapest balcony high above the blue Danube. Seek romance and youth and laughter in the gay capitals of five continents . . . and there you'll find the beguiling perfume that is . . . fragrance Gemey.

For fragrance Gemey is world-beloved . . . preferred by the smart women of 75 lands. And now in America you may share their intimate secret. Inquire at your favorite perfume counter for this glamour ensemble by Richard Hudnut . . . gala beauty fundamentals in a single thread of fragrance . . . Gemey!



FACE POWDER gossamer soft, a boon to sensitive skins. In six true flesh tones. Face Powder in fragrance Gemey . . . One dollar.

CONTINENTAL BEAUTIES adore the warm loveliness of Tablet Rouge in fragrance Gemey. Eight blush-tones. Seventy-five cents.

WAKE YOUR LIPS to radiant beauty . . . keep that youth-soft feel with this luscious lipstick in fragrance Gemey. Colors frankly daring. Seventy-five cents.

A COMPLEXION CARETAKER— this fragrant liquid facial that cleanses, soothes and conditions your skin. Cucumber lotion in fragrance Gemey. One dollar

STEP FROM YOUR BATH into a cloud of this luxury dusting powder. Feel how smooth and soft your skin; revel in its glamour-fragrance. Bath Powder in the fragrance Gemey. One dollar.

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

New York Paris

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Lovely as a Melody



She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

How often a girl has thrilled to a passing glance—to an admiring look that says, "If only there were someone to introduce us now."

Lucky for her if she has a youthful smile—a smile that reveals sparkling white teeth and healthy gums. But how pitiful the smile that *shocks* the expectant eye. How sad the smile that betrays dull teeth and dingy gums—tragic evidence of unforgivable neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

That first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—how harmless it appears and yet how serious it can prove. For trivial, trifling as it may seem—*ignored*, it can exact a heavy penalty.

When you see it—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble, but your dentist is the only competent judge. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is simply a case of gums that have grown soft and sensitive under our modern soft-food menus—gums that need more resistance and work—and as so many modern dentists advise—gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is a modern tooth paste—not only designed to keep your teeth clean and sparkling—but, *with massage*, to assist the health of your gums. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases. Lazy tissues waken. Gums become firmer.

Play safe! Adopt this common-sense dental health routine in your own home. Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself against gum troubles. You'll have a better chance for whiter, brighter teeth and sounder, healthier gums—a better chance for a smile of enchanting loveliness!





THE MOST *Powerful* LOVE STORY EVER FILMED!

...Of a Patriot Who Lost a Country When He Found a Woman

You thought "San Francisco" was exciting—but wait! You'll be thrilled to your finger-tips when this mighty drama comes thundering from the screen. A fiery romance with your two favorite stars!...CLARK GABLE—courageous, masterful leader of a fighting nation . . . MYRNA LOY—the bewitching beauty in whose arms he forgot the pain of leadership . . .

Answering the call of millions of picture-goers M-G-M has brought them together in the most dramatic heart-stabbing love story of our time!

CLARK GABLE • MYRNA LOY

IN

PARNELL

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production based on the great stage play that thrilled Broadway for months, with EDNA MAY OLIVER, BILLIE BURKE, and a great M-G-M cast. Directed and produced by John Stahl.



FEB -5 1937

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REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

MARCH 1937

VOLUME SEVEN
NUMBER FIVE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
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COVER PORTRAIT OF KAY FRANCIS BY MARLAND STONE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The Opening Chorus



Carole Lombard

A Letter From Liza

DEAR BOSS:

Well, that Hollywood is up to its old tricks again, just playing parlor games like mad. Hardly do you get your after dinner brandy down these nights before your hostess blandly announces, "Now we'll play Ghosts." And it's just too bad for you if you are a slow-witted dope and need time out for thinking, because these movie stars go like lightning. Of course, the favorite dinner table game is still casting "Gone With the Wind." Oh, I do wish Mr. Selznick would hurry and start that picture so I wouldn't have Bankhead, Hopkins and Davies hurled at me over the entree.

If you're any place around Lionel Barrymore when he's feeling playful you'll probably find yourself in a harum-scarum game of "In the Manner of the Word," and when you've seen Lionel act out "precariously" you've really seen something.

"Who Am I?" is the favorite with the Colbert Clan and Claudette can keep you guessing who she is for hours.

"Scrambled Words" is guaranteed to drive you hopelessly nuts in no time. Stuart Walker introduced this game to Hollywood about a year ago and since then there have been plenty of cases ready for the padded cell. Beulah Bondi seems to be the best at "Scrambled Words," with Carole Lombard and Director Walter Lang runners-up. Funny that Carole who was cited as one of the three exponents of unaffected good "American" speech by Professor Simons, noted speech authority of Northwestern University, is now scrambling words. It must be the effect of "Swing High, Swing Low," which she has just made. Jean Harlow and Bill Powell, who are decidedly talented about games, can think up a new brain twister every evening.

At Una Merkel's "Desert Island" still reigns supreme. Of course Una, being a sweet gal, will always say, "What ten people would you like to have with you if you were ship-wrecked on a desert island?" But sooner or later one of those nasty people (myself, no doubt) will change it to, "What ten pet hates in Hollywood would you like to have isolated on a desert island?" Recently a new version of that game has popped up in the better play-rooms—it's called "Casting the Worst Picture of the Year." The idea is to take the plot you dislike most and cast it with the actors you dislike most. You'd be surprised (and so would the actors) to learn what leading lady and what leading man and what juveniles usually get top billing. Well, it's just another way of gossiping.

Liza

GO WHERE THE CROWDS ARE GOING...

Now you can see

THE LOVE STORY WHICH CHANGED THE DESTINY OF AN EMPIRE! THE PICTURE THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR!

. . . Direct from its sensational $2.00 runs in Hollywood and New York!

LLOYDS OF LONDON

starring

Freddie BARTHOLOMEW *and* *Madeleine* CARROLL

with

SIR GUY STANDING · TYRONE POWER

C. Aubrey Smith · Virginia Field

AND A MAMMOTH CAST

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan

Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

The critics agree . . . it's ringing TWICE for you!

"Hittraction!" cheers Walter Winchell!

"Huzzahs for 'Lloyds'!" shouts N. Y. Sun!

"Exciting as a bugle call!" applauds Time!

20th CENTURY FOX

WHEN THIS TRADE-MARK FLASHES ON THE SCREEN...

WHERE 20TH CENTURY-FOX HITS ARE SHOWING!

The smartest musical ever filmed!

The grandest songs ever written!



"THIS YEAR'S KISSES"

"I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM"

"THE GIRL ON THE POLICE GAZETTE"

"HE AIN'T GOT RHYTHM"

"SLUMMING ON PARK AVENUE"

"YOU'RE LAUGHING AT ME"

Dick POWELL • *Madeleine* CARROLL

in IRVING BERLIN'S

"ON THE AVENUE"

with

ALICE FAYE • THE RITZ BROTHERS • GEORGE BARBIER

ALAN MOWBRAY • CORA WITHERSPOON • STEPIN FETCHIT • SIG RUMANN

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Associate Producer Gene Markey

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production • Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin

The tops in swank! • The smoothest in rhythm!
The greatest in stars! • The newest in love!
The fastest in dancing! • The last word in entertainment!
It's full of Boom-Boom and Go-Go!

NewYork's latest real-life romance set to Irving Berlin's music *in a show as big as the town . . . as good as the songs!*

IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!



● Don't tell *me* about old-fashioned laxatives! While I wasted time on them, my constipation got worse. My breath was offensive. Nightmares ruined my sleep. Even the sight of food made me sick. My complexion? Well, let's not go into *that!* Then I did myself a big favor by taking my druggist's tip. "Try FEEN-A-MINT," he said, "it's *different!*"



● When FEEN-A-MINT frees accumulated wastes, life is brighter at once. Constipation's bilious headaches go. Natural appetite returns. A cleared intestine helps bring back the natural joy of youth, the normal sleep of childhood. Why not put *yourself* in this thrilling picture? FEEN-A-MINT tastes so good, acts so *differently!*



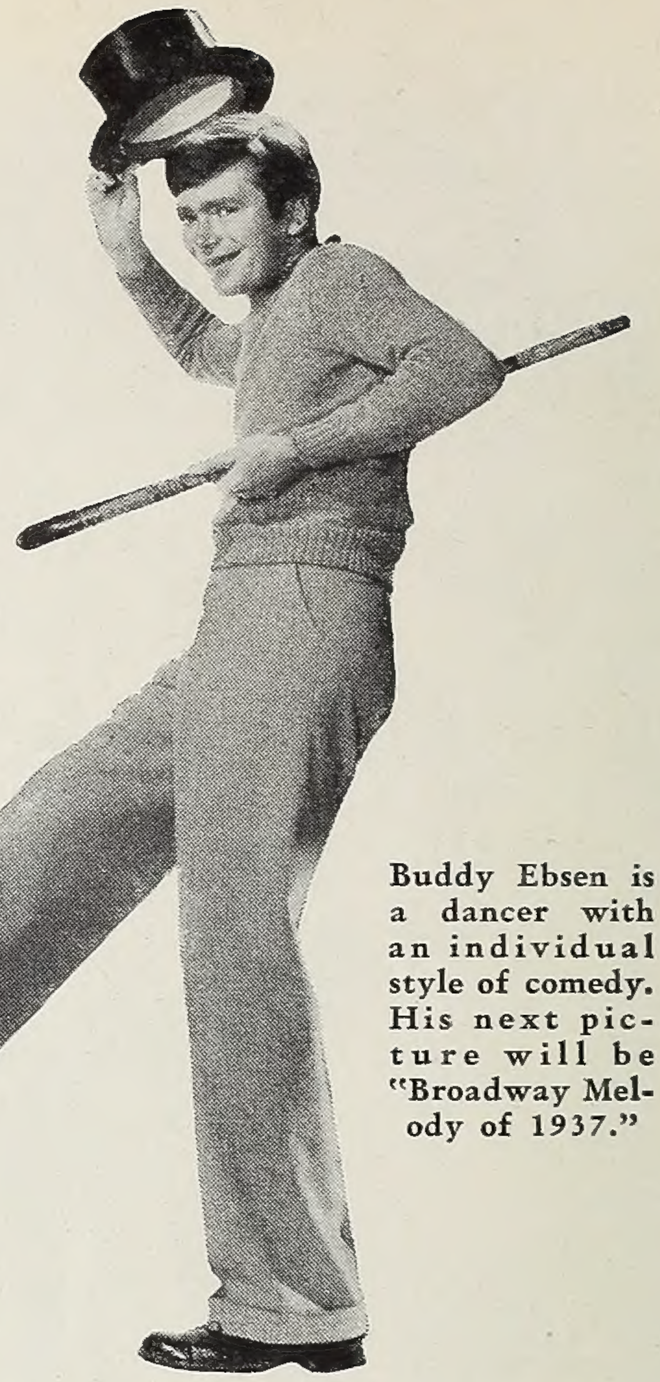
One of the big differences of delicious, mint-flavored FEEN-A-MINT is in the 3 minutes of chewing. Scientists agree this helps make FEEN-A-MINT so dependable—so satisfactory. Its benefits work g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y in the lower bowel—not in the stomach. No griping or nausea. No break in sleep. The *favorite* laxative of 16 million users. Economical, too! Write for free sample to Dept. T-6, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, New Jersey.



Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.

"You're Telling Me?"



Buddy Ebsen is a dancer with an individual style of comedy. His next picture will be "Broadway Melody of 1937."

Air Your Views. Write A Letter And Tell The World.

EDITOR, LETTER PAGE:

The color picture, "God's Country and the Woman," with the many scenes of forest and rivers, came out so brilliantly that there is no question about it—color pictures are more enjoyable. And in line with the other improvements, George Brent, with his little moustache, is better looking. That goes for Gable, Errol Flynn, John Boles and Ronald Colman, as well.

And now that all the handsome men wear these beautifiers, the rest of us needn't worry about it. After all, they get paid for being photographed and we are supposed to get paid for something different.

I'm a salesman. Gimme that vacuum cleaner!

GEORGE W. PEDDLER,
Chicago, Ill.

Why not be original and grow one of those "handle bar" moustaches—she'll love it?

DEAR SIR:

It seems that the "story" has a great deal to do with the successful picture. Why not offer a prize for finding the best story suitable for a picture so that everyone can be looking and reading to find the prize story?

How about it?

RENEE FONTAINE,
Miami, Fla.

How can an editor award the prize? Read all the stories? Help!

DEAR SIR:

In the city newspaper that we buy, a letter from a reader voiced a protest against the stupid immigrants, who do not even know the names of the early settlers of this country who stood out in the days of their lives and became legendary heroes to subsequent generations.

The motion pictures that tell of Buffalo Bill and Daniel Boone will perhaps make the present day naturalized Americans more eager to be like the men who made this land from the wilderness.

I am descended from a Pilgrim who arrived in the good ship Fortune in 1621 and I can't help being rather arrogant about it. The people who date back to the "Mauretania" and the "Aquitania" probably deserve a screen drama glorifying their brave ancestors. How about that, Mr. Zukor?

CARRIE FORD,
Boston, Mass.

There was a young fellow by the name of Lindbergh whose people came from Sweden and who perhaps deserves mention. Or, Farley from Ireland. Maybe he lived a good screen story when he climbed up to the rank of Postmaster General.

To the "YOU'RE TELLING ME?" DEPT.:

There is something happening to people and I wonder if you folks of the movie business realize it? I mean that those of us who go a lot to the pictures find someone who becomes important to them. I mean, for example, I have lived in Litchfield County, Conn., all my life and, of course, I wouldn't know how to act if I was to be all of a sudden transferred to Hollywood or some public place in New York City. Gary Cooper has become a pattern for me, particularly in "Mr. Deeds." He has made me feel that the secret of appearing well is to stay just what I am. No putting on airs.

I guess you wouldn't understand this, but I'll bet Gary would.

ARCHIE UPHAM,
Canaan, Conn.

Gary from Montana changed himself to fit in with the people around him. That isn't putting on airs. Should he have kept on smoking a pipe? Well, maybe.

DEAR EDITOR:

What I enjoy most on the screen are pictures with laughs. I also like surprises. There must be a lot of people who like the same kind of pictures that I do. There was "The Thin Man" and "It Happened One Night" and then "Mr. Deeds Comes to Town," the film that Gary Cooper made. On the strength of these successes, the producing companies should feel safe in making some more.

Everybody likes to laugh.

Are more comedies coming?

HORACE CARROLL,
San Antonio, Tex.

Modern comedies are such a hit that all the producers are planning to go hilarious. It's a trend.

Lovely to Look at...

EAGER FOR LOVE

But Misfit Perfume Ruined Her Appeal!



UNTIL SHE FOUND THE RIGHT PERFUME TO EXPRESS HER PERSONALITY

WHEN THE MUSIC STARTED and the boys took their partners for the first dance—there I was again, just a wallflower. Was I blue? I was broken-hearted, utterly discouraged—crushed! What *could* it be about me? I tried *so* hard. This was my final effort to attract a partner who would be *mine*—who might be my escort—who might . . . but what was the use? My lovely dress—a grand permanent and facial just that afternoon! I did *look* stunning—everyone said so. What was it about me that was wrong? What did I lack, what did I say or do, or fail to do? Men actually avoided me—or if they stopped to talk for a moment, never asked me for a dance!

COULD IT REALLY BE, as I had read, that the *wrong* perfume—one not suited to my personality—might actually *ruin* my appeal? I decided to try once more, even though it meant discarding my expensive perfume, which *I* liked but which, as the article I had been reading said, might be a *mis-fit* perfume.

I FILLED OUT the Personal Perfumers Chart and sent for a sample of Personal Perfume blended exclusively to fit my characteristics. I want to tell you that the result has been absolutely miraculous. My perfume seems to express the real *me*—its lovely fragrance seems to surround me with love itself! And do my many present admirers notice it? Indeed they do, although they might not know exactly what it is that makes me more appealing. But *I* know the secret! I have my own private formula for *love!* I have found the way to popularity and new happiness in my first little sample vial of Personal Perfume . . .

AN EXPERIENCE typical of many hundreds of true stories of success with Personal Perfume told us in person and in hundreds of letters now in our files.



MADE FOR LOVE—BLENDED FOR YOU!

FLOWERS ARE MADE FOR LOVE. Their fragrance is the essence of love, if used intelligently. The exquisite woman knows that even the most costly perfume actually *detracts* from her feminine appeal if it is not suited to her personality. Many fastidious women of means use only a personal perfume blended precisely to their own personalities. But it is only now, after years of experiment that it is possible for us to offer this method whereby the woman of *modest means* may also have a perfume expecially blended to express *her* personality. The Chief Perfumer of "Personal Perfumes" draws from all the fragrances of the world in order to blend *your* perfume, and express *your characteristics* . . . using this Chart as his guide. Would *you* care for a sample of *your* Personal Perfume? Fill in this interesting chart—mail it *today!*

Sample of your Personal Perfume SENT ON REQUEST

FILL OUT THIS CHART NOW—MAIL IT TODAY!

The best way to find out if a Personal Perfume blended especially to suit your characteristics, will help you attain your desires—is to *try* it! No charge is made for a generous sample. Send only 10 cents to cover cost of mailing and postage. Fill in the chart now! Mail it with 10c in coin TODAY!

Personality PERFUME Chart

PERSONAL PERFUMERS, INC., 15 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind. Dept. 102

Please blend a generous sample of Personal Perfume for me based on this chart which I have filled out correctly, to the best of my knowledge. You agree to keep the personal information contained in this chart absolutely confidential. I understand that my perfume is free, (except for 10c mailing costs which I enclose) and that this request for a sample places me under no obligation.

HAIR
- ☐ Blonde
- ☐ Black
- ☐ Brown
- ☐ Red
- ☐ Auburn
- ☐ Grey

EYES
- ☐ Dark Blue
- ☐ Light Blue
- ☐ Grey
- ☐ Brown
- ☐ Hazel
- ☐ Black

COMPLEXION
- ☐ Fair ☐ Medium
- ☐ Dark

Which of These words best describes your personality:

☐ VIVACIOUS ☐ RETIRING ☐ CHANGEABLE ☐ HAPPY ☐ MOODY

HEIGHT_____ Weight_____ FAVORITE COLOR _____

Are You SINGLE_____ MARRIED_____ DIVORCED_____ WIDOW _____

What type of man do you most admire? _____

Name _____

Address (Or R. F. D.) _____

City or Town _____ *State* _____

(Be sure to enclose 10 cents in coin to defray mailing costs)

Personal Perfumers INC.
15 EAST WASHINGTON ST.
Indianapolis ... Indiana



Brilliant Teeth—Healthy Gums with this Double Protection

YOUR teeth may look clean and white, even though your gums are soft and spongy. That's the insidious thing about half-way dental care. Forhan's Tooth Paste, created by an eminent dental surgeon, provides the *double protection* everyone needs. It does *both* vital jobs—*cleans teeth* and *safeguards gums.*

After brushing your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan's, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your mouth feels! Soon you can see the difference.

Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the big new tube saves you money. Buy Forhan's today, and *end half-way care* once for all. *Also sold in Canada.*

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH / SAVES GUMS

Have the *natural*-looking eye beauty that wins men!



PINAUD'S NEW, IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA

prepared in France

Silky, heavy eyelashes that look naturally beautiful. Get them from this Improved creamy mascara . . . Never makes you look made-up . . . Permanent, runproof, smudge proof . . . in black, brown, blue, green.

Complete Eye Make-up requires

PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

THE HOUSE OF **PINAUD** PARIS NEW YORK



Eugene Pallette confides in John Howard his opinion of their picture, "Easy To Take."

TIPS ON PICTURES

ACCUSED—Good. A British-made film starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Dolores Del Rio. The scene is laid in Paris where Doug and Dolores are playing in a variety show. The leading lady is killed and Dolores is accused of the murder. The trial in the French court is highly effective. There are some fine musical numbers woven in with the tragic plot-theme.

AFTER THE THIN MAN—Excellent. Although this is not exactly on a par with its predecessor, "The Thin Man," it provides a thoroughly intriguing mystery and some ingratiating comedy. As before, William Powell and Myrna Loy play the happily married crime-investigators with perfect ease and charm. Elissa Landi lends splendid support.

BATTLE OF GREED—Good. The third of a series of films depicting historical incidents, this one treats with the discovery of silver at Virginia City. There's plenty of old-fashioned melodrama, and abundant action and romance. Tom Keene plays the lead.

CAPTAIN CALAMITY—So-so. George Houston is cast as the captain who pretends to have found pirates' treasure on the South Sea Islands, and then has every crook on the Islands gunning for him so that they can collect the treasure themselves. The characters are over-drawn and the theme is not worked out convincingly. (Marian Nixon, Vince Barnett, Roy D'Arcy).

CRACKUP—Good. Peter Lorre and Brian Donlevy contribute excellent character portraits in this highly dramatic spy story centered around the theft of a new American aviation invention. Others in the fine cast are Thomas Beck, Ralph Morgan, Kay Linaker, Helen Wood.

CRIMINAL LAWYER—Good. Lee Tracy is cast in the title role, that of a sharpshooting attorney who is the mouthpiece for Eduardo Cianelli, a gambler and criminal who leaves no doubt in your mind that he means "business." There's plenty of punch in this. (Margot Grahame, Betty Lawford).

EASY TO TAKE—Fine. This is perfectly swell comedy, centering around the children's hour program of a large broadcasting station. John Howard plays a character similar to "Uncle Don" of radio fame, and plays it with a fine sense of humor. Eugene Pallette is equally good as his manager, and Marsha Hunt, as his sweetheart, never was better.

FLYING HOSTESS—Good. If you like action and are air-minded you'll get a kick out of this film—and that means kids will go for it in a big way. William Gargan plays an instructor to air-hostesses and while doing so falls in love with Judith Barrett, one of his pupils. (Andy Devine, Astrid Allwyn).

GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN—Fine. The title should convince you that this is a robust drama of the Timberwoods; and, what is more, it is most effectively photographed in Technicolor. An excellent cast is headed by Beverly Roberts, George Brent, Barton MacLane, El Brendel and Roscoe Ates.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937—Good. A musical extravaganza with a plot that casts Dick Powell as a breezy insurance salesman, Victor Moore as an eccentric theatrical producer, Glenda Farrell as a wise chorine and Joan Blondell as an equally wise stenographer. If in the mood for breezy entertainment that doesn't strain the mind, here's your film.

GREAT GUY—Fine. Jim Cagney makes a spectacular return to the screen in an exciting story about a crusade by the Weights and Measures Department to stifle the short weight racket in small neighborhood food markets. Mae Clark is the romantic interest and the comedy is furnished by the one and only Ed Brophy.

GREEN LIGHT—Fine. A story that will give you food for thought and which offers an endless subject for critical discussion. A fatal surgical operation is laid at the door of a young doctor, and this tragedy leads to a drastic change in the lives of all concerned. (Errol Flynn, Anita Louise, Walter Abel, Henry O'Neill, Margaret Lindsay).

JOIN THE MARINES—Amusing. This is a swiftly-paced, brightly spoken comedy about an Olympic javelin thrower who gets enmeshed with a Marine Colonel's pretty daughter and decides to join the Marines instead. It is an entertaining yarn smartly acted by Paul Kelly, June Travis, Reginald Denny, etc.

KING OF HOCKEY—So-so. As a second feature on a double bill you may be able to accept this with equanimity; otherwise, it might make you squirm. The plot, concerning a champion hockey player, is filled with inconsistencies. Cast includes Dick Purcell, Anne Nagle.

LADY FROM NOWHERE—Fair. Mary Astor does not fare so well in this routine yarn in which she plays a manicurist who happens to be the only witness to a gangster killing. Mary runs away and poses as an heiress whose identity finally becomes known through the work of a newspaper man, Charles Quigley.

LOVE IN EXILE—Fair. As coincidence will happen sometimes, this British-made film deals with the abdication of a King because of his love for a foreign woman, but that's just where the coincidence ends. With Clive Brook and pretty Helen Vinson in the cast you ought to know that the story works out to a happy ending.

MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN—Weird. Boris Karloff went to England to star in a picture and what do they give him? Just another spine-chiller reminiscent of so many of his American films. This one has to do with the transference of mind and thought content from one person to another. It's a theatrical idea, if you like that sort of thing. (John Loder, Anna Lee).

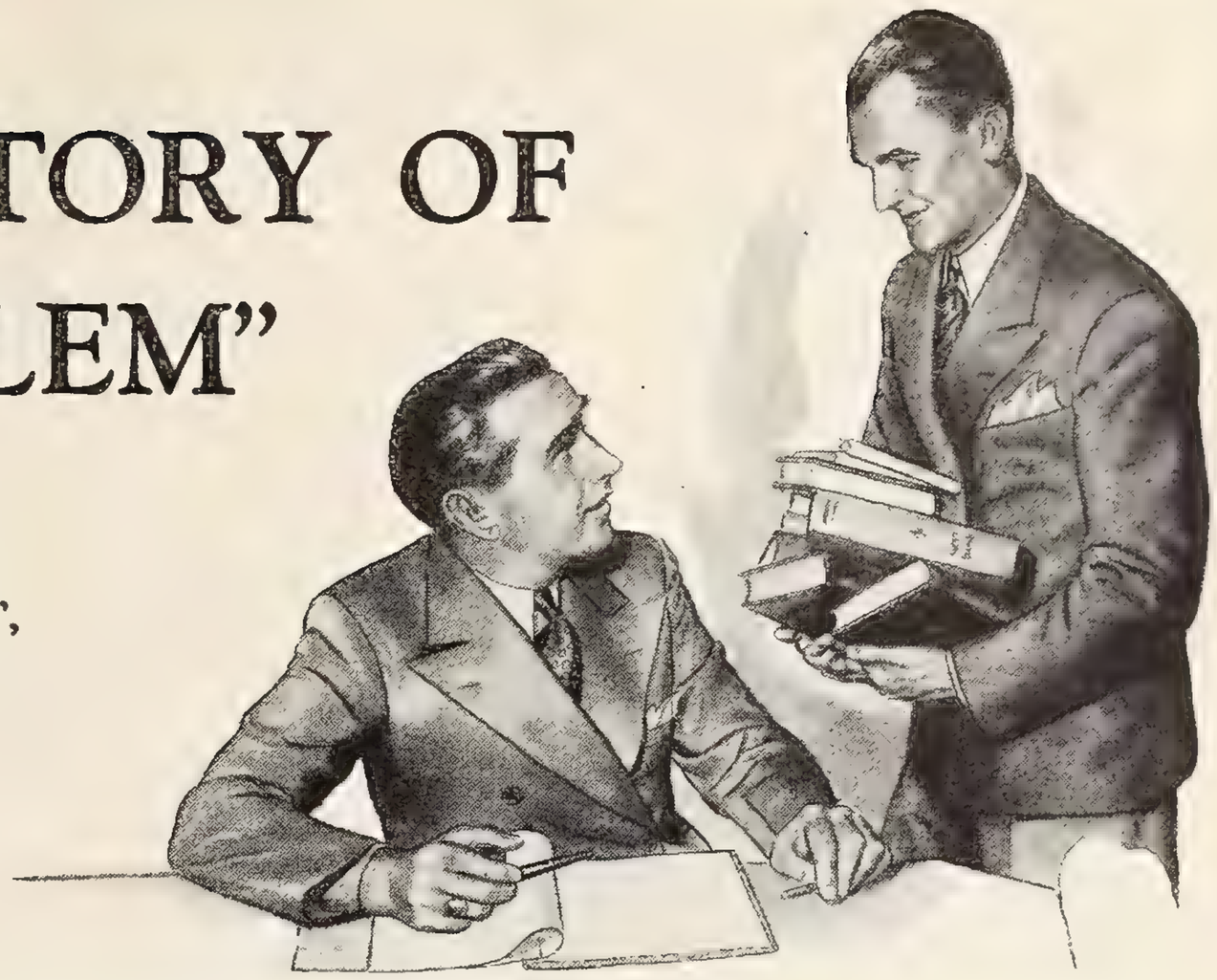
MEN ARE NOT GODS—Interesting. Made in England, this film stars Miriam Hopkins, with some English names in the cast which should count with discriminating audiences. The story veers into the somewhat familiar triangle idea, but there's plenty of satirical comedy and also plenty of good honest drama in it. (Gertrude Lawrence, A. E. Matthews).

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS—Good. If you're in the mood to laugh, see this by all means. Here we have Charlie Ruggles, prosaic conductor of a newspaper column dealing with birds and bees, suddenly catapulted into fame when his wife,

THE INSIDE STORY OF "MAID OF SALEM"

By FRANK LLOYD

(Director of "Cavalcade", "The Sea Hawk", "Mutiny on the Bounty")



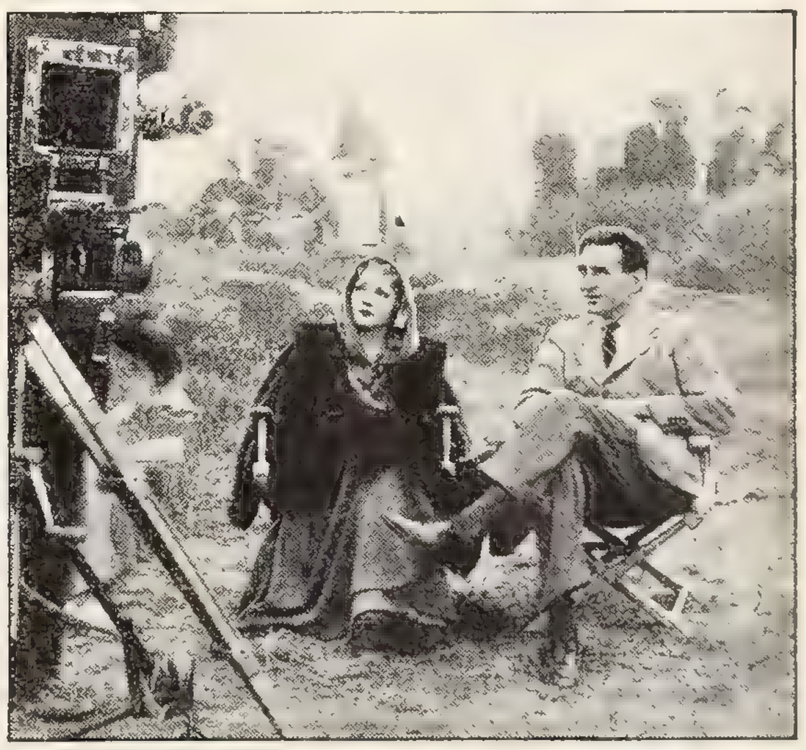
Frank Lloyd looking for a new screen yarn.

NATURALLY, ever since "Mutiny on the Bounty" swept the country, I've been on the lookout for another yarn with the same sweep and power to bring to the screen. I wanted a story with plenty of drama and with plenty of chance for me to direct big out of doors scenes, the kind I get the most kick out of.

» Well, to make a long story short, I found just such a yarn . . ."Maid of Salem". Here is the story of a young girl and a young lad who have the nerve to fight off a whole town of fanatics who try to break up their love . . . a story with the same drive and surge of "Mutiny". For here love and courage face the fanatic venom of a whole mob of Captain Blighs.

» But finding a story is only half a director's battle. The next thing was to find stars able to play the parts. I had recently directed Claudette Colbert in "Under Two Flags" and knew what she could do in a highly emotional part. Fortunately, I was able to cast her as the stout-hearted little "Maid of Salem". A hero? I needed a swashbuckling, hard-boiled lad who could carve his way with a cutlass through an armed mob, with a grin on his face . . . I found him. Fred MacMurray, I honestly believe, does as fine a job in this picture as any of the heroes of my big adventure pictures. The girls are going to say it's Fred's swellest part.

» Last but not least a producer-director has got to have freedom to make a picture his own way. I, personally, want my pictures absolutely authentic. If it's an historical picture, I want my history correct. Well, let me say, right here and now, Paramount has made this, my first picture for their company, the easiest I have ever worked on. For they have told me to spare no expense to make "Maid of Salem" the most authentic, the most powerful of my productions. So I think when you see "Maid of Salem" you will agree with me that it tops them all for sheer entertainment.



Frank Lloyd on the set with Claudette Colbert as the cameras start cranking for "Maid of Salem"



Claudette Colbert in her greatest part, as the young New England girl who dares the wrath of a whole countryside for the love of her dashing Southern hero .



A typical Lloyd action scene, a bunch of hard-boiled vagabonds pitting their strength against the courage of one tough lad and his stout sword arm .



Fred MacMurray in his first big historical role since "The Texas Rangers", as a swashbuckling Southern gentleman who can carve his way through any mob with his good sword .

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Alice Brady, decides to write one of his columns herself, *a la Winchell.*

MAN BETRAYED, A—Interesting. There is a novel twist to this murder mystery when a group of gangsters go out to solve the crime in order to clear the name of an innocent victim. Prominent in the cast are Kay Hughes, Eddie Nugin, and Lloyd Hughes.

MYSTERIOUS CROSSING—Fair. The action commences on a train ferry crossing the Mississippi to New Orleans—a city which furnishes a romantic background for the type of murder mystery this turns out to be. (James Dunn, Andy Devine, Jean Rogers).

OFF TO THE RACES—Fine. Another in the series of films depicting that typical American Family by the name of Jones. This one is just as amusing as the earlier films and, in addition, has an exciting horse race to hold your interest. Slim Summerville and Russell Gleason have been added to the cast which includes Spring Byington, Jed Prouty and Shirley Deane.

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN—Fair. The plot jumps around a bit but we finally arrive at the point where Bing Crosby, a strolling vagabond who sings on the street for a living, meets up with that problem child, Edith Fellowes. Then trouble starts to brew. But so long as the trouble leads Bing to Madge Evans, why worry?

NIGHT WAITRESS—So-so. Margot Grahame doesn't seem to be happily cast as the night waitress of a cheap water front cafe, but, then neither do some of the other actors seem to fit in with their surroundings. Don't go out of your way to see this.

RAINBOW ON THE RIVER—Fair. Women will like this highly sentimental tale about a little Southern waif (Bobby Breen) picked up after the Civil War and reared by a negro mammy (Louise Beavers). How he is brought North and placed safely in the arms of his wealthy grandmother furnishes the nucleus of the story. If you like boy sopranos, don't pass this one up. (May Robson, Alan Mowbray, Benita Hume).

TALK OF THE DEVIL—Fine. A British mystery picture, featuring two popular American players, Ricardo Cortez and Sally Eilers, that is packed with terrific suspense. Basil Sydney, one of the best of the English actors, comes through with a fine performance.

THEY WANTED TO MARRY—Fair. This is good, light entertainment, concerning the exploits of an up and coming news photographer. In the cast are Gordon Jones, Betty Furness, Henry Kolker.

WAY OUT WEST—Amusing. This is rollicking good fun for one of those casual off-evenings when you don't feel like thinking about anything seriously, but just want to giggle foolishly (which nothing can stop you from doing) while watching the crazy antics of Laurel and Hardy.

WESTERNER, THE—Good. This is the type of stuff that the youngsters who go to the movies on Saturday afternoons eat up. Adults, with a love of adventure and the wide open spaces, may enjoy it also. Tim McCoy is the hero who buys a dead-head ranch which causes him many a headache. The love interest is Marion Shilling.

WINTERSET—Excellent. A beautifully produced and superbly acted film, but because the theme is sombre in the extreme, dealing with the vindication, sixteen years later, of a man electrocuted for murder, it will not appeal to a large audience. (Burgess Meredith-Margo).

WOMAN WISE—Fair. This is a newspaper yarn poised against the back-ground of a prize-fight racket, said racket concerning the attempt of nefarious schemers who pit "has been" fighters against promising newcomers in order to clean up on bets. (Michael Whalen, Alan Dinehart, Rochelle Hudson).



The fox and the pup are quite friendly. They, and Cary Grant, are in Grace Moore's picture, "When You're in Love."

New Names For COMING PICTURES

"Interlude" (Grace Moore) has been changed to....."When You're in Love"
"Murder on the Mississippi" (James Dunn) has been changed to.....
"Mysterious Crossing"
"Coast Patrol" (Preston Foster) has been changed to.....
"Rough, Ready, and Handsome"
"Lords of the Land" (Jean Muir) has been changed to.....'White Bondage"
"Trial Horse" (Barton MacLane) has been changed to..."Don't Pull Your Punches"

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ALEXANDER



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THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



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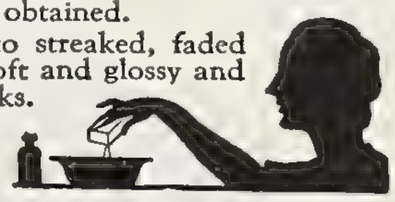
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You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.





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SOUP — THE BASIS OF MANY DISHES



Billie Burke experiments with a new recipe in the kitchen of her charming home in Beverly Hills.

By Ruth Corbin

THE present day housekeeper does not half appreciate the virtues of soup. She is inclined to look upon it as a prelude to a meal and hence to be gotten over with as quickly as possible. Not only can soup be made a nourishing one-dish meal, rich in meat stock and vegetables, but combined with other foods it has endless possibilities. The following St. Patrick's Day menu is built around dishes made with canned soups. It may, however, be used for any other time or occasion.

MENU

Cream of Green Pea Soup with chopped parsley
Saltines
Meat roll with Olive stuffing
Mushroom Gravy
Green beans
Jellied Cucumber Salad Drop Biscuits
Pistachio Ice Cream
Coffee Mints

Use canned Cream of Green Pea Soup and sprinkle the top with finely chopped parsley. The string beans may be either canned (Libby's are excellent) or fresh and must be dredged with melted butter. The cucumber salad may be made by adding cucumbers to lime Jello, individually molded in shamrock shapes and served on a lettuce leaf with mayonnaise, or with small balls of cream cheese dipped in crushed nuts.

MEAT ROLL WITH OLIVE STUFFING

Mix 1 lb. ground beef, ½ lb. ground veal, ½ lb. ground pork, 2 tsps. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper. Cover a cutting board with waxed paper and press meat onto it in a flat sheet about 8x11 inches. In the center of this form a roll, the length of the meat, of a dressing made of 1 tbsp. chopped onion which has been cooked in 2 tbsps. butter until clear, and mixed with 1½ cups coarse dry bread crumbs, ½ tsp. salt, 1 slightly beaten egg and 8 stuffed olives, sliced, and moistened with ⅓ cup boiling water. Roll meat around dressing, lifting waxed paper and meat together, then pulling paper free. Pinch edges of meat together. Place meat roll on oiled baking pan with strips of Armour's Star bacon over the top, and strips running around loaf and almost touching. Bake at 325° F. for 1 hour. Garnish plate with crisp bacon, parsley and small stuffed olives. When you serve cut between bacon strips and pour over each slice a liberal helping of—

MUSHROOM GRAVY

2 tbsps. butter or meat drippings
1 cup heated C.&B. Cream of Mushroom Soup 2 tbsps. flour
½ cup canned mushrooms
2 bouillon cubes or 1 tbsp. Vigoral

Let butter or dripping melt in sauce pan. Add flour and stir until light brown. Add 1 cup Mushroom Soup, mushrooms, bouillon cubes or Vigoral and stir until thickened.

Used canned or fresh asparagus and cover with a sauce made by thickening 1 can of Cream of Celery Soup with a little flour and milk. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

This menu preserves the St. Patrick's Day coloring in dishes that are easy both to eat and to prepare.

Soup can be made a handy aid to the busy home maker. Cream of Mushroom is excellent as the base of all a-la-king dishes —simply add milk, chopped pimento and green pepper, seasoning, and desired meat. Be sure and parboil green pepper for a few minutes first. And try mixing this soup with your favorite filling for green peppers. It gives a new piquancy and richness. Thinly sliced potatoes covered with a can of mushroom soup, sprinkled with

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grated Chateau (Borden's) cheese and scalloped as usual is a new way to dress up an old favorite. Or a few left over meats, such as beef, may be diced, added to sliced potatoes in a casserole with a can of Heinz Vegetable-Beef Soup poured over it, making an appetizing main dish.

Tomato soups are an old standby. Use them in concentrated form instead of tomato sauce, the flavoring is always better. Pour tomato soup over fish to be baked or Swiss steak; serve it with browned onions and green pepper over rice; in meat loaves; in making frozen cheese salads or tomato ring; with spaghetti, noodles or stuffed cabbage. Here are two splendid recipes using tomato soup.

BRAISED LIVER

1 lb. calves liver
½ tsp. salt
4 tbsps. Crisco or Spry
2 medium sized onions chopped
¼ cup flour
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 can tomato soup
1 cup finely cut celery
2 cups finely cut carrots

Cut liver in 2-inch squares, salt, pepper and roll in flour and brown in fat. Put in casserole and brown vegetables in same fat. Put all in a casserole and pour over it 1 can tomato soup. Bake in moderate oven 375°F., about an hour.

TOMATO SCALLOP

3 eggs
2 tsp. sugar
1 cup grated cheese, (Kraft's)
2 cans tomato soup
¾ tsp. salt
About 6 slices of bread
Bread Crumbs

Beat eggs, add tomato soup, sugar, salt and cheese. Mix well. Arrange 2 slices of bread in bottom of baking dish. Pour over them ⅓ of tomato mixture. Repeat until bread slices and mixture are used. Sprinkle with bread crumbs, bake in moderate oven 375°F. about 30 minutes and garnish with rings of hard cooked egg whites around edge. Arrange yolks pressed through a sieve in a mound in center.

Vary the usual way of making omelets and cooking egss by using soup. For example: poach eggs in tomato or mushroom soup; remove eggs from mixture onto buttered toast and pour the sauce over them. For your omelet—surround with a steaming hot can of vegetable, onion or cream of celery soup slightly thickened. Try covering sliced or halved hard cooked eggs with tomato soup, mulligatawny or chicken gumbo.

You can make the best beef stew you ever tasted by combining a can of tomato soup, a can of vegetable or pepper pot soup and a can of Corn Beef Hash and cooking for about 15 minutes under a medium blaze.

KIPPER PIE

Place contents 2 cans condensed vegetable soup in bottom of shallow baking dish. Drain canned kippered herrings on absorbent paper, place on top of soup. Cover with mashed potatoes and bake in moderate oven, about 350°F. for 30 minutes.

Here is a new way to prepare steak.

STEAK CASSEROLE SUPREME

2 lbs. round steak ½ inch thick
2 tbsps. Crisco or spry
⅛ tsp. pepper
½ cup flour
1 tsp. salt
1 can Heinz Onion Soup
1 can Heinz Gumbo Creole Soup

Cut meat into desired number of servings. Pound flour into steak. Heat fat in skillet and brown meat on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place in casserole. Pour soup into skillet to remove any fat that may be left, then pour over meat in casserole. Cover tightly. Bake in moderate oven 375°F. about an hour, less if meat is very tender. If sauce in casserole becomes too thick thin with hot water.



Steak Casserole Supreme makes any table look more appetizing.

Any of these soup dishes may be substituted for meat roll in your St. Patrick's Menu if desired. All are good and made in a jiffy. If, however, the party is the thing and food only a minor consideration picked up toward the close of the evening, serve a hot, made on the spot open sandwich by toasting slices of bread, butter well and pour over each slice your guest's choice of soups which have been previously thickened in pans and only need reheating; sprinkle with a generous amount of Kraft's Velvetta Cheese and run under broiler to brown. If it is a very late meal it will be well to serve with this Sanka Coffee, out of consideration for the guests with coffee nerves, and Drop Biscuits.

DROP BISCUITS

½ teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons Calumet baking powder
2 tablespoons shortening (melted)
2 cups flour
1 cup buttermilk
1 teaspoon salt

Put into flour the salt, soda and baking powder. Sift into a mixing bowl, mix in shortening, add milk and stir into a soft dough. Put into hot, greased muffin tins and bake ten to twelve minutes.

(Makes 12 biscuits).

Dear Reader of SILVER SCREEN:—

Many thanks to the many thousands of you who filled out and sent in the questionnaire that was included in our January issue.

We are mailing the calendars, as we go to press, and hope you will like yours.

EDITOR.

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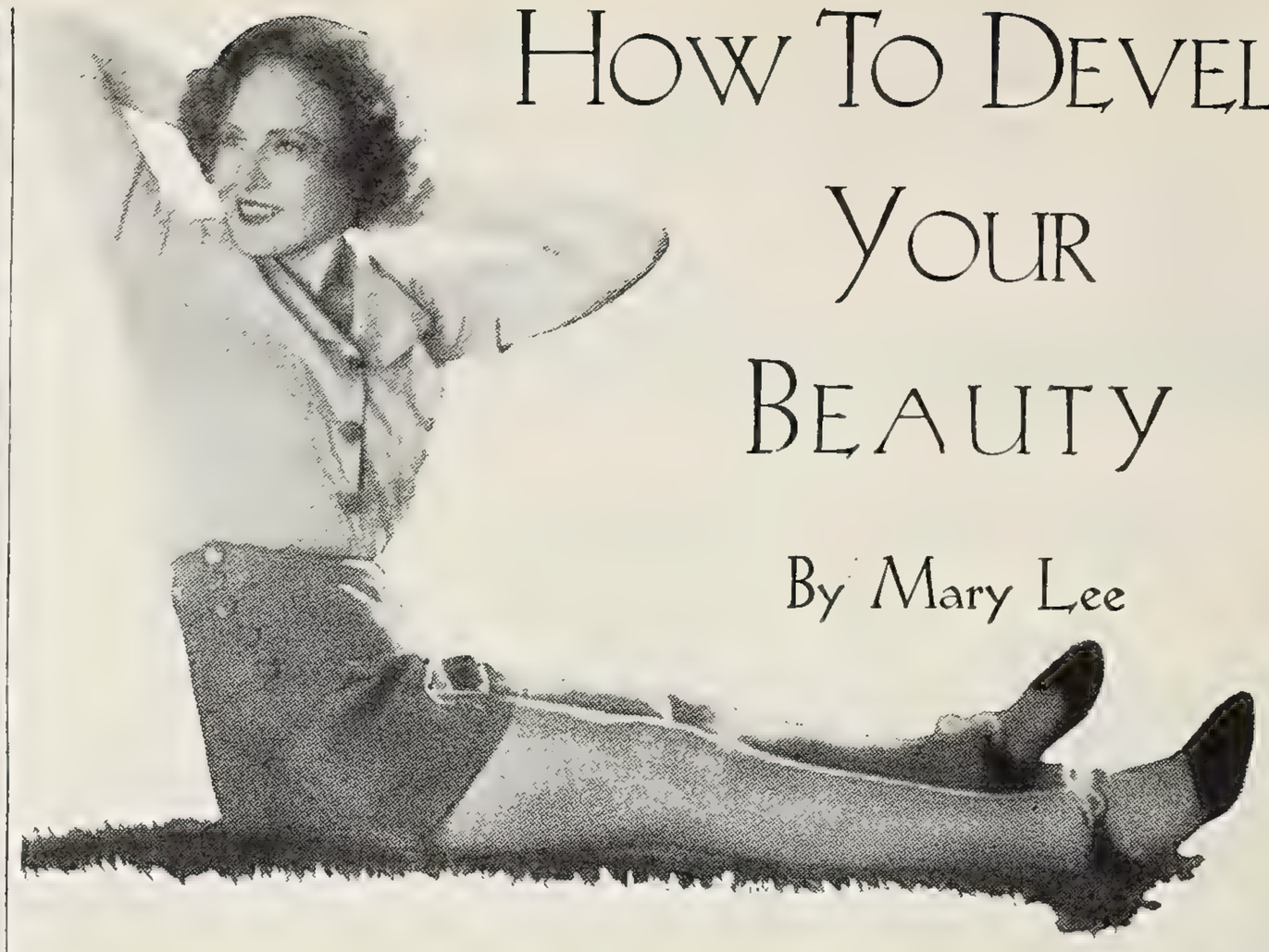
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How To Develop Your Beauty

By Mary Lee

Madge Evans *has* a figure and keeps it so.

IF YOU haven't the urge to look as chic and charming in the new Spring styles as the Hollywood stars do, you're simply not human! But it takes a good deal more than wishing to look your loveliest as a "perfect 16" or a "delectable 14" with the styles we're being offered this year.

It takes will-power to keep that figure under control so it'll do justice to the shorter skirts (even evening gowns are coming up from the floor to ankle-length), and the moulded waistline that won't permit rolls of excess flesh above or below it.

In the picture on this page, you see how Madge Evans keeps her slender waistline! She is doing the side-to-side twist that tightens up "tummy" muscles and discourages extra pounds from settling around the waist. Arms folded behind her head hold her chest up so there's an extra pull on the abdomen muscles. And the legs held straight ahead stretch out the "hamstrings," or tendons under the knees, so they'll be flexible—a big help to good posture.

We give you our solemn promise you won't regret it if you devote a little time every day between now and Easter to getting your figure in shape. Begin by taking stock of all your figure points, and do it honestly. If you have access to a full-length triple or double mirror, so that you can get a complete view of your figure from the front, side and back, it will help a lot to show you the faults that should be corrected.

Your first job is to learn how to make the most of the figure you have by standing, sitting and walking correctly—or, in other words, maintaining good posture.

Here's an excellent exercise to correct your posture: Stand against a flat wall with your feet six inches away from it, toes straight forward. Bend your knees and slide down the wall until the small of your back is flat against it. Your shoulders and the back of your head should be touching the wall. Your chin is straight forward in a line parallel with the floor.

When you stand this way you should get the feeling that your "tummy" is drawn in, your hips are tucked under, diaphragm and chest are elevated, shoulders are straight and relaxed, and your head is lifted up from behind your ears. Hold the position for five minutes.

Now straighten your knees and push your feet back without moving the rest of your body any more than you can help. Keep the small of your back flat against the wall, with head and shoulders touching. Then push yourself forward with your hands until you're free from the wall, not moving the rest of your body. Now walk forward, toes straight ahead and weight on the balls of your feet. You will start with perfect posture. Keep it as long as you can.

Remember, good posture is a habit. You must practice it every day or several times a day to make it come naturally. But it certainly is worth the effort!

The worst enemy to good posture, and the vitality that does so much for beauty, is "slouching." When we're tired, we're all inclined to slump, as if the force of gravity were pulling us down. This isn't only unflattering to the figure, but it puts an extra strain on nerves and frequently causes backaches. The exercise I've just told you is grand to relieve strain on nerves and take out the backache that comes from fatigue.

When you are sitting down, push the end of your spine all the way back in your chair. Then you can't slouch. You don't have to sit "stiff as a ramrod." You may lean forward or backward or any way that makes you most comfortable, and your back will still be straight because you are giving it the right start.

For a smooth waistline, minus those ruinous bulges fore and aft, get the habit of pulling your hips down and under and stretching up from behind your ears. This automatically holds your "tummy" in and straightens out the curve at the small of your back, besides making your hips seem smaller.

Most women bend their knees too much when they are standing or walking. High heels are partly to blame. When you raise your heels artificially high, it is natural to bend your knees forward to keep your body in balance. Try to keep your knees straight and flexible at the same time. Turn them out instead of inward. Besides being unattractive in themselves, "knock-knees" make your thighs look larger.

Now we're going to tell you about some exercises to correct some of the most common figure faults. It may surprise you to know that the chief cause of double chins is not age or excess fat but the way you hold your head. If you let your shoulders slump and carry your head too far forward, you're doomed to have a double chin sooner or later.

Here's a simple exercise to correct or prevent double chin: Sit in a chair with the end of your spine against the back. Fold

your arms in front of your chest. Hold your head straight and steady, chin parallel to the floor. Get that feeling of a string attached to the back of your head, pulling it up. Then raise your folded arms slowly up and over your head, as far back as you can get them. Be careful not to let your head come forward as your arms go back. Do this exercise 15 times a day. It's excellent to lift the busts, too.

Now stand and grasp your hands over your head so your arms, pressed close against your ears, make a frame. Then, with your knees straight, hips tucked under and "tummy" in, bend slowly from the waist, first to the right side, then to the left. Keep your head straight in the frame of your arms, and don't bend your elbows. This is a good exercise to keep a slender waistline as well as to straighten your head and shoulders, overcoming double chin.

Here is a grand exercise to lift the busts without making them larger. Put your arms forward, in line with your shoulders and about a foot in front of your chest. Spread your hands, with fingertips touching. Press your fingertips together hard and then relax them. Do this about 50 times a day. It tightens up the muscles above your busts and also the muscles on the under-side of your arms, so they won't develop those fatty bulges on top.

Rolling and slapping are the things to reduce hips. Here's an exercise that will give you both: Lie flat on your back on a hard floor, arms relaxed at your sides. Bend one knee up and tuck the toes under the opposite knee. Then roll the bent knee to the opposite side, taking the hip along with it, and flop back hard on the floor. Do this 25 times to each side.

The best way to reduce your "tummy," next to diet, is to tighten up the muscles. Lie on your back. Place your hands under your hips, palms down. Then bend both knees to your chest, heels together. Lower your legs very slowly until they are straight out and about three inches above the floor, then bend them back to your chest and repeat 15 times.

Ankles and calves are hard to reduce, but it can be done. The most effective exercise we know is to sit with your legs crossed and rotate the free foot around and around, first outward a dozen times, then inward. Do this as often as you can, especially when you sit reading or sewing. It takes lots of exercise to banish excess weight from your ankles and calves.

For general weight reduction, you must watch your diet carefully, but that is a subject for an article by itself. There are certain preparations that can be massaged or patted into those over-fat parts to help reduce them. Among the most effective are Elizabeth Arden's Slenda-lines Lotion and Dr. Hatch's Reducing Cream. They should be applied after a hot bath, when the pores are open, and they must be used regularly for results.

SHORT SKIRTS? NO!

WALTER PLUNKETT, famous costume designer for R-K-O, claims:

"If the Royal family and ladies of the Court wear floor-length gowns for the Coronation and the social affairs which mark the event, then and only then, will the creators of women's fashions halt their march to the knee-length styles which made caricatures of even beautiful women in 1929," says Plunkett. "The 1929 fashions were the only ones in the history of the world which were completely hideous. Hollywood designers are set to resist to the last ditch the adoption by screen stars of this type of clothes."

For lips that never look old

THROUGH THE DAY USE TANGEE . . . WATCH THE BLUSH-ROSE SHADE OF YOUTH APPEAR



● Tangee's magic Color Change Principle gives your lips the soft, *natural* glow of youth. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to *you*. Paris says, "A painted look is not in keeping with fashions of today." Tangee *isn't paint* and cannot give you a "painted look". Use Tangee Rouge, too, for it also contains the magic Color Change Principle...to bring natural *youthful* color to your cheeks.

THROUGH THE NIGHT...TANGEE LIPSTICK'S SPECIAL CREAM BASE SOFTENS AND PROTECTS YOUR LIPS



● Tangee your lips before you go to bed. Tangee Natural Lipstick's special cream base protects and soothes, keeps lips from chapping, drying. Doesn't come off on bed linens. Awake with smooth, softly tinted lips instead of a faded "morning look". Do not confuse Tangee with ordinary cosmetics you have been told should be removed at bedtime.

Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 39¢ and $1.10. Or tear out and send the coupon below offering Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.

Painted *Glaring* Lips — Tangee *Glowing* Lips

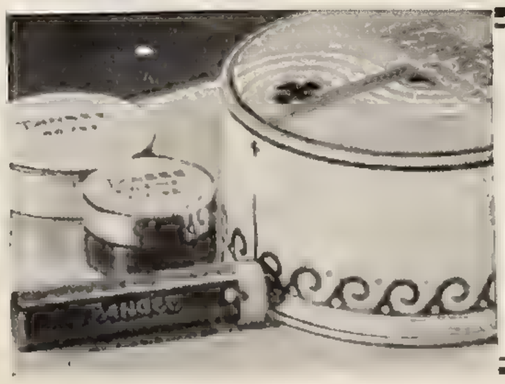
World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET" SU37

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired: ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube - 40¢
Regular size tube - 25¢

Tested and Approved 4602 by Good Housekeeping Bureau

A TONIC FOR THE GUMS

When used with massage

Did you ever give your Teeth a

Beauty Bath

as New York Models do?

FRAGRANT, stimulating—it gives your mouth new freshness, your teeth new brilliance and allure. You've got a delightful new treat ahead of you if you will change to Listerine Tooth Paste.

This is the dentifrice so dainty, so refreshing, so beautifying in effect that many exotic New York models use no other. Living by their smiles, these lovely women know all beauty aids—tooth paste in particular—as few ordinary women can.

Their choice is to be expected; after all, Listerine Tooth Paste is made by the famed makers of Listerine. That guarantees its merit—its safety.

There's a Reason

Contained in this dentifrice is a rare combination of gentle cleansers, satin-soft in texture, that were especially chosen by beauty experts, working with dental authorities. No other tooth paste contains this exact formula. They cleanse and brighten in a way that makes ordinary dentifrices seem ineffective. Yet Listerine Tooth Paste is safety itself.

Try it a month and see for yourself what a real beauty aid it is.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

SILVER SCREEN

Topics for Gossips



Luise Ranier's performance in "The Great Ziegfeld" was the choice of the New York critics —as the "Best of the Year." She has just recently married Broadway's radical playwright, Clifford Odets.

JOAN CRAWFORD is the latest of the feminine stars in Hollywood to adopt the famous "Juliet bob" which Norma Shearer introduced in "Romeo and Juliet." Joan wears this coiffure for evening in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

CONSTANCE BENNETT has closed her beautiful white Holmby Hills house and flown to New York for an indefinite stay. It is rumored that when she returns to Hollywood her plans to step into the exclusive ranks, as the second woman motion picture producer, will have been completed. (Mary Pickford was the first.) Connie, they say, is very rich, but smart business woman that she is she prefers to produce pictures with other people's money, not her own. She and Gilbert Roland are missed at the Santa Anita racetrack this year, for Connie was always one of the loudest to mourn her losses. Wonder what ever became of Rattlebrains?

DON'T tell us that bloomers are coming back in vogue? Oh, we suppose you are much too young to remember the bloomer girls who used to cavort around the college campus in the dear gone days when slacks were considered unladylike. But Dolores Del Rio, who is certainly Madame La Mode in Hollywood, had all eyes in Palm Springs recently glued on her when she appeared in a pair of white pleated bloomers, softly voluminous in angel-skin silk.

GARBO, it seems, always has wonderful ideas about going places and doing things, and then, at the very last minute, gets submerged in shyness. She had every intention of attending the gala premiere of "Camille" which was held in Palm Springs, California, and drove down to the desert resort with Director George Cukor and Laura Hope Crews. But at the last minute she backed out and stayed in seclusion at Eddie Goulding's ranch house while Cukor and Miss Crews went to the theatre to take bows.

People who claim to know say that the Garbo-George Brent romance is as hot as ever. And they say further that Garbo was the reason George gave up his plane and solo flying, which he was so enthusiastic about. Romance or no romance, Garbo or no Garbo, George Brent is definitely "grounded."

OF course the big excitement in Hollywood now is whether or not Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck will get married. After a good "lover's quarrel" not so long ago, during which time Bob stepped out with Ginger Rogers, the Taylor-Stanwyck romance became hotter than ever. Take our word for it that's no publicity stunt. Barbara's divorce from Frank Fay was final December 31, and so the two of them are now perfectly free to marry. It's common gossip that Metro does not wish Bob to marry as it might mar his sex appeal with the fans, and once before the studio broke up a romance for him when he was all set to marry Irene Hervey. But Bob is an established star now, and if Barbara says the word, it's a good bet that he will drag her to the altar. Barbara recently announced to the press in general that there would not be a wedding—but movie stars can not always be relied upon.

IF YOU wish to be in the know on things you must try out on your friends the new "Lost Horizon" cocktail. Vic Thaete, of the Saddle Bar X in Palm Springs, conceived the new drink as a tribute to Ronald Colman, who spent several weeks at Palm Springs on location for the picturization of the James Hilton novel. Vodka is the base of the "Lost Horizon" cocktail, and on the vodka is poured nine liqueurs, so that it resembles a section of a rainbow. It's highly potent, and don't say we didn't warn you.

HAVE you seen the new "swing" evening bags? Frances Langford introduced one the other evening at the Trocadero. The bag was fashioned from very fine gold brocade and fastened at the top with a large jeweled clip. It gets its name from the fact that it swings free from the wrist in a manner that prevents any of its contents, or itself, from slipping away.

VIRGINIA BRUCE'S complexion is so even that she can play a film role without make-up of any kind.

ON THE cuff (where most of the Hollywood pictures are) is the newest place for monograms according to Simone Simon, she of the pouty lips.

TIMES are changing again. Time was when Hollywood wives used to beg their husbands, at parties, to stop playing poker and come on home, but now it seems that it is the wives at the parties who just can't be budged away from the poker table. Joan Bennett is acclaimed the best poker player among the women in Hollywood.

CLARK GABLE is a push-over for "pans." Instead of making a scrap book of rave notices and stories about himself, the way most of the stars do, Clark has instructed his secretary to save only the reviews in newspapers that "pan" him. He claims he reads them carefully and finds them very instructive.

IT'S just like old home week on the "Racketeers in Exile" set over at the Columbia studios. Wynne Gibson, a swell actress who hasn't had the breaks lately, is being co-starred with George Bancroft, who also hasn't had the breaks lately. Wynne and George used to turn out sensational pictures together when they were teamed at Paramount. And just to add to the clubbiness of it all, John Gallaudet, Wynne's former husband, has also been cast for an important part in the picture.

FUN IN MEXICO

The Tourists And Supervisors In Hollywood Put A Crimp In The Joy Of Life But Over The Line, At Ensenada, The Players Find Days Of Happiness.

THE fun these Hollywood stars have! Only now they spell it like this: *fiesta*. And *where* they're having it and with what vivid trimmings is the revelation of the month.

The dashing leaders of the movie center have just found the novel thrills that lie across the line in Old Mexico. There they are plunging into gay adventures that are tinged with a fascinatingly different flavor. Last year they put Palm Springs on the map; but currently the honeys of the nation are leading the trek to a far more colorful winter playground. Between pictures they're whisking to a suddenly convenient foreign land of beguiling langour by motor, train, and plane.

You may still be singing swing songs, but Robert Taylor has discovered "Cielito Lindo" and since he's gone so Latin in his private life the local girls tell me he has even excelled himself. Miriam Hopkins, the impatient one, flew to Mexico City and learned that gondolas go with the guitars there. But when Dolores Del Rio, the aristocratic flower of that ancient capital, returned on a triumphal visit she was chased by a bull! Warner Oland has been feted by none other than Diego Rivera, the renowned painter of murals, for his literary accomplishments, and wait until you hear who Una Merkel bumped into in the sleepy hamlet of Ensenada! Paul Muni has stumbled upon a complete Czarist Russian settlement and when James Dunn was half-way home in his airplane he perceived that he had a baby boar as a stowaway. It all goes to prove, however,



(Left) The breezes of the Mexican resort, in playful mood, enhance the beauty of Gloria Stuart and Binnie Barnes. (Below) Mexican dancer at Playa Ensenada, where the now famous Margo got her start.





Honeymooners Johnny Farrow and Mrs. Farrow (Maureen O'Sullivan).

Betty Hill, King Vidor, Paulette Goddard and Charles Chaplin at the Mexican resort, where happiness is in the air.

By Ben Maddox



The picturesque musicians stroll through the hotel and grounds for all to hear.



The Freddie Marches and Ernst Lubitschs at the Playa Ensenada Hotel in Old Mexico.

that when you enter Mexico you are in for a lot of surprises.

Bandits won't get you; they're practically passé. The Mexican people are really extraordinarily friendly and their courtesy is particularly marked. The spirit of manana is restful and the remnants of imperial yesteryears are intriguing. Each Saint's day is spectacular. With their love of gayety they eagerly seize every opportunity to celebrate with dancing, music and laughter.

From Hollywood it's only a three-hour drive to the border and you don't need a passport—just a dollar for a tourist's permit. Nat Pendleton is the only player who's had trouble crossing the line. He was held up for a full hour. Then the official begged the senor's pardon and admitted that he finally had recollected that he'd seen Nat in "The Great Ziegfeld." Because Nat's face was vaguely familiar, the industrious fellow had been wildly thumbing through his photos of wanted men!

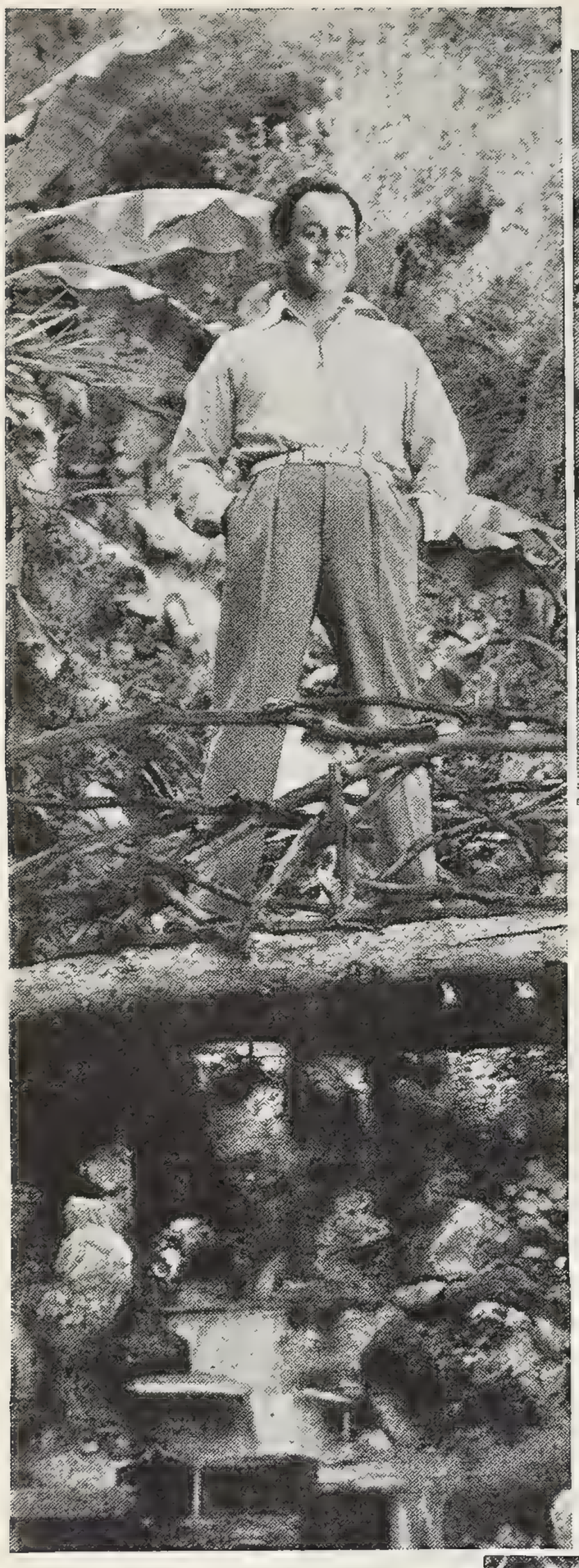
If you caught the picture "Bordertown" you have a good idea of the Americanized hot spots conveniently located on the Mexican side. Since airplane elopements to Las Vegas have become the style for impetuous lovers, Tia Juana has slipped noticeably as the popular quick marriage counter. However, Gail Patrick gave the justice of the peace a fresh outlook by abruptly descending upon him from the skies a few weeks ago for her wedding. The stars prefer to swank it at Ensenada to slumming in the bordertowns, yet Dick Powell and Joan Blondell have been in Mexicali—to gape at the flea circuses! The minute performers there rip through acrobatic routines attired in authentic Mexican costumes. Joan says she'd hate to have to be the wardrobe woman.

Two hours of driving beyond Tia Juana and you roll into Ensenada, the de luxe rendezvous for Hollywood celebrities. The main highway has replaced the aggravating old cowpath that used to be such a fierce route. Remember the film "In Caliente?" Well, Agua Caliente, where Margo first danced, is closed; when the government banned gambling its vogue faded. Luckily the operators of the swank hotel at Ensenada—and an Italian and an Irishman are running this ultra-modern Spanish palace—rated a very special permit and so they have a magnificent casino as the attraction for those who want Monte Carlo nights. Roulette is the reigning game, but I can't tell you who wins or loses oftenest. On account of you might have an Aunt Minnie who would think it perfectly dreadful of your pet idol to take a chance.

The expensive, sprawling hotel with its antiques and its elegance is right on the beautiful, fourteen-mile crescent beach of Todos Santos Bay. It was into this very harbor that Cabrillo sailed in 1542 to take formal possession of California, and it is here that the first golf course in America was laid out by Britishers. The temperature averages 72 the year around and you walk out three hundred feet into clear, warm water before it is waist high. At Ensenada it's the vogue to swim at night, under a limpid moon. There are no cold fogs. Trim yachts are at anchor and a purple circle of mountains forms the splendid backdrop.

Robert Montgomery and Charlie Farrell have initiated auto racing on the hard sand. Both brought down their English cars and away they skim. Gloria Stuart and her husband, Arthur Sheekman, turn up their noses at speed. They had been dying for

[*Continued on page 70*]





RANCHING DE LUXE

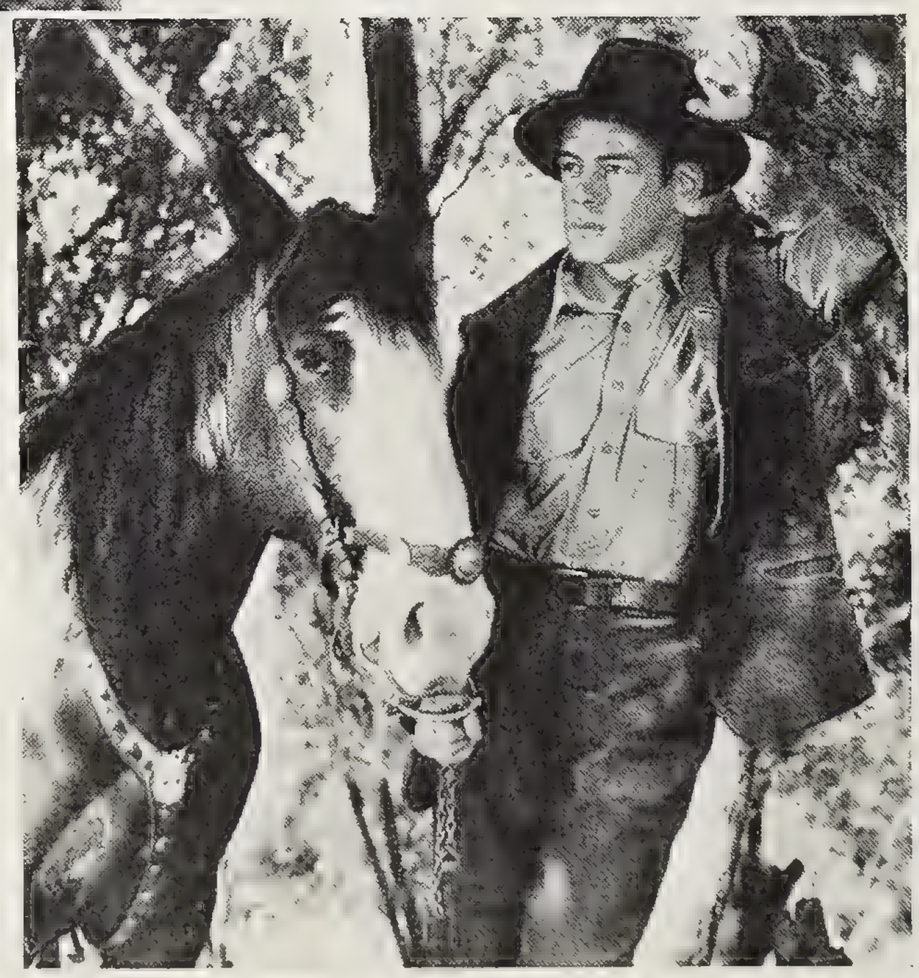
Leo Carrillo is descended from a California pioneer family and ranching is in his blood. (Below) The ranch of Paul Muni is a dream come true.

JADED Hollywoodites have reached the saturation point of sophistication. As an antidote they are going back to the simple life, back to the good earth, back to the ranches where life is more complete, secure and serene.

When, sometime ago, Leo Carrillo established his ranch with the theme "If I ever have a home, as I sometimes may, I'll suit my fancy in every way," Hollywood was quick to sense the true value of this thought. Neither was it long before many celebrities realized that ranching could be made a panacea for the ever-present spirit of unrest that pervades the Film City.

His own "Leo Carrillo Ranchito," a magnificent place located in the Santa Monica Mountains, breathes a spirit of the California of an earlier day—a time when the aristocratic Dons ruled vast domains in this sun-drenched land. Leo, himself, is a descendant of the early California grandees, the Carrillos being one of California's first families. His spacious Spanish style ranch home, nestled far back in a verdant canyon, embodies the very spirit of romance and the glamour of that day when dark-eyed senoritas were wooed by dashing caballeros—when fiestas, barbacues, and rodeos set the stage for a happy and abundant life.

It may be that this spirit of romanticism has so enamoured some of filmdom's favorites that they, too, wish to enter into it. At any rate we know that every one in Hollywood, who is able to do so, is buying a ranch on which to live when the checks cease to flow from the studios. Maybe it's a spirit of good business sense that is overtaking them. Again it may be that they are following the age-old philosophy that the beloved Will Rogers gave to Joel McCrea. It's really remarkable how his memory lives on. No matter what the cause, there's no denying the fact that Hollywood's stars are coming to the realization that it is only the good earth that can furnish them with security and stability, as well as a haven for rest and recreation. The thinking people know that this is as true today as during the time of the Dons.



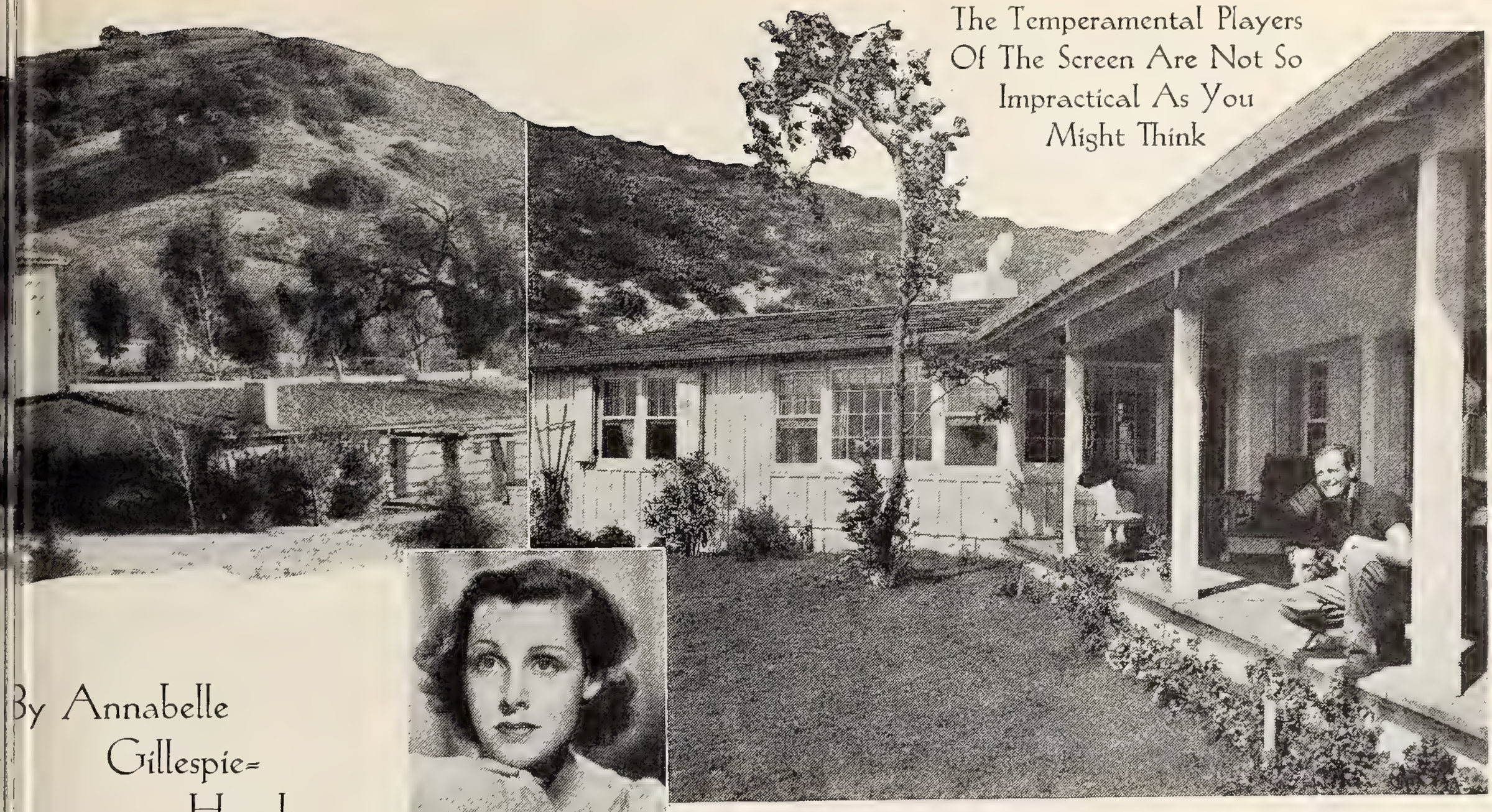
Leo Carrillo's closest neighbor was Will Rogers and, as everybody knows, Will, happy and serene on his own ranch, was one who always championed the ranch idea. He advised Joel McCrea, early in the latter's career as an actor, to "get back to the soil." "Own your own land," he said. "Build on it, cultivate it, raise things on it, make it support you, that is the only thing that makes sense these days. If you can get your livin' from the soil nobody can take it away from you. It's the only thing that gives a man security and happiness."

Needless to say, Joel followed the advice and today he and his wife Frances Dee own a beautiful thousand-acre ranch in the San



In the San Fernando Valley, Ann Dvorak is the proud owner of a large ranch.

The Temperamental Players Of The Screen Are Not So Impractical As You Might Think



The ranch of Joel McCrea and his lovely wife (Frances Dee) was acquired when dearly loved Will Rogers advised its purchase. (Center) A view from the house on Clarence Brown's 360-acre ranch. The house has 40 rooms. Colossal!

By Annabelle Gillespie-Hayek

Fernando Valley, within easy striking distance of Hollywood. Here Joel and Frances plan to live the rest of their lives. Their ranch is stocked with great numbers of pure-bred cattle and the ranch is a self-supporting venture.

You'd hardly suspect the delicate, beauteous Frances of being a clodhopper at heart but, just the same, her favorite recreation is what she calls "working the earth." On the ranch Frances has cleared and cultivated a spot of garden—not the flower garden with rare species which she guards carefully in her own front yard—but a rough and practical one. She raises artichokes, peas, beans, and potatoes. She works it, preferably in the early morning, because she believes that the easiest way to complete health is to have contact with Mother Earth. Often, after a trying day at the studio, she hurries home to a hoe. Then, after a few minutes of cultivating, her nerves relax and she returns to the house a new person.

Today this back-to-the-soil movement is sweeping over Hollywood like an old fashioned prairie fire, and practically all cinemaland is becoming ranch minded. There are a few who are not content with just one ranch. For instance, Gary Cooper and George Brent. Cooper is lord and master of three large ranches, two being located in the Cachella Valley, near Palm Springs, California; the other in Montana. Brent rules over two large tracts of land, one of which is near Encino, California. The other, to which he retires when he wants to lose himself in complete isolation, is a mysterious hideaway somewhere in the Palm Springs region. While the actor is there it is impossible to get in touch with him, for he has no telephone, and no one at the studio where he is under contract knows exactly where this desert retreat is located. However, it is known that among other things which Brent raises on this secret ranch deer is the most important, and it is believed that he will eventually retire to this place as his real home.



Richard Dix, ranch owner, father of twins and successful actor.

Go with romantic Robert Taylor into Coldwater Canyon, where he is constructing a magnificent twelve-room bachelor menage on his beautifully wooded rancho, and you recognize in him a depth and seriousness that spells something more than a suggested flirtation at the Casanova or a crowded dance floor at the Trocadero. Here Taylor is contemplating the organization of a dude ranch, on which to retire. Because he loves riding and hunting he wants to provide those things for his guests. Maybe it was his love for horses that played a great part in bringing about his friendship with Barbara Stanwyck. Anyway, we know that Barbara also loves horses.

Together she and Marian Marx, wife of Zeppo, have imported fifty Kentucky thoroughbreds for their "Marwyck" ("Mar" for Marian plus "wyck" for Stanwyck) ranch located near Van Nuys. Their plans call for construction of a three-quarter mile track, violet ray room, and all the finest horse breeding facilities known to the king of sports. Possibly Barbara has the same sort of plans as Taylor. What do you think?

Rumor has it that he-man Gable has joined this important coterie of filmdom's leaders in the "back-to-the-land" movement. It is rumored that negotiations have been under way for his purchase of a cattle ranch about an hour's ride from Santiago, Chile. Yet those in the know are pretty certain that Gable will not venture to far away South America, but will acquire vast acreage in California with a possible eye to dude-ranching. Already he owns, in company with Robert Taylor,

[*Continued on page 62*]

PROJECT

KAY FRANCIS



Snuggled in among the trees is the unpretentious home of Kay Francis. It is a place removed from the rush and ballyhoo of the publicized sections of Hollywood—the home of a lady.

She works with the concentration of an artist and, between pictures, she journeys to far countries.

ON EVERY major studio lot in Hollywood there is a Quality Star. It's part of the movie tradition. Now these Quality Stars are not the most beautiful women on the lot, rarely the most popular at the box-office, and never the best actresses, but strangely enough it is they who knock down the biggest salaries and who cause great commotion in the "front office" at the mere drop of an eyelash.

They possess that elusive combination of attributes that, added to a dash of beauty and a soupcon of personality, makes Glamour. And Glamour, boys and girls, is the most expensive thing in Hollywood. It is the duty of these Quality Stars to give chic, good taste and class to the cinema. First of all they must be able to wear clothes so maddeningly beautiful and divinely ultra that every female in the audience will bite her nails through sheer envy; and secondly, they must be able to play lovely lonely ladies of mystery, who make the big sacrifice for love, and who go trailing off alone across the desert sands.

Ah, romance and glamour. Women cry for it, women *pay* for it. The Quality Stars are definitely women made stars. Paramount has its Marlene Dietrich, Metro has its Greta Garbo, and Warners has its Kay Francis. Now Kay isn't the most beautiful girl on the Warners contract list, she has never been included among the Big Ten in the exhibitors' poll, and she certainly isn't the best actress on the lot (Bette Davis can act rings around her any day), but no matter how you look at it Kay has glamour and class. She's the reigning queen of the Warner Brothers movie kingdom in the San Fernando Valley. She is the pride and joy of Orry-Kelly, designer de luxe. She is the toast of the Beverly Hills smart set. And as sort of an anti-climax she is one of my favorite actresses—on the screen.

I suppose you know all about Kay Francis "on the screen." Beginning with "Gentlemen of the Press," back in 1929, she has been in four or more pictures a year ever since—of which "One Way Passage" is her best, "The Marriage Playground" her worst, and "Another Dawn" her latest—and unless you were born yesterday, and I doubt that, you have seen a deal of Miss Francis in the celluloid.

But what of Miss Francis in the flesh? Well, now, there is a bit of quibbling. There are those who say, "Have you been ritzed by Kay Francis today?" And those who say, "I never hope to know a grander gal." "Cold as dry ice," say the Press. "Warm and generous," say her publicity people. "Charming," says Ian Hunter. "Humph," says Claude Rains. And if you

ONS By Elizabeth Wilson

think *I'm* going to take sides *you're* crazy.

There are two things which magazine and newspaper writers always want to interview Kay Francis about—her love life and clothes—and those happen to be the two subjects on which she is just about as communicative as a clam. When a member of the publicity department asks her if she will consent to have an interview Kay will say, "If it's about pictures, yes. If it's about my private affairs, *no.*" She has the most terrific private life complex I have ever seen in any actress. She's decidedly no gay extravert of the gold fish bowl. "My private life is my own," says Kay, and means it. And completely *entre nous,* I think she's got something there, but far be it from me to encourage it, because if all celebrities were as tight-mouthed as Kay, where would I be? Looking up at a curbstone somewhere, no doubt.

But, anyway, it really is a shame that she is so fussy about her private life because she has had a highly interesting and exciting one. Kay is a vital person. She is interested in people and strange places, and has always been ready to embrace change and adventure when they come her way. She is entirely of this world.

As Katherine Edwina Gibbs, Kay began that private life she is so secretive about one January, not so many years ago, in Oklahoma City, and the date was Friday the thirteenth. Being born in Okahoma City was probably the only un-chic thing Kay ever did. But before she was a year old her family had moved to Santa Barbara, California, then to Los Angeles and Denver. When she was four her actress mother, Katherine Clinton, the daughter of a pioneer, decided to return to the stage and little Katherine—she did not become Kay until she went on the stage herself—spent her growing up years in one fashionable Eastern school after another. She was "finished" at Miss Fuller's School for Girls at Ossining and at the Cathedral School of Garden City.

Kay's earliest recollection of the theatre was when, at the age of four, she was allowed to sit "out front" one matinee day and watch her mother act. It was one of those melodramas so much in vogue at that time, and for the third act curtain her mother had to shoot herself. The shot rang out and the audience was frightfully impressed—then through the tense atmosphere piped up Kay's baby voice, "Mother's not really dead—she's only acting." Kay received her best spanking to date and was sent away to school.

When she had finished school Kay did a very surprising thing for a beautiful young girl, with the theatre in her blood—she entered a business college and took a course in shorthand and typing. Graduating from there she became secretary to the financial secretary of Mrs. Dwight Morrow, and later to Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Kay had always liked politics, big business, and international finance, so she rather fancied herself as a future lady Wolf of Wall Street or woman of destiny or something. But before she had caused a flurry in steel or cornered the market in anything she had become a bit bored with it all and was off to Europe.

"Business training," Kay declares, "teaches one not to volunteer information. That, I suppose, is the secret of my well-known reticence about my own life. Thanks to my training in the business world I keep a secretary-like silence about most of the matters that concern my employer, who happens to be myself."

Well, of course, you can't keep an actress down forever, so along about 1926 Kay decided, much to her mother's horror, to take a fling at the theatre. She received valuable training in the Stuart Walker Stock Company, playing in Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Dayton—in fact, Kay gives Mr. Stuart Walker, now a Paramount producer, all the credit for making an actress out of her.

Returning to New York she played featured parts, but not leads, in "Venus," "Crime" (along with Sylvia Sidney and Chester Morris), and with Walter Huston in "Elmer the Great." And then the movies. It was in those gay pre-depression days of 1927 to 1930 that our Miss Francis practically became the belle of New York. Charming, chic, poised, and the [*Continued on page* 80]

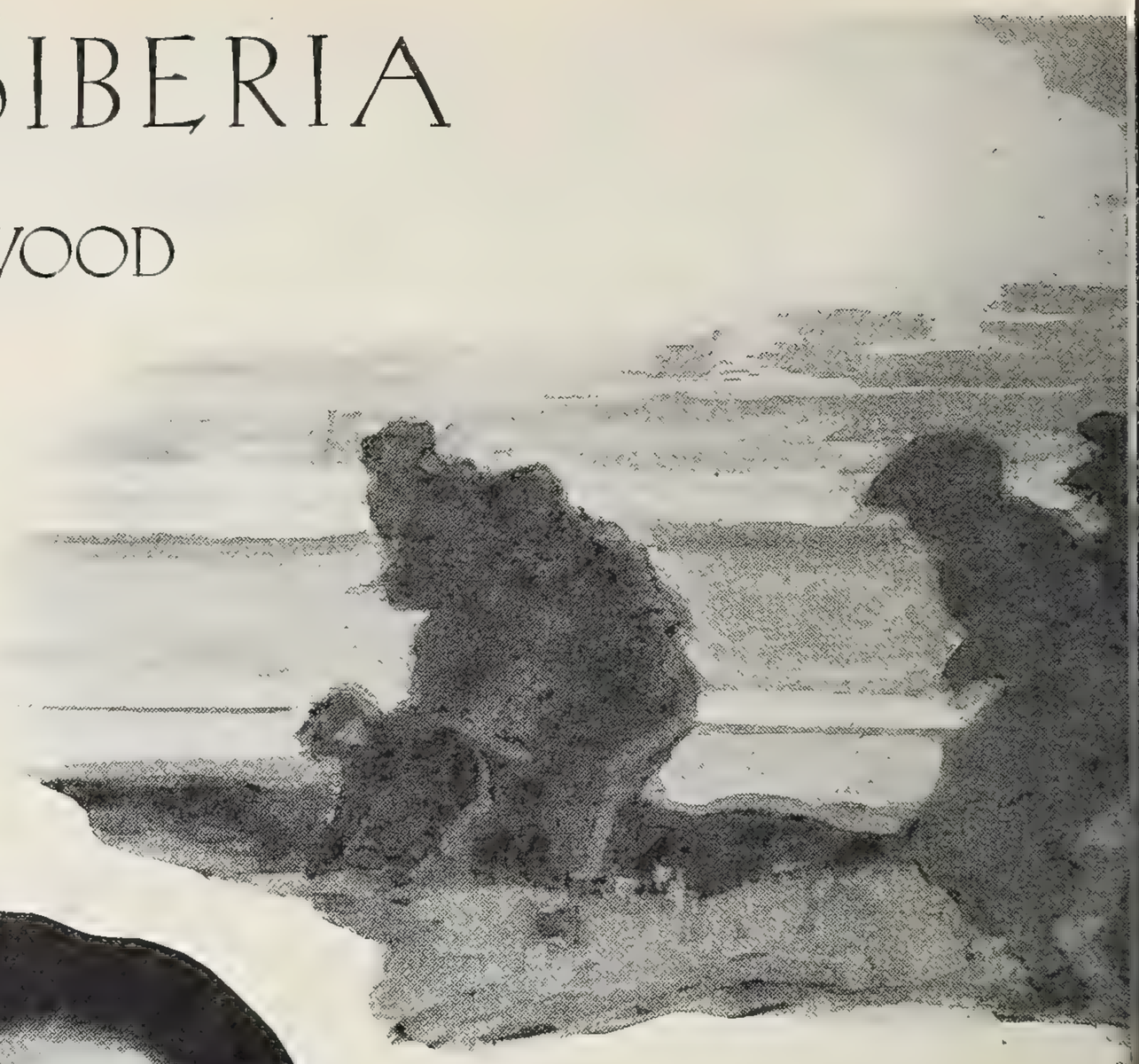


WILDBOY OF SIBERIA

CONQUERS HOLLYWOOD

Mischa Auer Remembers The Days When, As An Exile, And Friendless, He Fought For Life Against Starvation And The Biting Cold Of The Russian Steppes.

By Whitney Williams



Across the limitless miles, the robber boys sought safety after a raid on the granary of a rich peasant or "Kulak." (Drawing by Trembath).

SOLEMN-VISAGED Hollywood is laughing. Not alone laughing . . . but screaming with hysterical glee.

Now, for such a state of affairs to happen in this movie town of ours, where the lads and lassies in-the-know DARE anybody to make them even smile, is so startling an event that something has to be done about it. And Hollywood's doing pul-lenty.

It has taken the *raison d'être* (fancy French, for "cause") of the matter and skyrocketed him to the object of everybody's affection. It has pounced upon him, like a tiger on its kill, and elevated him to a niche many a fading star would give his very soul to once more attain. In short, Hollywood is lionizing Mischa Auer, the young man of our story, and from one not too well known on the screen—although he's been in the movie colony for nearly eight years—this tall and lanky Russian overnight has become one of its favored sons.

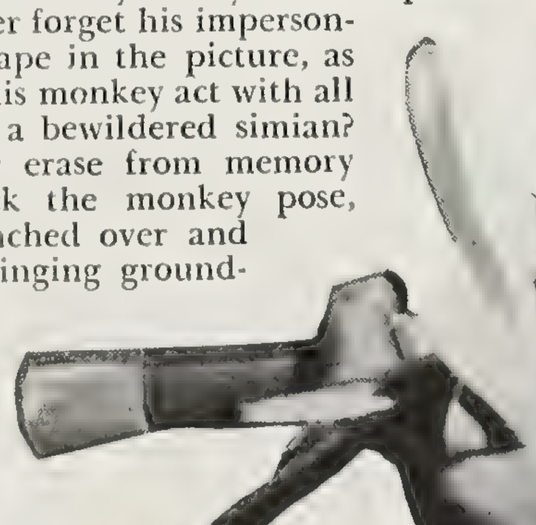
Why, you ask? What's the reason for Hollywood affixing its unanimous and fondest eye of approval suddenly upon an actor who has been in its midst for years?

All right, I'll tell you.

Think back—not too many months—to "My Man Godfrey." To all intents and purposes, this riotous film co-starred Carole Lombard and Bill Powell. Fair enough . . . it did. But it did more.

"My Man Godfrey" made Hollywood so Mischa Auer-conscious that Mischa was hailed as the real star of the picture. Not that he'd admit it—you'd never catch him that way, this sly Slav—but to the majority of the picture-wise around the colony, and for the critics throughout the land, he simply wrapped up the honors and tucked them very neatly into his pocket.

Will you ever forget his impersonation of that ape in the picture, as he went into his monkey act with all the feeling of a bewildered simian? Can you ever erase from memory how he struck the monkey pose, shoulders hunched over and long arms swinging groundward, and, with bent legs and features contorted slap-bang-ape-like, he swung about the room, over furniture, up pillars and ended by climbing the iron-grilled gate?

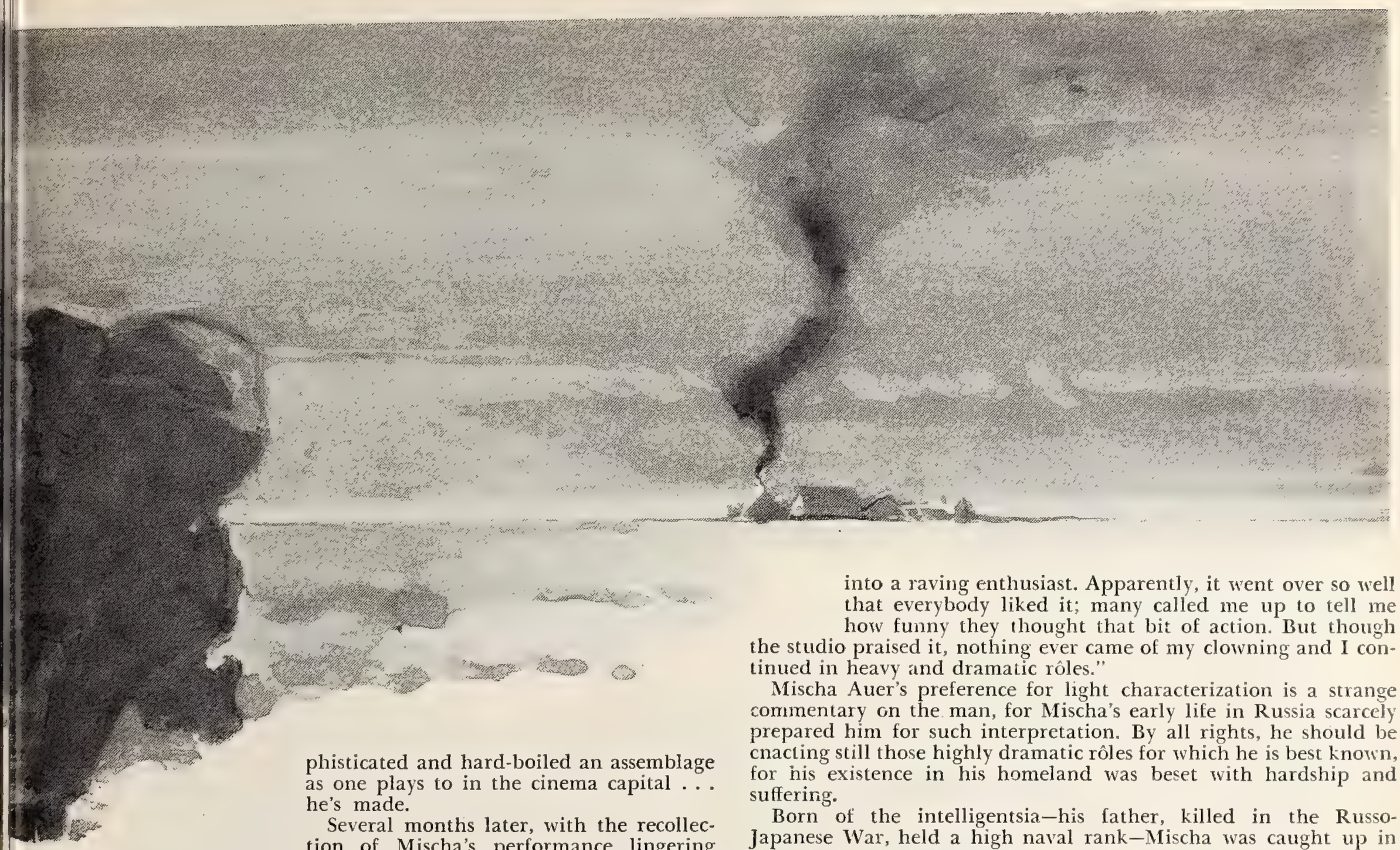


The poise he gives to the character of *Count Arisztid* in "Three Smart Girls" testifies to his background.

Well, hardly.

All Hollywood gasped to its very toes at Mischa's antics, too amazed at first to quite believe its eyes. It *couldn't* be Mischa . . . Mischa always had played either dark and dirty glowering rôles or parts deeply dramatic. The night of the big preview it burst into a mighty roar of thunderous appreciation; laughter still ringing long after the film had ended. When an actor can do *that* to as so-





phisticated and hard-boiled an assemblage as one plays to in the cinema capital . . . he's made.

Several months later, with the recollection of Mischa's performance lingering vividly in their consciousness, the movie-great—producers, directors, writers, stars—went to see the previewing of Mary Pickford and Jesse L. Lasky's production of "The Gay Desperado," starring the opera-singing Nino Martini.

As the film unreeled, a familiar, yet not too familiar, figure inserted itself into the action . . . a tall, serape-huddled, black sombrero-topped Indian who stalked stolidly through scene after scene, saying not a word. Suddenly, the identity of this wooden individual was realized, and with this circumstance the audience as one man acclaimed him noisily, deafeningly. The Indian, who from the first had created ripple after ripple of merriment, was *Mischa Auer!*

Hollywood has taken other players to its heart ere this for some very outstanding performances, but I can recall no incident in which a more or less established actor or actress, a native of Hollywood for so many years, has struck the chord that Mischa Auer has touched. It is as though he has entered upon a new life. Certainly, Hollywood producers think so.

Immediately after he made his hit in "My Man Godfrey," every studio in the business tried to cast him in a comedy rôle. Previously, if anybody had mentioned, even in jest, that Auer might be acceptable in a humorous vein, he would have been booed right out of the studio. But that one part changed his whole future.



With Binnie Barnes in the same picture. Mischa has proved himself one of the great comedians of the screen.

Basically, Mischa Auer, as sad-faced a young man as ever set foot in our capital of Cinemania, is a comedian, and loves to clown and be gay. He is the very antithesis of the character you undoubtedly have fashioned for him, through the medium of his screen appearances prior to the Lombard-Powell feature.

"For years I've tried to enter the forbidden realm of comedy, but only once was I given a chance." Mischa sipped a brandy, and after each taste of the liqueur put a small piece of lemon dipped in powdered sugar—Russian style, Mischa said—into his mouth. "That was in Lily Pons' first picture, 'I Dream Too Much.' In this I played a musician who hated music, who accompanied Miss Pons during her first audition. From the miserable musician I was to turn into a raving enthusiast. Apparently, it went over so well that everybody liked it; many called me up to tell me how funny they thought that bit of action. But though the studio praised it, nothing ever came of my clowning and I continued in heavy and dramatic rôles."

Mischa Auer's preference for light characterization is a strange commentary on the man, for Mischa's early life in Russia scarcely prepared him for such interpretation. By all rights, he should be enacting still those highly dramatic rôles for which he is best known, for his existence in his homeland was beset with hardship and suffering.

Born of the intelligentsia—his father, killed in the Russo-Japanese War, held a high naval rank—Mischa was caught up in the whirlpool of the revolution and at the age of twelve, along with two hundred other lads of his class, ranging in years from eight to seventeen, was sent by the Bolshevists from his home in St. Petersburg to a small settlement in Siberia . . . to learn Communism!

"It was a tiny place, with a long name, and just eighty miles from where the Czar was assassinated," he tells you. "For a time, we had things pretty much our own way, but gradually the food gave out and we existed for months on nothing but rotten potatoes, with living conditions absolutely intolerable. The ones that sent us to this desolate spot forgot all about us and there we were, the two hundred of us, with nothing to eat but those damned rotten spuds." Mischa is quite American in his speech.

"Late one afternoon, a chap only a little older than I, announced he was going out and beg around the countryside for food. There were plenty of wealthy farmers at this time, and several hours later he returned with a large sack filled with bread —*fresh* bread, too!—and large hunks of meat and all sorts of vegetables. I tell you, we feasted that night, but two days later the boy died, from the effects of over-stuffing. That's the condition we were in.

"His success in foraging started others of us on the same path, and before long large bands of us would descend upon the farmers and demand to be fed. It got so we were a dangerous lot, for when you're desperately hungry you're apt to do anything. Eventually, after we had held up and robbed travellers of their clothing—we were cold, freezing—and stoned farmers who would not feed us, nearly killing a number, the government stepped in and sent us home."

I mention the foregoing in such detail in an effort to give you a word-picture of this actor's past—the Siberian episode was only one of many hazardous and agonizing experiences—and why it is all the more surprising that he turns to comedy so readily and with such gusto. At fourteen, because of the suffering he had endured and the gruesome sights that were his daily lot, Mischa thought and acted like a man of thirty, as, indeed, did all Russian boys of that period.

"But I learned the value of things, during all that while," Mischa says. "Instead of acquiring the bitterness many could not empty from their souls, I learned to evaluate that which surrounded me. My mother taught me the futility of revenge, and the necessity for becoming a fatalist."

Mischa's mother died from the typhus she contracted while administering to the sick in Constantinople. Following the lad's return from Siberia, mother and son soon fled to the south of Russia—the mother's name appeared on the Bolshevist list of those to be shot—and there Mischa fought in the British ranks against the Russian Red armies. Some time later, he and his mother were evacuated to the Turkish capital, and as a result of her humanitarian work in refugee hospitals the lady passed away.

By selling a few jewels he had clung to in flight, the boy, only fourteen, made his way to Florence, [*Continued on page* 74]

LADY LUCK SMILES

And Michael Whalen Smiles Right Back Again. He's As Irish As The Sivinteenth O' March

By W. Gertrude Walker



His mother and two sisters make a home for him in Hollywood.

"LISTEN, if Michael Whalen comes in the cast of this play, I get out. I refuse to work with him!"

This voice of resentment floated over the rows of cold, empty seats, to the back of the little theatre where I was huddled with the rest of the cast over an open fireplace. We had a good, original play, an opening date, and a complete cast with the exception of a leading man. We had tried and hadn't been able to get a lead to meet the requirements. The part needed a handsome, adventuresome Irishman, who could also, incidentally, *act!*

Evidently someone had had the nerve to suggest Michael Whalen and this was the answer which came from the comedian of the play, but which was, seemingly and silently, voiced by the rest of the cast, with the exception of myself and the director-producer. The director was worried. I was intrigued. Who was this Michael Whalen whom no one wanted to work with—and why? And what was his force, even though at the moment it was obviously insidious to a number of would-be actors?

I soon found out the answers to each of my questions, and subsequently, the cause of the resentment. Michael had, they said, a certain reputation for "temperament." Although I did not condone temperament, I knew that there *must* be a reason for Mr. Whalen's indisposition and I desperately wanted to find out why. "Oh yes," *they* continued, "he's handsome and charming and has a beautiful voice and can act and works hard at it, but he's temperamental and indifferent and a 'devil' to work with."

But there is a much greater force which rules this universe for good and it was evidently ruling that night. The director and myself had our way—Michael Whalen was called to read the part and accepted the invitation. He had just closed downtown in Los Angeles, at the Mason Theatre, in O'Neill's, "The Hairy Ape," and was at leisure.

I'll never forget the next night when Mike was due at the theatre. We were all waiting for his entrance into the auditorium, expecting a perfectly timed "stagey entree," which would signify that a temperamental, egotistical actor had condescendingly accepted the invitation to appear with our small but ambitious group.

The rehearsal began. My "cue" hadn't been spoken so I was sitting down near the front watching and waiting. I was so absorbed in the progress of the first scene that I hadn't noticed I was not alone, that I hadn't been alone for quite a few moments.

Suddenly a hand tapped me upon the shoulder. I turned, startled. A huge, friendly, but slightly diffident, smile met my amazed gaze. "Hello," it said, "I'm Michael Whalen. I'm supposed to read the part of Jerry. Do you know when I come in?"

I did but I couldn't tell him. I just sat, staring. Finally his eyes wrinkled up at the corners as they have a habit of doing [*Continued on page* 64]



When she visits New York, Claudette Colbert is required to see interviewers and photographers.

PUBLICITY DODGERS?

Do The Stars Seek The Lime-light Or Do They Yearn For Some Privacy?

By Ed Sullivan

DOES Clark Gable, visiting Broadway, like to have women tear the lapels off his coat as a mark of their idolatry? Did Dick Powell and Joan Blondell enjoy their ballyhooed honeymoon in New York? Does Connie Bennett deliberately arrive late at New York theatres, in order to attract attention? Does Loretta Young like to sign autographs, or does she resent it? Are the dark-glasses which Sylvia Sidney wears on Broadway a deliberate attention-teaser? Did Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone deliberately stage their marriage in the east, or was the idea forced on them? Are movie stars publicity-crazy?

Sitting both as judge and jury, in my capacity as a Broadway columnist, I see all of these glamorous Hollywood stars pass before me at New York's night clubs and theaters and parties. Are they exhibitionists? I've heard this question discussed hundreds of times by movie fans, and some of the opinions would make the hair stand straight on your scalp, unless you were as bald as the eight ball.

The answers and conclusions which I have set down here are expert. After all, this is my business. In the course of a week, I get around to perhaps thirty-five supper clubs, night clubs and hotel rooms and theaters. If a movie star is on Broadway or near



Sylvia Sidney is a native New Yorker, but that does not save her from criticism.



Wherever Clark Gable goes, there go the news cameras. But how he can duck them!

it. I'll see him or her when he or she doesn't realize I'm sitting in judgment on his or her behavior. And from countless New Yorkers will come letters to my desk, fortifying my impression with actual experiences.

I never would have known that Barbara Stanwyck was supporting a fatherless Long Island family but from a letter sent to me by the parish priest. The doorman at the Waldorf told me that Joan Crawford had bought clothes and shoes for five of the maids at the hotel. The desk of a Broadway columnist is a clearing house for all the news of all the celebrities who come to Times Square. An expert diagnosis is not difficult when you understand all the information you gather.

It is only when Love, with a capital "L," moseys into the picture that a Broadway columnist finds anything to rap in the behavior of Hollywood stars vacationing on the Main Stem. As a general rule, the celluloid kings and queens relax and don't take themselves too seriously when they arrive at Times Square. The daffy behavior of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, when they arrived at New York on their honeymoon and came sailing up the bay with a fleet of tugs and airplanes, should not be charged against them. I'm quite certain that both of them would have preferred to have sneaked into New York, seen the shows playing in the Broadway theaters, completed their shopping and confined the publicity to the conventional cocktail party, and flashlight pictures whenever they appeared in public.

But there is something about Love that unbalances the publicity offices of the major companies. Perhaps it is because the publicity men are love-starved that they thus react to a picture player's honeymoon. At any rate, and whatever the reason, the boys who cook up the publicity stunts get a fierce gleam in their eyes at the opportunity to get a [*Continued on page* 92]

"The Bird Of Time Has But A Little Way
To Flutter And The Bird Is On The Wing."



Never Grow Old

By Henry Willson

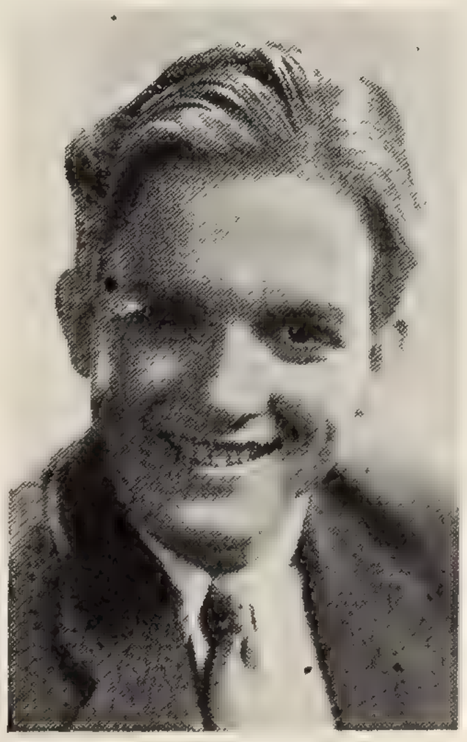
HOLLYWOOD is not to be compared with the doting mother who gazes fondly upon her hulking, splay-footed, over-sized son and sees in him the same adorable dimpled darling who kept her up nights while he whooped his way through croup, measles and skinned knees alike.

On the contrary, Hollywood is more inclined to take one brief, disillusioned peek at the gangly offspring it once loved, and yell: "Out of my life, Frankenstein!"

So, with a few sad examples before them, Hollywood youth unanimously agrees that "the trick is *not* to grow up!"

Eric Linden is an outstanding example of the theory that "it pays to stay young." "I'm stuck with the kind of a face that will keep me in the juvenile class until I die of old age," Eric grins. "I look as if I believe in Santa Claus and the Easter bunny. And Heaven help my gentle soul if I ever discover the cold, cruel facts of life!"

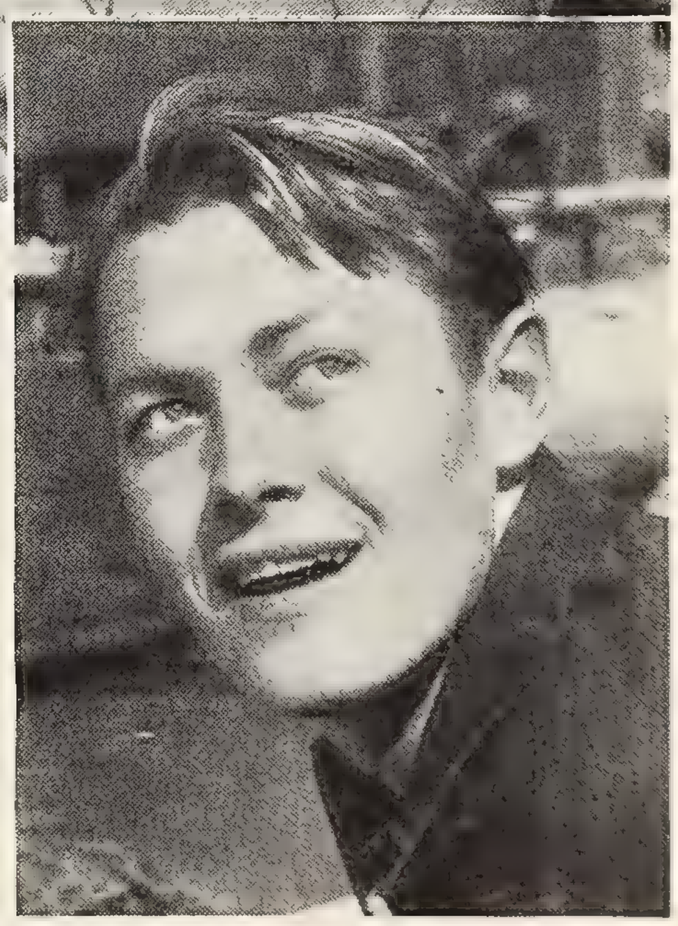
Eric is twenty-eight years old, but he continues to portray adolescent youth even more convincingly than youngsters half his age. Probably the greatest job of acting he has ever done was in "Ah, Wilderness," when he played the part of a seventeen year old love-sick kid.



Only once has he stepped out of character, and that was in "Life Begins," when he portrayed the tragic young father so poignantly that chivalrous ushers had to pilot weeping customers out of local nickelodeons in a canoe. But roles like that are few and far between, and Eric continues playing innocents abroad, ad infinitum.

"With me, the trick of staying young is purely a mental process," Eric says. "You've got to have a 'young' slant on life. It's a little difficult to explain. And don't get the idea that I sit around reading Alger books and crunching lollipops to keep in character.

Anne Shirley has seized upon the hurrying days and won fame already (Extreme right) Richard Cromwell has a rule of living that keeps him young (Right) the clock has stopped for Tom Brown (Below) Eric Linden has some fine performances to his credit and still he keeps his boyish appearance.





I like to gang around with the youngsters, do the things they do, study their actions and reactions and find out just what makes the adolescent wheels go 'round. I'm lucky, too, in being able to remember the moods and expressions of my own early years. How I felt about my first straw hat, the first time I held a girl's hand and stuff like that.

"Before going into 'Ah, Wilderness,' I reviewed the agonies of my own first puppy love and tried to bring the life-and-death grimness of it all into the part I was playing. Believe me, this 'not growing up' is serious business!"

Tom Brown thinks differently. "It takes a well-developed sense of humor to put over the first-long-pants idea," he declares. "'Seventeen' laughs at life, wise-cracks its way through the adolescent tragedies and, generally, turns hand-springs all over the place, for no reason at all."

So, juvenile hi-jinks are the order of things with Tom. He dances, swims, rides, plays tennis, roller skates and whoops his head off at the fights.

"I throw a mean bean-bag, too," he grins. "And if anybody wants a 'fourth' for a game of 'Post Office' . . . !"

You can't pin him down. If there was a prize for perpetual motion, Tom would win it, hands down. [*Continued on page* 78]

PLAYERS WIN FABULOUS RICHES

The Actor In The Movies Is Born With A Talent. For Him No Years Of Study Are Necessary, And Luxury Is His Portion.

By Liza



(Upper left) Robert Taylor is really gifted. (Left) To many critics Bette Davis is as great as any actress in America. (Right) In one picture Deanna Durbin has come into her birthright.





Brown Bros.



Katharine Hepburn did not have to wait for her reward.

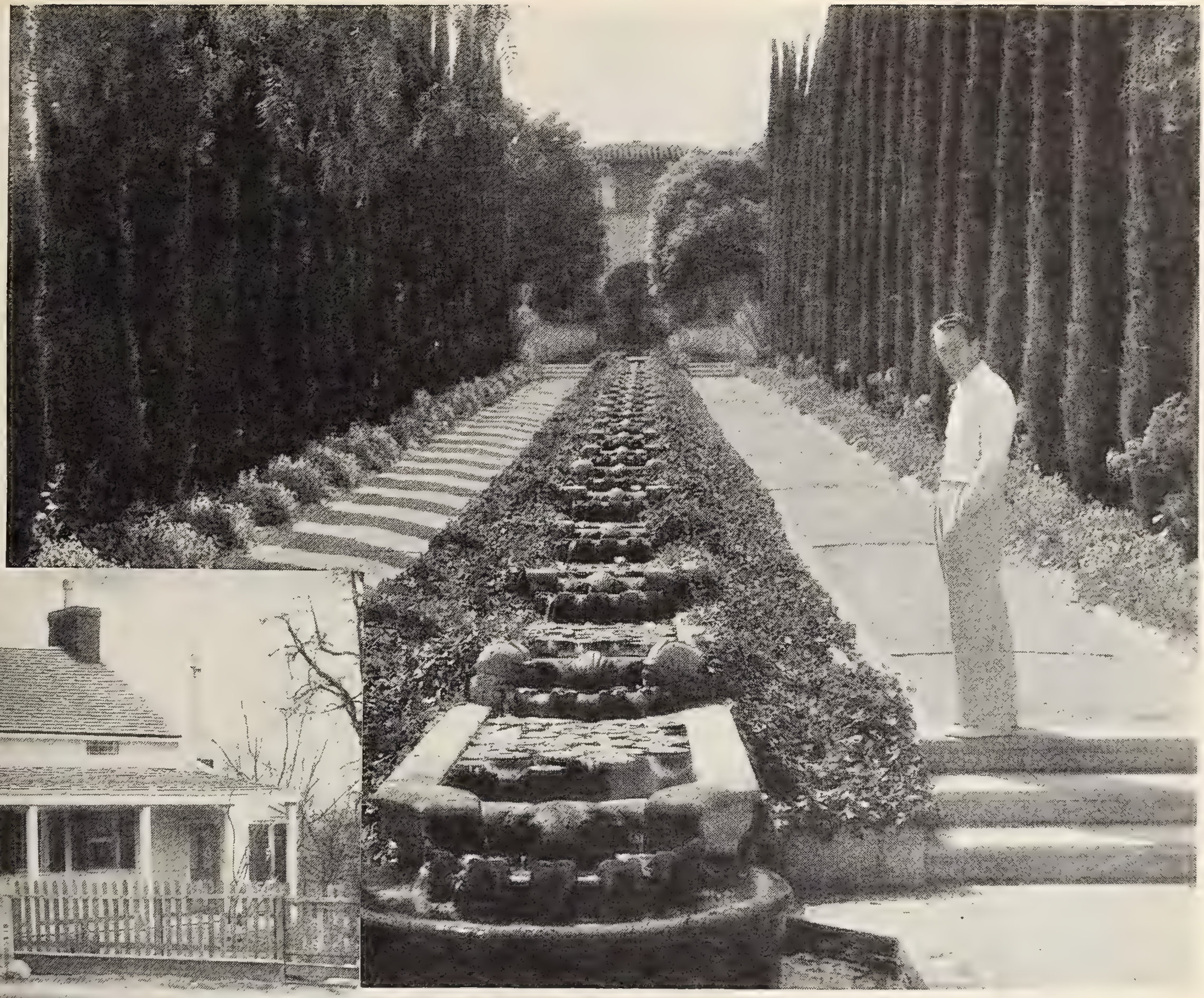
IF YOU are slightly on the indolent side, and I have no doubt but what you are, you will thrill to this message that I, like a well mannered medium, have for you. Thanks to that amazing Hollywood, those people with mysterious and God-given gifts, people who feel the flames of genius burning within, need no longer spend years and years in thankless apprenticeship, need no longer die of starvation in a garret, unknown, unwanted, unappreciated.

Heavens no, thanks to that amazing Hollywood the artist can now die snugly in a William Haines antique bed on a full stomach. Acting, with the aid of the camera, has become the easiest art in the world. And if you feel that you will never be happy until you have had a fling at the arts, why all I've got to say is that if you don't try acting you ought to have your head examined.

Do you realize that the actor in Hollywood receives more money than the court painter in England? That the poet laureate, Mr. John Masefield, is a pauper compared with practically any character actor in Hollywood? Do you realize that singers and musicians rehearse, practice, vocalize, and run scales for years and years but that the income of a musician in a lifetime rarely equals the money that is to be made by an actor in Hollywood in a year? Isn't it perfectly enthralling! Lucky you, if you select acting for your artistic expression. (If you don't you're a dope.) You won't have to wait for the world to "discover" you thirty-five years after your death the way the world did Cezanne.

That's the reason I always sulk and go into a pet when I hear actors, and I mean actresses, too, raving and ranting over their hardships, viz., interviews, autographs, and income taxes. I daresay poor Edgar Allan Poe, starving in his little cottage up in the Bronx, would have been only too glad to have had an income for the government to tax—but, after all, if you can only get ten dollars for a poem as great as "The Raven" you can't expect the government to be interested. Did it ever occur to you that an actor is paid more for one minute of his time on the set than Poe was paid for "The Raven," or for that matter, for any of his poems and stories?

I suggest that George Raft, and some of the other actors who are always complaining, think that over. Van Gogh would have been very happy indeed to have had someone ask for his autograph; of course, if someone had offered to buy (during his lifetime) one of his signed paintings he would have been in seventh heaven. And I suggest that Franchot Tone, and some of the actors who are always griping about autographs, think that over. Yes, indeed, acting is the easiest, and most remunerative, art in the world.



For contrast. The library wing of Harold Lloyd's home, the splendid approach and Harold himself. He brought wholesome comedy to the screen and the public gladly paid.

The humble cottage in upper New York City, where lived Edgar Allan Poe, recognized as America's pre-eminent writer.

When an actress plays a neat emotional scene on the screen she usually has the satisfaction, at a preview, of hearing the audience break into wild applause. Sometimes the audience doesn't—sometimes it giggles instead—and then the poor actress simply foams at the mouth and has fifty million fits because she is unappreciated. But, after all, let her consider that she only spent two days on that scene and that Beethoven spent years and years on his Fifth Symphony only to have it booed mercilessly by the public the night it was first presented. When your efforts of a lifetime are hissed then you really know the torture of a broken heart.

To obtain perfection in any art—except the art of acting for the cinema—takes many long weary years and plenty of the well known honest sweat. Nijinsky did not become a graceful, beautiful dancer over night. The Russian Ballet does not practice a few weeks and then go on and do their number like the girls in a Bus Berkeley ensemble. If you really want to suffer for your art become a member of a ballet.

In "One Night of Love," the excellent Grace Moore film of several seasons ago, we saw just what a long apprenticeship a singer must go through before she can face the footlights of the Metropolitan. Study, study, study, and darned expensive study, too. Then when she becomes an adult with a trained voice she can go out and get some money—if she's lucky.

But take the case of little Deanna Durbin in Hollywood. Deanna, age 14 or is it 17, makes one picture ("Three Smart Girls") and immediately is acclaimed by the entire country. What with her radio and movie contracts in the next few years she will very likely make more money before she is twenty than Galli Curci did in all her years at the Metropolitan.

Most of the painters put in years of concentration before they even sell a canvas, and they rarely ever, no matter how popular they become, get into the big money brackets. They must spend years in art school perfecting their technique, years in experimenting with colors, and unless they are fortunate enough to have an independent income they become fully acquainted with the seamy side of life. And the future? They never know. It's a complete gamble. As a matter of fact, a great many of America's most promising painters, I have discovered, are on WPA doles at this time.

But a young kid like Tom Brown, he's 21 I'm told, has trust funds and annuities so arranged that by the time he is twenty-five he can retire if he likes. Imagine, at twenty-five! Why an artist hasn't even begun to get into his stride by twenty-five. Jackie Coogan came of age not so long ago and came into several cool millions of his own money. There's no other art that I know of where kids can become millionaires before they're hardly out of their teens. Try to do it on your violin.

As you well know scientists work desperately most of their lives before they can prove their theories, and sometimes they never do. Remember, Louis Pasteur was an old man, broken in health and body, before he was recognized by the Academy in France. He never did have any money. And Einstein was well in the neighborhood of sixty before he proved his theory.

But young Robert Taylor had a theory that he was an actor. And it only took him a year to prove his theory to Metro. He didn't have to go through years of apprenticeship and struggle, he didn't have to study and rehearse and go mad with despair. He simply had to smile and look handsome, and that was exactly what the public wanted. If the salary of most of the scientists in the United States, during the year 1937, should be stacked up, it would still look like a mere drop in the bucket compared to what Bob Taylor will knock down during the same time.

[*Continued on page 75*]



PICTURES ON THE FIRE

Looking Over The Lots And Studying The Studios With—

S. R. Mook

Joan Blondell and Fernand Gravet, the French motion picture star, in a scene from "The King and the Chorus Girl."



Harry Carey, Frances Dee, Gary Cooper, George Raft and Olympe Bradna in an amusing scene from "Souls at Sea."

SO THE holidays have come and gone, leaving a rosy glow behind them, to say nothing of eggnogg all over the divan and a couple of glasses broken out of the new set Dick and Joby Arlen gave me, and also a couple of cigarette burns on the new carpet. But those are small matters and everything is hunky-dory as I set out for——

Paramount

IT'S rainy over the rest of Los Angeles today but on Stage 6 at Paramount the sun is shining, for we are right in the middle of Panama where Carole Lombard, in a very lovely and *very* revealing gown, is being married to Fred MacMurray. One look at Carole and that guy certainly knows what he's getting. And he's getting all the best of it, if you ask me.

There's certainly nothing novel about the plot but Carole and Fred have a way of reading lines that makes you forget plot and like it. In addition, there are the rabbitty Charles Butterworth and the cryptic Jean Dixon to help things along.

When I come on the set Carole is reclining in a chair. "It's the Mook!" she screams, pointing at me. Naturally all eyes follow her finger. Being a timid soul I redden, trip over a cable and land in a lump at her feet. "The time I've wasted trying to make something of you," she jibes.

"Well, I'm still at your feet," I come back. "What you doing in that get-up at this time of the morning?"

"Mr. MacMurray and I are getting married," she informs me.

"Shotgun wedding?" I ask sympathetically.

"Me?" she screams once more. "Ha!"

"*If* the *artistes* don't mind," the director interrupts, "I'd like to shoot the wedding."

"I'd like to shoot the groom," I mutter, glaring at MacMurray as I realize that Carole is lost to me forever—again.

So they shoot the wedding. The ceremony is in Spanish—or Mexican and an interpreter interprets it for Carole and Fred. "You are now marry," he finishes.

Fred merely looks at the bride. "It's customary to kiss the bride," Carole suggests, so Fred gives her an unenthusiastic peck.

"Cut!" orders the director.

"I'll bet that's the first time you ever had to remind a guy to kiss you," I grin at Carole.

"A typical Mook crack!" she yells. "I've been waiting for that ever since you came."

Well, you earned it, toots. I'll learn you to trifle with my affections.

Next we have Gary Cooper, Frances Dee and George Raft in "Souls at Sea."

Now don't ask me what this is about because even the people who're working on the picture don't know. The story isn't finished. Wouldn't you think after Paramount wrote off $900,000 on "Hotel Imperial," when Marlene Dietrich walked out on it because she couldn't see the script, that they would always have it down in black and white before they started shooting? But, no! They go right on doing the way they've always done and my column and I can go to blazes as far as finding out the plot.

All I know is Gary and Frances are dancing in the salon of "The Star of Finland" and so are George Raft and Olympe Bradna.

"—and I have to confess to you, because it's the only honest thing to do," Olympe confesses. "You told me about yourself, who you were and what you did—a merchant of the high seas. A somebody who means something in this world. And I've told you nothing—who I am—or where I came from."

"You don't have to," George assures her. "I know. You came from——"

"The sky," Olympe finishes. "That was nice of you. I'll always remember it. But you don't know, Powdah. I'm just a servant —just a lady's maid. At least I was. I was going to America just to—just to—I'm so sorry, Powdah."

Just to what? I wonder. I hate all this shilly-shallying. But George evidently knows. He holds her eyes with his. Suddenly she goes into his arms. There is a moment's silence as his cheek caresses her hair.

"Did I ever tell you about the sunflower?" he asks. "It looks up to the sun—just like I'm doin' to you. Only the sun ain't nothin' —and you are—you're Babsie."

Well, the captain (Harry Carey) is coming down the stairs with his arms full of bottles and bundles of food. He pays no attention to George and Olympe but stops alongside Gary and Frances, and I don't blame him, although that's no crack at the other two.

"The Captain is entertaining a few choice guests tonight," he says with a wink, "and—don't tell this to a soul, but he's decided you two are the choicest. Look at it—sparkling Burgundy, Camembert, Russian rye—and all for nothing. Is that amazing?"

That Raft is no fool. He can smell food farther than Pete DeGrasse can smell Wally Hally. He stops dancing, grabs Olympe by the hand and drags her up.

"Stupendous, captain," Gary is laughing, "but really——"

"Don't pay any attention to him, Captain," George cautions Carey. "He's awfully shy."

Carey looks quickly at Raft, then compares the number of bottles under his arm. Raft knows what he is thinking and says, "An' he don't drink."

"Oh," Carey remarks in a relieved tone (and how well *I* know that feeling), "would you two like to join me?"

"Thank you," says George gratefully.

The captain leads the way. George links his arm in Gary's, his left hand still holding 'Lympe's and the four people start after the captain. George looks up at Gary and inquires, "Ain't I the clever one?"

The scene is over. Gary comes up and shakes hands. "Have a good time in New York?" I put it up to him.

"Swell," says Gary.

"I didn't read about any mobs tipping over a taxi to get to you the way they did Gable," I jibe.

"Oh, Gable's a hot shot," Gary grins. "I'm just an old married man."

There doesn't seem to be any answer to that one so I try a new tack. "Arlen's bought a new boat," I offer.

"You *don't* say so!" Gary ejaculates. "How is he? I haven't seen Buck in years. Tell him to call me up."

Next, we have "Clarence." This is one of Booth Tarkington's plays—and what a play! If I live to be a thousand (God

[*Continued on page* 85]



Simone Simon and James Stewart as the famous lovers in "Seventh Heaven." This picture, which brought Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell to fame, offers a splendid opportunity to these newcomers.

The Players In Pictures Have Homes And Families, And The Days Of "Sleeper Jumps" And "Living In A Trunk" Are Over.

IS HOLLYWOOD really a factory-town of glorified wage slaves, where your favorites lead a life of ballyhoo at so much per week? Where, to be put under contract means that the producer owns you body and soul. Where even the labor laws prevailing in steel and meat packing plants do not exist. Where artists of fine sensibilities are kicked about, trod upon, and told, "Smile, darn you, smile."

Well, screen acting is not a perpetual holiday in the palmy luxuriance of Beverly Hills, with sun-baths, polo games and tennis matches during the day, and prize-fights and the Trocadero at night. It has its drawback. It requires some work now and then—at wages up to eight or nine thousand smackers a week.

We asked Edward Arnold, Charles Boyer, Walter Connolly, and Brian Donlevy what they really think of Hollywood, to draw up a credit and debit sheet of the movie capital, listing its assets and liabilities as compared to the stage. All four of them have passed through the rigors of the theatre, and are actors of reputation.

"It isn't exactly an easy life we live out here," Edward Arnold said, "but I love it. You see, I'm a family man, and for the first time in my life I have a real home of my own. I just bought a house—the one thing I've always wanted but couldn't have. Hollywood made it possible. There is a title for your story, Leon. 'Hollywood made it possible!' " And the hefty Arnold, who shoved his compelling personality over the screen as "Nero Wolfe" and "Diamond Jim Brady" and "General Cutter" and "Barney Glasgow," shook with a hearty laugh.

"I always said to Mrs. Arnold and the kids—when I buy a house, I'll still have money in the bank. As you know, I was born in an eastside tenement in New York. My father died when I was 10, and five years later my mother followed him to the grave, I don't want to dramatize the difficulties I had as a boy, but I had to quit school at 10 and help support my mother and four brothers and sisters. I didn't have a chance to go through grammar school." His powerful blue eyes narrowed to a steely gaze, and he took a deep breath. "I tried different trades, but I didn't like them. I had the acting bug. When I was 15 I landed a job as juvenile understudy with a Shakespearean repertory company, and went on the road. I was in stock eleven years; touring the country from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. My stock career ended with a New York play in which I made quite a hit.

"In all the years I've been in the theatre I was never thrown out of a hotel for non-payment of rent, never went hungry. I wish, for your sake, I had a sob story to tell you! Writers ask me: 'Has nothing ever happened to you?' There is a lady who is doing a story about me for the Saturday Evening Post. The other night, we sat up until about two o'clock in the morning, trying to dig up incidents from my theatrical life that would make interesting reading, but darn it, I couldn't tell her anything. I always made good money, for a man of simple tastes. I have averaged as high as $450 a week in the theatre. I had a tough time only in 1919. We were doing a war play. It opened on November 5, and on November 11 the armistice was signed. Naturally, people didn't care to see war plays any more, and I found myself out of a job. I didn't work for eight months. Our savings ran pretty low, we had to borrow some money. I had married in Chicago, in 1916. It's tough to be broke when you have a wife and a baby to take care of.

"Before Hollywood discovered me, I was in pictures for two years, with the old Essanay Company in Chicago. During this period of my idleness I went to see a motion picture agent in New York, hoping to get some work. He laughed at me. He said he couldn't jeopardize his professional standing, that he handled only big actors. I had been a leading man with the Essanay Company, but what was Essanay compared to Fox, the studio where most of his clients





Edward Arnold studying a script in the attractive dining room of his Hollywood home. (Right) Arnold, the always successful actor, who has never been homeless nor ever been hungry.

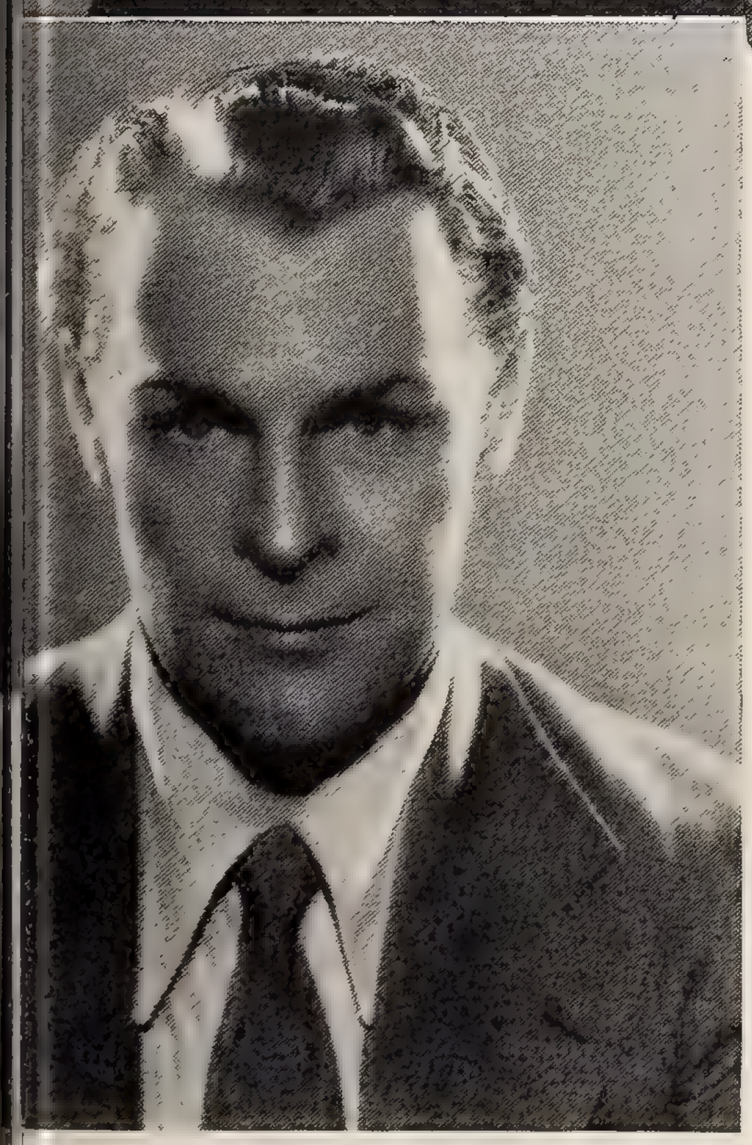
"Sitting Pretty— No Complaints"

There Is A Particular Charm That An Actor In Pictures Must Have. Many Players Are Tested For It But Few Can Deliver.

By Leon Surmelian



Walter Connolly likes Hollywood: "Here an actor has more leisure than he can have in New York." (Right) Charles Boyer has a pleasant word for us: "Americans have a natural talent for acting."



Brian Donlevy was born in Ireland, but he grew up in Wisconsin.

were under contract. No, he couldn't even consider me. I was hurt. But I remembered the advice an old newspaperman gave me when I was a boy trying to make my way through the world. He said, 'Son, never lose your smile, never lose your sense of humor, no matter what happens.' I never tried again to get into the movies. 'Some day,' I said to myself, 'they will come after me.' "

And they did. Arnold was in Los Angeles during the Olympic Games, playing in a New York show, "Whistling in the Dark," when several movie magnates yammered and dickered for his services. You know the rest. Today, he is one of the highest paid stars in the business.

"But now that I can have the luxuries I used to dream about, I don't go after them. Too busy. That's the irony of my success!

"As you see, I have no grudge against the theatre. I have only pleasant memories, and no regrets as a stage actor. You can't accuse me of being sweetened by the movie coin. Compared to the stage actor, I don't care how successful he might be, the movie star leads an almost ideal existence. I can't think of a better place to bring up my children than Hollywood. They grew like mushrooms after we moved out here. Hollywood has made it possible for me to give them a home and other advantages I didn't have as a boy. If the stage offered me the same salary, I would still prefer the screen."

Charles Boyer is a stellar name on the Parisian stage. He is a graduate of the Sorbonne, where he studied philosophy, and the famous Conservatoire of Drama. His specialty is mental rather than physical parts. He has the same passion for perfection in acting as Flaubert had for the *mot juste*—the exact word. He is noted for his dramatic criticisms and book reviews in the leading literary journals of France. An interview with him is a lesson in the art of acting.

"Not only the American cinema, but also the American stage is the best in the world," he told us in his fluent, even though accented English, meanwhile handling his cigarette in that elegant manner which distinguishes the cultured cosmopolite. "The plays I saw in New York—well, they were terrific!" Boyer likes our thunderwords. "Believe me, the American stage was a revelation to me. Americans have a natural talent for acting not possessed by any other nation. I have often wondered why. It seems to me, the free and easy manner in which American children grow has much to do with it.

"A French actor is likely to say, 'Sit down!' in an elocutionary tone, as if speaking some classic lines in the Comédie Française. An American actor will say simply and naturally, 'Sit down.' Only by years of study and practice does the French actor develop an easy and natural style of delivery. I'll grant that he may eventually go beyond the American actor in interpreting the characters he is playing, but when we consider French actors and American actors as a whole, the superiority of the latter cannot be denied.

"There is a tendency on the part of many intellectuals to disparage the cinema, and particularly the American cinema. This is unfortunate, and to be deeply regretted. The cinema is a new art form and does not have the experience and traditions of the theatre, but it has already, within the past few years, produced things of real artistic merit, and has magnificent potentialities.

"We have some dramatic critics in France, who may praise, now and then, a French picture, but never an American-made picture. They believe Hollywood films, being produced by factory methods for mass consumption, cannot possibly have artistic value. In my opinion, wide popular appeal is not only against true art, but is a necessary condition of it. Because of this narrow, prejudiced viewpoint the French cinema suffers, and American pictures continue to be the most popular in the world.

"I find complete artistic satisfaction in the cinema, except for one thing—I miss that direct contact with the audience the stage actor enjoys. To renew this contact, film actors should return to the theatre now

[*Continued on page 76*]

Pals

They Are Talented Players And The Best Of Friends



Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney are planning great things for the future.

By Thomas Foye



FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW and Mickey Rooney, aged respectively twelve and sixteen, are firm friends. Freddie, as everybody knows, is English. Mickey is Irish, American-born. They are just about as opposite in nature, appearance and tastes as any two people you can imagine.

But they have one bond in common. They look to motion pictures for their collective futures . . . not as actors, as you might very well think, but in positions behind the camera.

Freddie intends to be a writer.

Mickey has settled upon direction.

Now, for two such youthful members of the film colony already to have definitely decided what they will be when they grow up, considering the fact that they now are actors of more than usual talent and with brilliant meccas beckoning, is exceptional, to say the least. Ask the average juvenile of the screen toward what end he is directing his energies and ten to one he'll pipe up that he will continue his acting career. But not Freddie and Mickey.

"I would like very much to look at a screen production and to know that it was I who conceived the story and the characters," says Freddie, in his precise manner of speaking.

"I want to be able to look at a picture and say I was responsible for its success," positively asserts the more practical-minded Mickey.

An extraordinary parallel may be drawn between these two friends, one so gentle in speech and actions, the other staccato-speaking and thinking, intent every moment upon the joy of action.

"As long as I can remember, I have wanted to write," Freddie confides, earnestly. "When I saw my first cinema, oh so many years ago"—Freddie still has to grow a long gray beard—"I thought, 'Some day I will write a story such as this and people will say it is mine.' Ever since then I have planned to be a writer, although I will say that for a while I almost decided to give it up to become a jockey."

Freddie, as serious of mien as though he were a judge about to pass sentence, sat very still while he commented upon this "lifelong" aspiration. He was dressed for his rôle in "Captains Courageous," in rough, blue woolens, and he perched a battered sou'wester on the back of his head.

Mickey, lounging nearby—both are featured in Metro's picturization of the Kipling sea classic—and garbed in similar attire, spoke up in an equally serious manner.

"When I appeared in my first picture I was only four, but I remember that my ambition to be a director dated from that day. Of course, then, I suppose, I wanted to be a director because he gave orders. Now, though, I want to be a director because he contributes something definitely real to the screen and to progress."

Odd, how both these lads from their earliest recollections have held the thought . . . Freddie to be author, Mickey to be director, and that the idea should have been born at about the same period in their respective careers.



Fully a year has passed since they began to compare notes about the future, their hopes, their plans, their ambitions. It started when they first met on the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" set, in which Freddie enacted the title rôle and Mickey played his bootblack-friend.

Freddie, at that time, still was the reserved little boy of "David Copperfield" memory. It required several weeks ere he and Mickey reached the plane to which they have held ever since, for the English lad wasn't accustomed to the frankness and hail-fellow-well-met attitude that distinguishes the American Mickey. But after the ice was broken they got along famously.

Mickey it was who first drew from Freddie his long-cherished ideal. Freddie had never mentioned it to anybody besides his Aunt Cissie and she had kept his secret inviolate. For his part, Mickey confessed his dream of days to come . . . and an even stronger bond of friendship resulted. To the boys, directing and writing ran in much the same channels.

Of course, both Freddie and his Aunt Cissie have concentrated upon his acting. Long ago the aunt, recognizing the spark of genius in her young nephew, encouraged the cultivation of his unusual powers of concentration and memory and taught him diction and elocution, including in her [*Continued on page* 90]

We Point With Pride



His career begins: Scene from the silent picture, "The Winning of Barbara Worth."



In "Farewell to Arms," he played opposite the famous actress, Helen Hayes.



Gary reached a level above all others in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."



"Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"—one of the best pictures of 1936—in which Gary Cooper scored.



To Gary Cooper

The pioneers of the West saw city after city grow from the empty wastelands and prairies, and Gary has seen the empire of the screen grow from even less inspiring beginnings.

HE HAS made so great a number of pictures, Gary is now educated in the art. Naturally he has seen himself on the screen many a time, and if anything will keep a man from conceit that will.

Gary has found out the priceless secret of screen acting, which is that the camera photographs the actor's thoughts; so he acts with his mind. When he plays a given part it is his mind that assumes the personality of the character called for. Thus Gary has become one of the best performers on the screen.



His next is "Souls at Sea," a story of sailing-ship days.

THAT "COME-HITHER" LOOK

The Beauty Of Women Is The Back-ground That Gives Promise And Makes The Provocative Glance Of The Eyes Eloquent With Warm Invitation.



Frances Dee is again in pictures. Happily married, and a proud mother, it is reasonable to assume that she has something to give to the screen.



Simone Simon is the mystery girl, but good luck will not long resist her appealing glance.



(Above) The always lovely Loretta Young sends her charm vibrations over the wire. (Left) Another of those clever French mam'-selles is Lily Pons.

Maureen O'Sullivan is out of the trees, and in her figured gown she's as pretty a colleen as ever came out of Ireland.



And so she became engaged to be married! No finer compliment can be given to Jeanette MacDonald's captivating personality.



A PLAYER is in the business of making faces, in a nice way of course. If the girl in the play is gay or glum, inquisitive or intriguing, it is the business of the actress to arrange her features accordingly. And among all the expressions in the repertoire of an actress, the look that fascinates, that speaks of love, and confesses that all defenses are down *and who cares* can illumine only the face of a woman blessed with a mind and soul capable of love.



(Above) June Lang has siren eyes, a willing mouth and her actress reputation is blooming. (Left) Jean Arthur is on her third career and making good headway. Her "come-hither" is magnetic.

TREASURES AHEAD!

There Are Exciting Pictures
"In The Can," As They Say
In Hollywood, For The Fans
To Enjoy.



Now we can learn all about Hollywood—in color, too. "A Star Is Born," with Fredric March and Janet Gaynor, is a story of "what could happen." (Below) In "Elephant Boy," the elephant, Kala Nag, lifts the boy to the roof of a hut. But gently.



Paul Robeson leads the way in "King Solomon's Mines." Cedric Hardwicke, Roland Young, Anna Lee and John Loder are in the cast.



(Left) Elizabeth Bergner, the unforgettable genius, with Raymond Massey in "Dreaming Lips."





A famous old stage play, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," comes to life again on the screen. Robert Montgomery and Joan Crawford.



In "Stolen Holiday," Kay Francis and Ian Hunter do the stealing.



"Knight Without Armour" is Dietrich's new picture, made in England. That's Marlene in the center.



The famous story, "Penrod and Sam," is again on the screen. Billy Mauch and Harry Watson in the Tarkington characters. (Left) "Swing High, Swing Low," a love story for Fred MacMurray and Carole Lombard.



Sylvia Sidney and Barton MacLane in "You Only Live Once." Probably there's a prison in it.

A London film, "Men Are Not Gods," with A. E. Mathews and Miriam Hopkins.

Wendy Barrie and William Gargan and the thoroughbred in "Breezing Home."



Romany caravans in "Wings of the Morning," an English picture in color.

OUTDOORS BELONGS TO EVERYONE!

The Sun Shines For All--Nature Is A Screen Favorite.

THE theatrical producer, with paint and canvas, tries to give stage shows the feeling of outdoor settings. The only successes along these lines are dark scenes. But, in the movies, the camera captures natural backgrounds so truthfully that the screen seems almost like a window through which we can look on land and sea. Some studios spend royally on sets. This is fine for scene painters and designers, but the atmosphere of *reality* on which the punch of the story depends is best secured direct from nature. If a company could have the exclusive right to natural backgrounds they would stampede the business. However "Outdoors Belongs To Everyone."



Clark Gable and a brilliant cast are making "Parnell." A jaunting-car and an Irish homestead supply atmosphere.



Brian Aherne and Merle Oberon, in "Beloved Enemy," take a walk midst the upland heather. (Below) Noah Beery, Jr., and Julian Rivero in "Treve," a story of sheepherders which gains our interest because of the natural setting.











Marlene Dietrich catches the spirit of the poetic setting in "Knight Without Armor."

"Souls at Sea" is a real out-of-doors picture. Its success is certain, for everyone loves the sea.

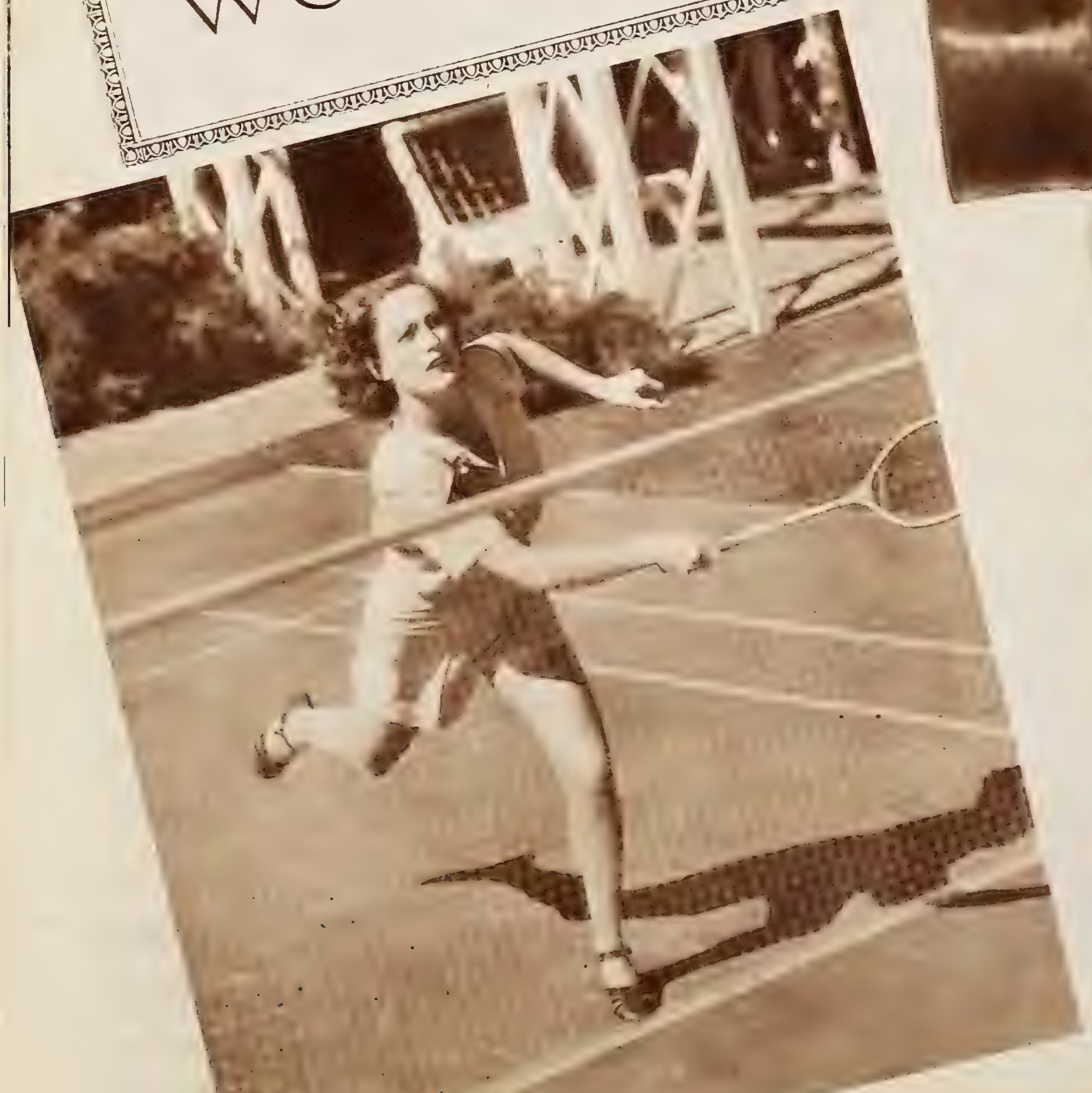


Madge Evans' favorite jumping exercise. The feet must touch as she lands.



There is a continual demand in Hollywood for slight and flexible girls. Mary Howard finds that acrobatic dancing is fine, strenuous exercise. She catches beauty on the fly.

WORK FOR BEAUTY — DANCE FO





Badminton is played on a small court but Joan Crawford finds the exercise keeps her figure beautiful.

Health Pays Dividends In Happiness. Players Must Keep In Perfect Condition.





Rose Tyrell bends backward and then swings from side to side. A tough but beneficial exercise.

THE ambitious girls of Pictureville have the greatest respect for the screen and their careers. They work patiently over every muscle in their bodies seeking perfection.. No one is too limber or too graceful for the screen. Then, when they dance, they thrill with the joy of motion.

Exercising with her arms while she jumps is Alice Faye's favorite beauty trick.





(Left) George Murphy and Doris Nolan dancing in "Top of the Town," the Universal musical extravanganza. (Right) 24 times before breakfast! Melba Marshall touches her toes and keeps her figure trim and supple.



Vivid prints in widely spaced designs are an exciting new style this year. Mary Astor's strikingly simple gown has a flower motif in Sicilian purple, Bagdad blue and Sun orange on a natural linen background that should catch and hold the roving eye.

Although patrician Elissa Landi chooses red flowers on a white background, the design of her attractive print is quite conservative. A pleated flounce fastened with a shirred ruff provides a graceful dip to the skirt. With this formal gown Elissa wears a pearl necklace and twin pearl bracelets.





Deep "V" necklines are coming into own again and here Madge Evans de strates how becoming they can be. Her printed crepe has a marine blue backgr with deep maroon and yellow flowers ing a startling color contrast. From a ple bodice fitting snugly into the waistline, skirt falls in graceful folds to the hem



For sun bathing Eleanor Whitney dons a one-piece play suit boasting a bright red jersey skirt buttoned down the back for a change, and topped by a printed linen halter in nautical colors.

GOING SOUTH THIS WINTER?

If You Are One Of Those Fortunates Take A Fashion Tip From The Screen Players Who Have Palm Springs Practically At Their Doorstep.





Like a dream come true is Gladys Swarthout in this ethereal gown of printed black and white organza, worn over a slip of blue that matches the forgetmenots which are entwined with two brilliant red poppies in her hair.





livia de Havilland is a devotee of the new, aringly spaced vivid prints and has chosen chalk white heavy crepe with huge clusters lush red roses, surrounded by deep green aves, placed at fairly even intervals. Softly aped green velvet fashions the medieval ckline and the long, narrow skirtline is slit the center to afford freedom while walking.

(Below) Two versions of the very latest in beach coats. Jane Wyatt chooses the classic tailored model of white "menclo" fastened down the front with amusing buttons made of golf trees. With this she wears a Juliet cap of white felt. Jean Rogers selects a fitted royal blue pique with white cordings, and an enormous matching sun hat.





NOW that money is circulating freely once again (or so they tell us) a great many of you will be thinking of taking one of those fascinating tropical cruises. If you do, you will want your wardrobe to include those intriguing essentials which make life aboard ship a glorious memory during the dull days after your return. We didn't have space here to illustrate any afternoon or formal sports attire, but we have included some evening gowns that will make life under a tropical moon seem a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Also some devastating beach ensembles that will lure the eyes of some susceptible beachcomber from the wintry North as easily as they do the rays of the sun.



When Two Are Locked In Tense Embrace Ecstasy Lives Within The Circle Of Your Arms, And All The World Goes By Outside.

Dick Powell holds the beautiful Madeleine Carroll close to his heart in a scene from "On the Avenue."



(Above) Lee Tracy and Margot Grahame in "Criminal Lawyer." The screen will be more entertaining now that Lee is back. (Left) Helen Lynd and Skeets Gallagher make love in a spirit of fun. A scene from "Hats Off."



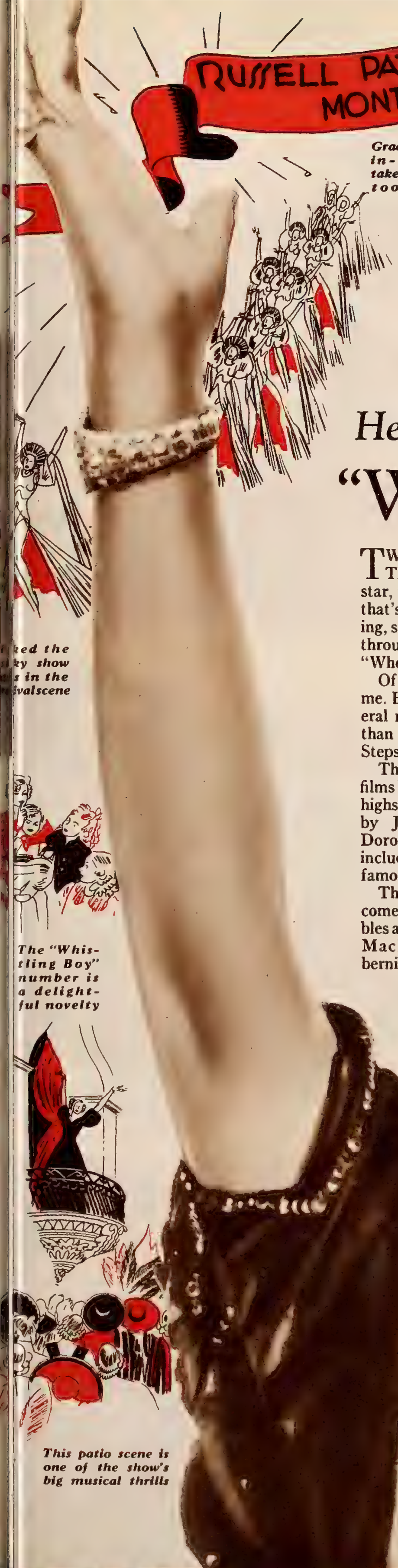
(Below) Sonja Henie and Don Ameche in "One in a Million." She skates fastest where the ice is thin.

EVERY story has lovers, and the girls and men of Hollywood accept their roles with nonchalance. Each job is one more palpitating round of hugs and kisses, but to the player the love-making is of desperate importance. The girl who cannot contrive to look quite in love, and radiate the bliss of possessing the idol of her heart, may just as well go back to the old home town and marry the butcher.



HEAVEN IS IN YOUR ARMS

RUSSELL PATTERSON'S MONTHLY HIT PARADE



Grace's husband-in-name-only takes his marriage too seriously



His "passport bride" sicks the Mexican gendarmes on Cary Grant



ked the ky show s in the ivalscene

The "Whistling Boy" number is a delightful novelty

This patio scene is one of the show's big musical thrills

GRACE MOORE

Heads Hit List in New Song-Filled Triumph,

"When You're In Love"

TWO thousand dollars for a husband! That's the fee Louise Fuller, famed opera star, paid a total stranger to marry her. And that's the start of one of the most scintillating, side-splitting romances I've ever laughed through—Grace Moore's stunning new hit, "When You're In Love", with Cary Grant.

Of course, any film of Grace's is aces with me. But "When You're In Love" is even several notches better, to my way of thinking, than "One Night of Love" or "The King Steps Out".

The star who started a new style in song-films hits some new vocal highs in music numbers by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, which include the soon-to-be-famous "Our Song".

The cast is loaded for comedy with such notables as Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Luis Alberni, Henry Stephenson, Catherine Doucet, and Thomas Mitchell.

Robert Riskin, as I've already hinted, delivered a fun-packed, fast-moving screen play, and followed it up with the smartest kind of direction, in collaboration with Harry Lachman. And Columbia Pictures have treated their talented star to an elaborate production that hits scenic highspots from New York to Mexico.

You can say I said that Grace Moore in "When You're In Love" is my favorite amusement of the month. It's way out in front of the February hit parade.

By RUSSELL PATTERSON



HEY! BE



The barbarian impulses break out in Ray Milland and Porter Hall in "Bulldog Drummond Escapes." Easy with the bottle, Heather Angel.



(Above) A native in "King Solomon's Mines" is all set to resist the onslaught. (Right) In "You Only Live Once," Sylvia Sidney is exposed to the unbridled wrath of Henry Fonda. (Below) Tex Ritter takes a sock at Fred Kohler in "Song of the Gringo." A primitive mode of registering disapproval and repugnance.



(Below) Cesar Romero and Walter Pidgeon tussle for the revolver in "She's Dangerous."





REFINED!

The Men Of The Screen Scorn To Call In The Police, The Army Or The Navy When The Drama Calls For Action. Every Hero Packs A Wallop.

IF THE world we live in suddenly began to behave like the movies, we would all have to begin our student days over again. We go through the years with nary a clip on the jaw, nor do we ever land on the button in our daily round. Can it be that the screen has a suggestion for a fuller life? Or is it that action is better to watch than to share? Bam!



In "A Star is Born," Fredric March resents the impolite actions of the photographers and teaches them a lesson.

DOT TAKES STOCK OF STOCKING BILLS









ONCE you stop to figure what Lux can save you, you'll never again want to risk using just any old soap.

Lux has no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often have. With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing. Lux preserves the "live" resilient quality stockings have when new—so Luxed stockings give instead of breaking easily under strain—seldom go into runs.

This means they *last* much longer, *look* lovelier, too.

—SAVES STOCKING ELASTICITY

CAMERA CATCHES

(Above) Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera, kneeling in back of a model, brought down in scale, of the new Brentwood home they will build. Grace has brought down the house many a time. "When You're In Love" is her next picture.



(Left) Paul Kelly plows a bit of his 45 acre ranch. Evelyn Venable, a visitor, drives the horses.



(Right) Evelyn Knapp, surf fishing.



Marguerite Clark visited Dorothy Lamour at the Parmount Studio. It is 16 years since she left the movies.



Lily Pons at the microphone during a luncheon at the Waldorf Astoria in New York.

More And Dirtier Scoundrels Mean More Exciting And Dramatic Pictures.

VILLAINS!

By Janet Graves



(Above) Humphrey Bogart as he "menaced" them in "The Petrified Forest." (Center) The dilapidated countenance of Bruce Cabot in "Let 'Em Have It" was as terrifying a one as the screen has ever shown. (Right) Barton MacLane pursues his evil ways gathering better and better press criticisms.

WHEN Rosalind Russell was first assigned to the title rôle in the film version of George Kelly's famous play, "Craig's Wife," she threatened to rebel. She didn't want to play an unsympathetic part, she said. No one would love the selfish creature who made Mr. Craig's life miserable. But finally poor Rosalind was persuaded —and proceeded to give the most decisive performance of her career.

It's a familiar cry among the bright stars of the Hollywood firmament, male and female—"I wouldn't dare play such a despicable part! My fans would never forgive me!"

But moviegoers are funny that way. They reserve their loudest cheers for such extraordinary characters as Bette Davis' *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage," Victor McLaglen's "Informer," Paul Muni's "Scarface," James Cagney's "Public Enemy," Jean Harlow's "Redheaded Woman," Ruth Chatterton's *Fran Dodsworth,* and Humphrey Bogart's *Duke Mantee* of "Petrified Forest."

And, for all the stellar timidity, when a good actor gets his hands on such a part, he tears into it with an irresistible gusto. These heavy leads are meat for the actor—human beings presented honestly as swaggering egoists or pathetic wretches—they are richer, fuller characterizations than all the pale, heroic dummies designed only to win moviegoers' love.

It's a stubborn and foolish superstition that an actor endangers his popularity by thumbing his nose at audience sympathy. Countless reputations have been built on hisses and boos, from that ragged rapscallion, Wally Beery, to the swarthy scoundrel with the delightfully harsh voice and sardonic smile known as Clark Gable.

The villain in the movies is a very important guy. For the movies so far have devoted most of their resources to glorifying the story of action, and the villain is the mainspring of melodrama. He is the source of all the action, the plotter of the plot. If boy met girl and no debonair rascal or scheming coquette ever came between them—if nobody stole the precious "papers," or stealthily bumped off the millionaire recluse, or got in the G-men's hair, heroes and heroines might be happier, but movies would be much duller.

The art of the cinema may have grown up, but it hasn't outgrown the need for good old-fashioned menace, whether villainy in the grand manner, or plain, lowbrow dirty work at the crossroads.

The ace of today's heavies is Douglas Dumbrille, best known for his Mohammed Khan in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and unscrupulous lawyer in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." His arrogant profile and fine voice are perfect equipment for villainy. He gives his nicely differentiated performances exactly the correct blend of suavity and brutality. He is not afraid to endow his rogues with a romantic flare, and [*Continued on page* 63]

"BEYOND THE SHADOW

Fictionization Of "We're On The Jury," An RKO-Radio Picture Produced By Joseph Henry Steele. Screen Play By Franklin Coen, From The Original Play, "Ladies Of The Jury," by Fred Ballard.

By
Jack Bechdolt

THE CAST

Mrs. Dean	Helen Broderick
Steve Bell	Philip Huston
Mrs. Patterson	Colleen Clare
Prosecutor Van Cobb	Frank M. Thomas
Clara Simpson	Maxine Jennings
Judge Prime	Robert McWade
J. Clarence Beaver	Victor Moore
Mrs. Clyde	Louise Latimer
Attorney Williams	Vinton Haworth
Thomas Jeffrey	Earle Foxe
Ephraim Allen	Billy Gilbert
B. J. Martin	Charles Middleton

MORNING sun, pouring through the tall, modernistic windows, made bright Judge Prime's court room which is one of the numerous and varied features of Ferndale's new municipal building. Roomy and spotlessly clean, its air conditioning in winter and summer, its decorations in quiet good taste combined with dignity, the room is typical of the building and the building is typical of Ferndale, which would never be satisfied with anything but the best and most modern in the way of public enterprise. Just as Ferndale's tree-shaded, cluster-lighted streets are lined by the most artistic and comfortable homes and buildings of every sort necessary to a medium size, modern American city.

The sun, shedding its rays with democratic impartiality, fell alike upon Judge Henry Prime, a middle aged, dignified jurist, upon the prosecuting attorney, the attorney for the defense, the audience and jurors and upon the accused woman, Mrs. Romney P. Patterson. In fact the genial and urbane sun impartially beamed upon everybody concerned in the business on hand, with the exception of one—Mrs. Johnathan Ashley Dean. The sun missed Mrs. Dean, who was the last juror to be drawn, because Mrs. Dean was late and had not yet reached the court room.

While the bailiffs are bawling Mrs. Dean's name, and Judge Prime and his court wait with poorly concealed impatience, let us, like the sun, briefly survey the scene.

A modern court of law, in its comfortable and artistic furnishings, its quiet, dignified judge, its groups of well dressed, prosperous looking lawyers and witnesses, jurors and spectators it is typical of the administration of justice in hundreds of medium size cities, like Ferndale, which are scattered all over America. It is typical of America herself. A law court,



but minus the grotesquerie, the overcrowding, the bad ventilation, the bombastic pomp and bewigged circumstance that Charles Dickens delighted in writing about and Daumier pictured. Its general air of good natured intelligence, its plain neighborliness, its minimum of bullying formality make it seem anything but a terrifying place, or a theater for intense drama.

Yet that quiet little woman sitting beside her counsel—her nervous face still young and pretty—is accused of murdering the husband she once promised to love and cherish. Those various witnesses are ready to tell against her shameful things. The eleven jurors, whispering together, are waiting to decide and the dignified judge is waiting to sentence.

A good man and a useful citizen has been foully murdered. A woman's life and happiness hangs in the balance. Witnesses will tell stories, some of them true so far as their capacity to observe can go; some maliciously, murderously false. Behind the neat green lawns and peaceful house fronts of Ferndale, grim and ugly things have happened and that jury of neighbors is about to undertake a task that might well baffle God Himself—to say what is false and what is true.

But the bailiffs are shouting for Mrs. Dean and a bright voice, all out of breath, answers at last, "Yes, yes . . . here I am!" Mrs. Johnathan Ashley Dean, the twelfth juror, has arrived in court.

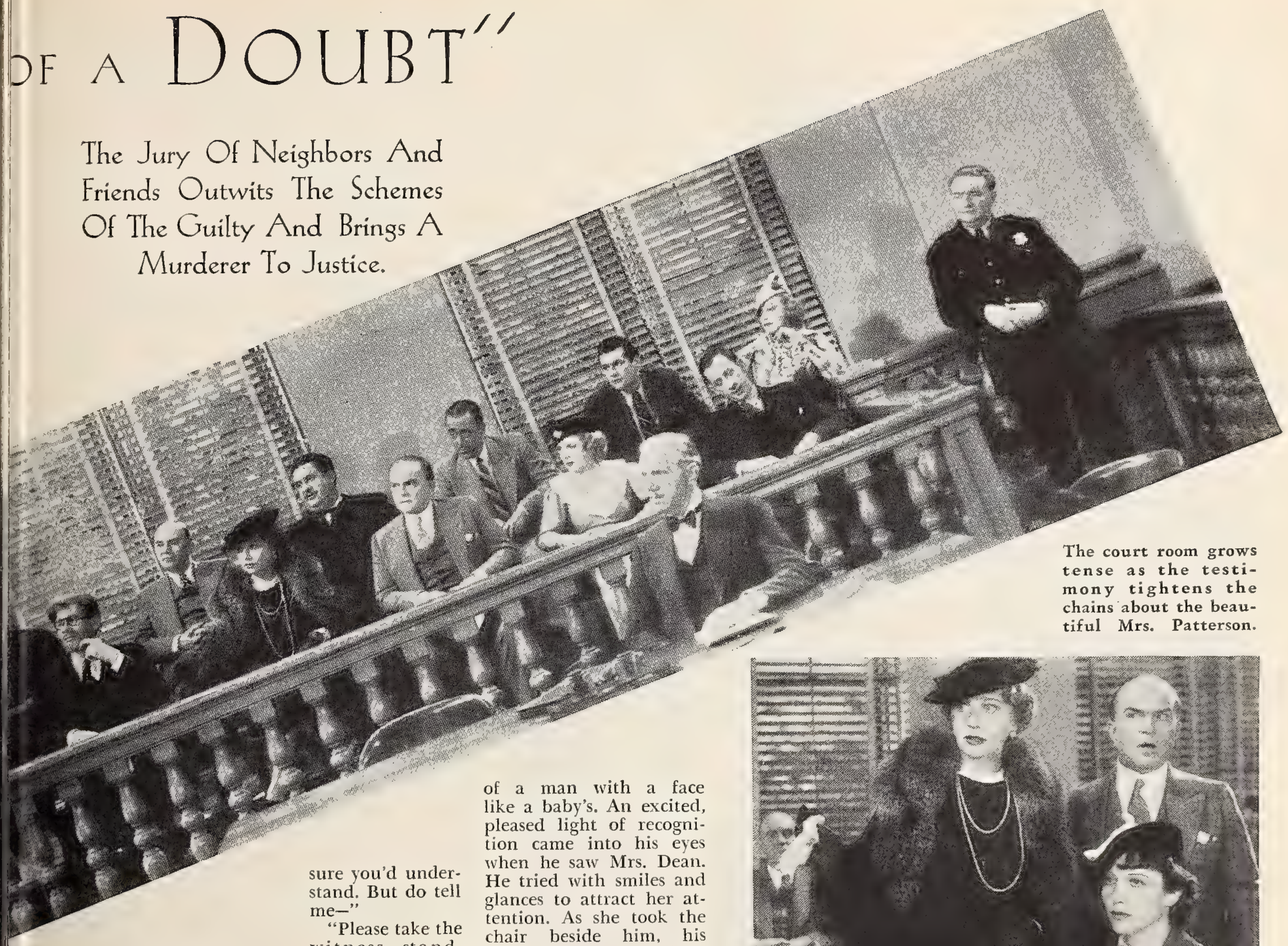
We all know Mrs. Johnathan Ashley Dean. My dear! The richest woman in Ferndale and its social leader! Not that she is just a social butterfly. Goodness no! She realizes that living in Ferndale is a privilege that must be paid for by giving to the community one's very best thought and effort. For instance, isn't she serving on the jury? She is a bit late, to be sure, but she doesn't lose her poise. Mrs. Dean is really the best poised woman in Ferndale. Always sweet, always cool headed, always sure that, if what she is doing is not the proper thing, her doing it will make it so.

"Here I am," said Mrs. Dean again. She paused, out of breath, before the raised desk where Judge Prime presided.

"*Dear* Judge Prime," said Mrs. Dean graciously. "A thousand pardons. I'm so sorry to be late, but it didn't worry me because I remembered that Fred and Bertha told you at the Club last Sunday that they were sailing this morning and I was quite

OF A DOUBT"

The Jury Of Neighbors And Friends Outwits The Schemes Of The Guilty And Brings A Murderer To Justice.



The court room grows tense as the testimony tightens the chains about the beautiful Mrs. Patterson.

sure you'd understand. But do tell me—"

"Please take the witness stand, Mrs. Dean."

"The witness stand?" Mrs. Dean gasped. "Oh, but I thought I was invited to serve on the jury."

"Quite so, Mrs. Dean," the judge sighed patiently. "But you must be examined."

"Why, Judge Prime!" Mrs. Dean was breathless with surprise and rising indignation. Examined! Right here in the court room! Why Judge—"

"Before you can serve as a juror, Mrs. Dean, you must be examined by counsel for *both* sides."

"Why . . . *Henry Prime!*" Mrs. Dean hadn't been examined since that time the silly customs officers got the idea she was trying to smuggle pearls into the country. And then she was examined by a matron. And in a private room, not before a court.

But this wasn't a physical examination after all. Just a friendly little talk with Mr. Van Cobb, the prosecutor, and nice young Mr. Williams, the counsel for the defense. Her answers satisfying both gentlemen, she was told to take her place with the jury.

There was a little delay about that for she had to instruct her maid, Antoinette, to tell the chauffeur he need not wait and to be sure to cancel her appointment with the dressmaker. That over, she turned, smiling, to the eleven men and women who were to help her determine whether or not little Mrs. Patterson had killed her husband and should pay the penalty.

There was only one vacant chair in the jury box and Juror No. 11 had placed his derby hat on it.

Juror No. 11 had been watching Mrs. Dean intently since she came into the court room. He was a round little button of a man with a face like a baby's. An excited, pleased light of recognition came into his eyes when he saw Mrs. Dean. He tried with smiles and glances to attract her attention. As she took the chair beside him, his round face beamed like a harvest moon. Then suddenly it looked like the face of a baby stuck with a pin.

Juror No. 11 made a frantic grab for his derby hat. Mrs. Dean was too quick for him. She al-

Helen Broderick as Mrs. Dean, Victor Moore as "Pudgie," and Georgette Rhodes as Antoinette in this story of crime and comedy.



The jury, supposedly at the scene of the crime, checks up on how long it takes for a shower bath.

most sat on his hand and that would have taken some explaining! As it was he heard the expiring crackle of his derby under Mrs. Dean's . . . well, under her and he shuddered like one stricken.

Mrs. Dean smiled pleasantly to everybody on the jury. Juror No. 11 turned beseeching eyes on her. He wanted to tell her she was sitting on his hat, but he felt a little shy about it. Also he wanted to tell her something else, much more exciting and pleasant, but he was shy about that, too, so the best he could do was offer her a cough drop which she refused rather coldly.

"It's quite all right," he muttered helplessly, "but I do think you should know me—"

"But of course I do," cried Mrs. Dean. "My dear, your face . . . let me think . . . you remind me of a face. . . . What is there about you that I connect with myself?"

Juror No. 11 thought of his crushed hat



The brilliant principals of "A Star Is Born" between scenes—Janet Gaynor, Fred March and Adolphe Menjou.

connected with herself and winced.

"My dear! I have it! West Ferndale High School! *You* are *Pudgie Beaver!*"

"J. Clarence Beaver," said the little man quickly. Since those days he had become Ferndale's most ambitious realtor and reminders of the old nickname were worse than scratchy underwear.

"I distinctly remember calling you Pudgie," said Mrs. Dean archly and too loudly for his comfort.

"And how you hated it when we called you Skinny," Beaver chuckled.

With that they were melting into mutual reminiscenses, both thinking wistfully of those dear, lost days of youth in West Ferndale High. But Judge Prime's gavel interrupted them. The trial was ready to begin.

Mr. and Mrs. Romney P. Patterson had occupied one of those comfortable bungalows typical of the fine homes of Ferndale. Mrs. Patterson was French by birth and had been in the chorus when Mr. Patterson married her. He was some years her senior and sometimes they had quarreled over his jealousy.

After one of these quarrels Patterson went on a two weeks' hunting trip with his cousin, Thomas Jeffrey. While he was away Mrs. Patterson left his home.

The night of the murder, at half past ten, the ringing of a burglar alarm brought a police car to the Patterson home. The police were met by a man dressed in hunting clothes, unshaved and apologetic. Clara Simpson, the Patterson maid, identified him as Mr. Patterson and he apologised for the trouble he caused. He was back from hunting and had forgotten his key, he said and the burglar alarm rang as he tried to open the door.

A few minutes after the police had left, Mrs. Patterson returned home. A few minutes later still, the police were called again. Romney Patterson had been murdered. The maid, Clara Simpson, had discovered his body on the floor of his room. Mrs. Patterson was on her knees beside it, wringing her hands and crying hysterically, "Why did I do it?"

Mr. Van Cobb, the prosecutor, said Mrs. Patterson killed her husband. Her motive, he argued, was the knowledge she would inherit all his money.

He put Clara Simpson on the stand. The maid told how Patterson came home at 10.30. After the incident of the burglar alarm, she said he went upstairs and took a shower bath.

Pudgie Beaver who had been giving keen attention interrupted here to ask if Patterson had shaved and did Clara know whether he shaved before or after taking the shower. Some men shaved before and some after, Pudgie explained. He wondered which Mr. Patterson had done.

The lawyers and Judge Prime said the question was out of order. And anyway Patterson had not shaved. His face was still covered with heavy beard when the body was found.

Clara Simpson went on with the story. She looked like a sweet, gentle girl and she gave her testimony almost reluctantly. As if she had no wish to hurt Mrs. Patterson.

Six or seven minutes after Patterson got home, she said, Mrs. Patterson returned. She went to her husband's room. Then Clara said she heard the shot and rushed to the room. Mrs. Patterson was on her knees beside the body, crying "Why did I do it?" Then, said Clara, Mrs. Patterson offered to pay her handsomely if she would lie to the police about the affair.

Mrs. Dean was tremendously interested in it all. My dear, it was thrilling!

She asked Henry Prime—Your Honor, that is—if lawyers for both sides were sworn to tell nothing but the truth. He said no, but she must assume they told the truth. When Mrs. Patterson interrupted with vehement denials of what Clara and the others testified, Mrs. Dean urged her to be calm. She got into quite a conversation with the accused and when they lapsed into French it created an uproar in court. Judge Prime had to speak rather severely to Mrs. Dean about that. But Mrs. Dean kept on. She was particularly interested in Clara Simpson. Clara had all the outward air of one telling painful truth reluctantly and yet Mrs. Dean didn't believe she was telling the truth.

She asked Mrs. Patterson if Clara had been hired from an employment agency. Mrs. Patterson told her that her husband's cousin, Thomas Jeffrey had recommended Clara to her. Mrs. Dean also learned that Thomas Jeffrey would inherit all the dead man's money in case Mrs. Patterson was convicted of the murder.

Pudgie Beaver had a feeling that he had not made a very brilliant showing during the trial. He was used to making speeches about the civic beauties of Ferndale at the Wednesday Luncheon Club. He rather fancied himself as a speechmaker. But when he tried to put his question about Patterson's shaving he got all mixed up. He was so darned nervous.

Pudgie heard Mrs. Patterson testify that she had not shot her husband. After her fit of temper she said she returned home just in time to hear the shot. She found her husband stretched on the floor, the revolver in his hand. She believed her temporary desertion of him had driven him to suicide and, reproached by her conscience, cried out, "Why did I do it?"

That sounded pretty fishy to Pudgie. Mrs. Patterson was a tragic little figure and he was mighty sorry for her, but she didn't convince him she told the truth. By the time Judge Prime sent the jury away to deliberate on the evidence, Pudgie had an idea Mrs. Patterson was guilty. But he was really more upset about Mrs. Dean, sitting next to him, so innocent of the hat she sat upon.

The jury got down to the business of the verdict. With every opinion expressed Mrs. Dean's amazement grew. Guilty! Eight votes, nine votes, ten votes, eleven votes—yes, even Pudgie voted Guilty. Eleven of them condemned that little Mrs. Patterson for the murder of her husband.

Mrs. Dean's turn came. "Not guilty," she cried. Her glance swept the startled faces about the long table, defying them to convince her. That was her opinion and she meant to hold to it.

Eleven faces turned to her, their expressions reflecting the indignation and contempt of eleven minds.

"I knew she was lying," said B. J. Martin, the bigoted foreman. "She was nervous as a cat."

"Her restlessness is a racial characteristic," said Mrs. Dean winningly. "She is French—"

"Sure," said Steve Bell. "My wife—she's dead now—she was French and she was always jumpy."

"Rubbish," said Mrs. Bottomley.

"Mrs. Bottomley," said Mrs. Dean sweetly, "have you known many Latin people?"

"No," said Mrs. Bottomley, "and I don't want to. Everybody knows what foreign women are!"

Steve Bell turned angry red and banged his scratch pad on the table. "My wife was a foreigner and she was as fine and decent as anybody. She never played around—"

"I wouldn't be so sure about that," began Dr. Alex Fields, the chiropractor, who boasted he could tell all about anybody by his spine.

Mrs. Dean was thinking, my dear, how does one get eleven people—eleven varying degrees of intelligence and fair mindedness—to see things as one's own self sees them?

[*Continued on page* 83]

REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN



Jane Withers thinking up new pranks to play in her current film, "The Holy Terror."

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS

ANOTHER FILM ABOUT THE IRISH REBELLION—*R-K-O*

HERE is R-K-O's artistic successor to "The Informer" and whether you will like it or not all depends upon whether you like Sean O'Casey's play of the Irish rebellion. Some people go simply mad about the Abbey Players and Sean O'Casey, and some people don't. It's something you'll have to decide for yourself.

Anyway, Director John Ford has made of the popular play a picture that is truly a work of art. Preston Foster, giving the best performance of his career, plays the young Irish rebel who is torn between his devotion to the cause of a free Ireland and his beautiful love for his young wife. Barbara Stanwyck is the young wife who loves her husband so passionately that she fights an hysterical battle to keep him with her.

The Irish Rebellion of 1916, the one the play deals with, is quickly over and Preston, at the risk of his life, returns to his wife by way of the roof tops of Dublin—but her happiness is marked with doom as he tells her "the struggle must go on until Ireland is free."

Barbara, in a highly emotional rôle, is excellent. Against the dramatic background of civil war there are bits of comedy and tragedy involving the families who live in the same apartment house with Barbara and Preston. There is the death of a little consumptive waif, Bonita Granville, and the sorrow of her gin-soaked mother, Una O'Connor. Then there is the looting of the shops of Dublin, played for comedy, especially by the alcoholic Fluther. Barry Fitzgerald's Fluther and Eileen Crowe's scolding neighbor provide the light moments of the picture.

STOLEN HOLIDAY

KAY FRANCIS TORN BETWEEN LOYALTY AND LOVE—*Warners*

IN HER new picture, Kay Francis plays the owner of the smartest dressmaking establishment in Paris, so naturally this enables her to wear some of the most exotic and expensive gowns you have ever seen on the screen. Orry-Kelly, Warner Brothers' talented designer, simply let himself go—and, of course, there is no doubt about Kay being able to wear clothes.

While she is still a model in a shop, Kay is befriended by Claude Rains, an international crook with big financial ideas, and in exchange for a small favor Rains buys for Kay her own exclusive shop. They are just "good friends" of course, though he has a way of getting very jealous if Kay looks at any other men. And that's exactly what she does while on a holiday in Switzerland—she falls completely in love with Ian Hunter of the English Embassy.

Then she is torn between loyalty to the man who has made her a wealthy woman, and devotion to the man she loves. Complications pile one upon another until Rains is finally caught in the net of his own nefarious schemes, and Kay is allowed to marry the man she loves.

THE HOLY TERROR

STARRING THE PRIZE IMP OF THE SCREEN—*20th Century-Fox*

HERE'S one of the better Jane Withers pictures and as packed with laughs as a plum pudding with currants. Jane plays the daughter of a naval officer (John Eldridge) at a naval base, and the fun she has with the gobs is really something.

ONE IN A MILLION

AN AMUSING COMEDY INTRODUCING THE ICE-SKATING MARVEL OF THE DAY—*20th Century-Fox*

WELL, fans, meet Miss Sonja Henie, the Norwegian "three times winner" of the Olympic skating championship, and young and beautiful besides. And wait until you see Sonja skim across the ice, it's one of the most beautiful sights you may ever hope to see.

The musical extravaganza which serves to introduce Sonja is different and by different we mean it's an amazing, smash hit—and my, my, what a relief to find five varied skating sequences taking the place of the usual song and dance routines.

A perfectly grand cast includes Jean Hersholt, Adolphe Menjou, Don Ameche, the Ritz Brothers, Borrah Minnevitch and his Harmonica Rascals, and Leah Ray.

ANNOUNCEMENT

WITH a radiant cover, especially posed by the captivating Sylvia Sidney, the April issue of SILVER SCREEN *will appear on your favorite newsstand March 5th.*

"Projections," a popular feature by Elizabeth Wilson, will include a complete biography of the cover girl.

Stories of the glowing personalities of the players in the new pictures will give added pleasure to your picture evenings.

Did you know that the men of the screen enjoy the relaxation of hunting between their studio assignments? An interesting account of their trips gives a new understanding of the characters of our famous actors.

All the Hollywood studios will be visited and a careful survey will keep you informed on the pictures that are being made.

Read SILVER SCREEN *for April.*

CAMILLE

A BEAUTIFUL PRODUCTION OF DUMAS' IMMORTAL LOVE STORY—*M-G-M*

"CAMILLE," that sentimental old favorite of four generations of playgoers, has been revived once more by the late Irving Thalberg as a fitting co-starring picture for Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor. Handsomely and lavishly produced, and directed with warmth, color, and emotion by George Cukor, this version of the old classic is by far the best.

And Garbo—what a surprise! Of course we knew that Garbo was beautiful and glamorous, but she has never bowled anyone over by her acting. But now, as the consumptive Marguerite Gautier, party girl of Paris, she rises to emotional heights that leave you weak and weeping. Robert Taylor also gives his finest performance to date as the young Armand, and the Taylor-Garbo love scenes, my children, will be something for the books. Goodness gracious, what a lover.

THE BLACK LEGION

STRONG, MEATY MELODRAMA—*Warner Brothers*

REMEMBER how "I'm a Fugitive from the Chain Gang" thrilled you? Well, this picture is even more thrilling. The recent newspaper expose of the pseudo-patriotic activities of the Black Legion (who dress up in sheets like the Ku Klux Klan) inspired this very dramatic story which director Archie Mayo has made into a picture with no punches pulled.

The story deals with the disintegration of an ordinary American worker who, angry because a foreigner gets a promotion in his factory which he had set his heart upon, falls an easy prey to the insidious schemes of the Black Legion. He joins the organization and the reign of terror begins. There is an exciting climax that will have your hair standing on end.

Humphrey Bogart plays the young weakling who becomes hopelessly entangled with the Legion, and gives a thoroughly vigorous performance that will put him right up there with Paul Muni. And when you are looking around for Academy Award winners next year don't forget Erin O'Brien-Moore who gives a moving, magnificent portrayal of the murderer's young wife.

RANCHING DE LUXE

[*Continued from page* 25]

Sam Wood, and a couple of other close friends, a private duck hunting preserve near Santa Barbara.

When the voluptuous Mae West says, "Come up and see me sometime," she really means "Come out and see me sometime." Although everybody knows that Mae lives in a luxurious penthouse atop a Hollywood apartment house few know that she owns a ranch near the historic old San Fernando Mission. There she seems to spend most of her time when not emoting before the cameras. Often she motors to the ranch in the early morning and puts in a full day out of doors. She is proud of her fine poultry, and spends much time in caring for her flocks. Mae is also a truly enthusiastic gardener. She loves to work among the vines and stalks and to muddy her own pretty hands with the soil. Now, is that a surprise?

Richard Dix's "Haven," a primitive hundred and sixty acre hideaway, nestled in Topanga Canyon in the rugged Santa Monica Mountains, has long furnished him with an excuse to get away from the Cinema City. Here he raises cattle, chickens and turkeys, grows alfalfa and indulges to his heart's content in dog raising, which is his favorite hobby. Guinn (Big Boy) Williams shares with Dix the Topanga Canyon wilderness as the locale for his ranch.

Midway between this famous canyon and the sunny San Fernando Valley, where many a famous celebrity waters his own garden crop, lies Director Clarence Brown's big ranch, near Calabassas. The outstanding feature at his place is a shooting range where his friends Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and others often gather to enjoy the sport. His is one of those ever welcome *haciendas* where one can drop in any Sunday afternoon and be assured of a fine welcome.

It is the San Fernando Valley, however, that has proven to be the mecca of the majority of Hollywood's ranch minded luminaries. This sun-kissed broad valley lies just over the Hollywood hills and a few miles to the north of the famed City of Stars. Perhaps the reason for its popularity lies in the fact that it takes only a matter of minutes to motor from studio sets to the valley. Numbered among the ardent devotees of this valley's beauties are: W. C. Fields, Fred Stone, Charlie Ruggles, Wallace Beery, Spencer Tracy, Paul Muni, Edward Everett Horton, Buck Jones, Ann Dvorak and Hugh Herbert.

There must be something to that old adage that comedians need an audience to laugh at their jokes. Surely that accounts for the fact that so many of the comics have located their ranches near one another in the valley. For example, there's goat raiser Hugh Herbert, citrus grower Charlie Ruggles, and poultry fancier Bob Burns—all within easy reach of each other. Strange how these comedians do things, even in real life. When Edward Everett Horton began improving his valley ranch the first thing he constructed was the dog house. Then he gradually led up to the barn, and finally to the house itself, via a swimming pool, tennis court and a sunken garden. Maybe he had the right idea though, for any old farmer will tell you that his barn is more important than the house. *Quien sabe?*

Out on the far westerly fringe of the Valley can be found energetic Paul Kelly and his wife, Dorothy Mackaye, almost any day when their presence in the studios is not demanded. Paul is a firm believer in the old style farm methods, and he is constructing an old time ice-house in which to store his products and to cure his own meats. Here is one ranch that will remain in keeping with the spirit of the early Californians. Paul laughs at the idea that one has to be wealthy to enjoy a ranch. "I make my ranch pay for itself," he says. "Whenever I want to buy a new farm implement, I buy whatever type the proceeds from the ranch warrants. If I want to buy a tractor I shop around and get one at the price I think I ought to pay or I don't buy." And businessman Kelly means exactly what he says for at present he has the ranch operating on a paying basis.

An actress who's keen enough to get right out into the field and work on her farm is Ann Dvorak. You'd never suspect that a girl with her fragile looks could be so spunky, but, then, that's where you're wrong. Ann has always been delicate in health and she finds work in the great outdoors real insurance for good health.

Studious Paul Muni has a home situated in the center of a walnut grove with an alluring swimming pool adjacent to it. To date, however, the Munis have confined their ranching activities to harvesting and marketing their abundant walnut crops.

At one of the large studios the rancher-actors gather in front of their dressing rooms almost daily and swap the produce in which they specialize. Spencer Tracy



Francis Lederer enthusiastically gives away his crops. (Left) Hugh Herbert finds his relaxation in ranching by actually working at it.

trades fine carrots with Wallace Beery for chickens and lettuce. Director Clarence Brown exchanges oranges, and diminutive Frances Langford barters her radishes and onions. Speaking of Frances, there's one girl who is not content to confine her ranch activities to the Golden State alone. She is also interested in raising oranges in her native Florida.

Francis Lederer likes the American mail order method of doing business. When he harvested his first crop of cabbages last season, he sent samples to almost a thousand of his friends. Later on his apricots ripened and he repeated this maneuver. Then surprise of surprises! When the almonds were harvested the same thing happened again. Who wouldn't like to be on his mailing list?

Western hero George O'Brien says, "One thing a fellow can't do is take his money with him when he eventually goes." Hence he is improving his fifty-acre ranch near Inglewood and when he gets through with it he will possess a real gentleman's estate. He intends to install a new ranch house and guest home, a swimming pool, modern stables, and a new site for his rodeos.

Rugged Victor McLaglen, Academy Award winner, chose the La Canada hills at the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains for his rancho, "Fairhaven." His is one of California's most impressive and picturesque ranchos; in fact, we'll vote it in the class with the Carrillo place. In addition to regular ranching Vic keeps a large stable of fine horses including eight thoroughbred jumpers, and his favorite mount, Duchess. He has a great variety of pets including deer, dogs, and peacocks.

A short time ago lethargic Stepin Fetchit entered the market for a large tract of land in San Fernando valley. His idea is to develop a modern home community, to be known as "Harlemwood," for the folk of his race. And if his plans go through, boy oh boy, what a "Harlemwood" it may turn out to be!

But one must not come to the conclusion that all the stars have chosen California for their back-to-nature jaunts. Quite the contrary. Some have gone far afield. Joan Bennett and Lily Pons favor New England, Janet Gaynor Hawaii, and James Cagney wants a whole island to himself. The urge for isolation seems to be predominant with him and he should have plenty of it on his island off the Massachusetts coast.

Lily Pons plans definitely to retire on her farm in Connecticut within the next five years. Joan Bennett and hubby Gene Markey have located their place in the aristocratic section of that same state. The Markey dream is a perfect model farm, with all the latest gadgets in machinery and lots of contented cows. When they retire on this beautiful farm they plan to go in for large scale oyster cultivation—or was it oyster plants?

Some time ago Madeleine Carroll turned to romantic Spain and purchased a typical feudal castle and estate known as "Castillo Magdalena" in Catalonia, an ancient section of northeastern Spain. Warner Baxter has a great hankering to own an island up in the vicinity of Vancouver or Victoria, but Mrs. Baxter (Winifred Bryson) has not given her wholehearted approval to Warner's romantic Robinson Crusoe yearning. While dealings for it are not yet settled, indications are that she will not be able to withstand this back-to-the-soil campaign which is being waged.

Certainly, at no time in the past has Hollywood been so soil conscious. Security, contentment and happiness were the rewards of those Hollywood favorites who first initiated the ranch movement and now the exodus from the city is in full swing, and those stars who have not already purchased tracts of land will do so very soon.



Olivia de Havilland, nonchalant, carefree and successful, has been selected to shine in "Call It A Day."

Villains [*Continued from page 57*]

yet his work has enough of a sense of humor or of proportion to fit into the most realistic of films. Here is an adversary formidable enough for even such a doughty hero as Gary Cooper.

Dumbrille hasn't much competition in his field. The suave and sinister type of villain has an annoying way of reforming just when he becomes most expert. Back in the silents William Powell was tops, a blackguard so gracefully graceless that you couldn't blame our heroine for giving in. Paul Lukas has the knack of combining fine manners with convincing menace.

In the heroic person of Ronald Colman there is a swell heavy going to waste. Colman's film-acting career has actually included three very dirty villains—the unscrupulous Lord Darlington in Lubitsch's silent production of "Lady Windermere's Fan," the lecherous count who pursued poor Vilma Banky through the satirical "Magic Flame," the pathetic debauchee of "The Masquerader." And you may have noticed that in "Tale of Two Cities" Colman dwelt with especial relish on the more rakish aspects of Dickens' romantic drunkard.

But the ruffian who never takes the trouble to put a civilized gloss upon his villainy has a charm all his own. Ernest Torrence is gratefully remembered as one of the foremost of the unshaven, bullying gentry, from "Tol'able David" to his last success, "I Cover the Waterfront," which belonged to him and not to Colbert, its lovely star.

Remember the lusty interpretation that Walter Huston, solid citizen in "Dodsworth," gave to *Trampas* of "The Virginian," the ornery skunk who was forced to smile when he said that.

This roughneck villain is most common in the western and has cropped up again in the western's first cousin, the crook-film, still committing the ugliest crimes with unfailing cheerfulness. Bruce Cabot's drunken kidnapper in "Show Them No Mercy" had an ever-present, though perverted sense of humor. The brazen gayety of his lynch-mob leader in "Fury" made audiences despise the fellow doubly.

Then there is big, red-headed Barton MacLane, whose childish, swaggering bandit of "Dr. Socrates" and genial racketeer of "Bullets or Ballots" were reminiscent of the younger George Bancroft who climbed to stardom as "the smiling villain."

It was a glorified western, "The Texas Rangers," that gave the talkies' laughing villain, Lloyd Nolan, his juiciest opportunity. The ingratiating Mr. Nolan, after his first hit as the martyred government agent of "G-Men," devoted his vigorous simplicity to a series of stalwart heroes. But nobody noticed him until he slipped off the straight and narrow with his flower-fancying baby-killer in "Big Brown Eyes."

If it were true that lovable rôles are the only way to popularity, a dozen careers would have died a-borning. Myrna Loy's current success, though "Thin Man"

clinched it, really began when she played Leslie Howard's voluptuous and possessive wife in "The Animal Kingdom."

Cary Grant would still be an obscure figure if it weren't for his engaging rascal in "Sylvia Scarlett" and his performance as the treacherous husband of Harlow's "Suzy."

Even Hollywood's younger generation can bear witness to the box-office value of villainy. Jane Withers is a star because she was such a convincing meanie. Bonita Granville was just another child-actress until the brat in "These Three" inspired all beholders with a wild desire to wring her neck.

And yet the foolish superstition persists. We still see players, who have won the respect of all moviegoers with their honest interpretations of character, donning a pair of angel-wings and turning their backs forever on parts that made them famous.

Jean Harlow, after hitting the top with "Redheaded Woman," stealing "Red Dust" from Gable and "Dinner at Eight" and "China Seas" from a whole cast of stars, has suddenly decided that only virtue pays.

Of course, no sensible person would suggest that these stars should limit themselves exclusively to villainy. There is nothing to be said in favor of monotony of any sort; a succession of rôles too closely tailored to the original pattern will harm any career; and unsympathetic parts, being generally more decisive than the heroic, would become more obviously monotonous.



Jean Harlow, player of many parts, will next be seen with Robert Taylor in "The Man in Possession."

But the star who refuses to play a strong part simply because the character happens to be unlovable is cheating himself.

Don't think I'm trying to persuade you that movie villainy goes unpunished. At the end, even the most cunning of villains gets his just desserts.

Edward G. Robinson made his mark in "Little Caesar" with his merciless and highly amusing sketch of a conceited hoodlum. About the same time, Humphrey Bogart was doing a competent, thankless, and inconspicuous job as the innocent juvenile of "Up the River." In "Bullets or Ballots" the tables were turned, and, in spite of Robinson's robust portrayal of the upholder of the law, the audience came away remembering Bogart's nervous killer, his voice which is a strangely expressive monotone, his dark, harried countenance with a curl to the upper lip that proves so useful for sneering purposes.

Again and again the little drama of retribution plays itself out. In "Dr. Socrates" the erstwhile "Scarface," now a mere hero, was condemned to watch desperado Barton MacLane swagger off with his picture.

In "Counterfeit," Chester Morris, who has given some of the screen's most powerful heavy performances, had to make saccharine love to our heroine, while Lloyd Nolan's blandly conscienceless menace took care of the real drama of the story.

And these new villains will in their turn be treated to a nice dose of the same bitter medicine they have been dishing out to other actors. All three, Bogart, Nolan, and MacLane, are edging back toward conventional heroics, and it won't be long before they, too, may be forced to stand helplessly by while some other engaging ruffian robs them of the glory.

Lady Luck Smiles [*Continued from page* 30]

when he's amused, and he smiled again, "Haven't we met before—some place? A party—Christmas Eve? Remember?"

And all of a sudden I *did* remember. It had only been a month previous. How could I have forgotten? It was a gala party in the Hollywood Hills. I was only present an hour or so but I had met a good looking genial boy who had been so charming to everyone, yet had a shy quality about him that one couldn't easily define or forget. Yet *I* had forgotten even his name. It was because I never imagined on that Christmas Eve that I was meeting another in my same profession. There were none of those things about this attractive Irishman that would stamp him as an actor. No seeming arrogance. No braggadocio. No false sense of values. And so I had forgotten the sweet boy who had impressed me with his quiet sincerity.

Then, this night in the theatre four years ago, as I saw him go into his part conscientiously, wholeheartedly, I wondered and questioned the people who had said to me, "Beware of working with Michael Whalen. His temper will ruin not only your part but everyone else's."

Well, after that second introduction and during the first play we did together Mike and I became good friends, as good friends as I could really be with this boy whose basic magnetism was his thoughtful silence, which some persons were wont to term, "dumbness," and which I can readily disprove.

Michael's silence was due to something that happened quite a few years ago when he first came to Hollywood from New York. Then he was a "bon vivant," full of life and conviviality. As he told me the other day, "I was a voracious reader of every good book of modern non-fiction and fiction, as well as the classics, and I wanted everyone to know I loved those things—good books, good plays, good music (he plays the piano well, himself, and sings, too), but I found people really didn't care. The more I talked the less they listened. And I knew that they were laughing at my earnestness and naïvete so I shut up like the proverbial clam and thus I determined to remain. And I found out, Gertrude, that it *is* true, the less you talk the more people actually listen when you *do* speak."

So much for Mike's "suggested stupidity."

During the shows I did with him at the "little theatre" previously mentioned, I had occasion to see Mike's outbursts of temperament and the reason for them. I had occasion to see what other actors had termed his "indifference" to his co-workers on the stage, and I had occasion to see what I think is anyone's greatest virtue, his ability to *know* how to work hard!

To begin with, Michael had his mental difficulties as well as financial. He had had "breaks" at major studios which had turned into dire failures. Since his father passed away, when Mike was seventeen, he had dropped his college dreams of Penn State and had gone to work and had worked for other people, not himself, as I so well know. He had met professed good friends in New York City, befriended them when they came to Hollywood, and was snubbed by them when they "arrived" in pictures.

He had been lonely, desperately lonely! He had given all and gotten nothing, nothing but unjust criticism. And what is more unfortunate he had had, through the years, no definite sustaining stability other than his own knowledge that he *would* win. No wonder there were times when he was bitter and temperamental. For example:

The night he had come storming back to his dressing room, shouting and gesticulating wildly, a bunch of kids in the front row had talked all through a love scene in the show, one of Mike's outstanding scenes. It upset him. He was mad! He was out of control! I couldn't see the reason for his mood at the time. I thought it selfish, so I said, "Michael, you ought to be ashamed."

He flared back at me, "Mind your own business! I have my own career to further. What do you know about it anyway?"

"Nothing at all, Mike, only that you're being terribly selfish."

And with that he threw his cane across the dressing room. I was furious! I could see no reason for that, and later I told him so again, only a little more kindly. Naturally he was contrite. And the same night, during the next act, he came to me like a bad little boy, and he said, "Look—I got a patch in the seat of my pants and it's the only dark suit I have. Do you think it'll show when I bend over?" With that he bent over and we both went into gales of laughter.

"If the audience minds it," I said, "then we'll make an announcement that, after the show, we will take up a collection for a new suit for our leading man."

"These aren't my collars, either," he said, "s'pose we better tell them that, too?"

"And this isn't my dress," I added, "I borrowed it from the director's aunt." With that we were roaring again. And that's been Mike's and my friendship—laughter and tears, only infinitely more laughter.

In the audience that night had been a talent scout from M-G-M, principally to note Michael's work, and it meant, perhaps, a job for him and a job meant he could possibly send for his sister, who was ill and needed rest and quiet. A job meant, also, that he, himself, could eat regularly and buy some collars for his shirt, as well as quit his job as houseboy in Beverly Hills, where he worked for his board and room and gardened for his voice lessons, and most of all it meant that he would get PAID for doing the work he loved, acting! No wonder he was upset because his scene was ruined.

During the following years those emotional upsets became less and less, until the last show I did with him (the show from which came his 20th Century-Fox contract) the outbursts had almost stopped. They *did* stop altogether when he got a contract for steady work. One reason for this was that in the last year or so Mike had found a peace of mind, a mental harmony that is

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giving him a beautiful sense of values and a poise that is found only in those who strive to be finer inside as well as outside.

It isn't easy either to go to a swank movie party like the one to which Mike and I went when we were both more or less financially embarrassed, and then be insulted by a star whom you knew when she wasn't a star. That night before we entered the beautiful apartment on Wilshire Boulevard, Mike turned to me and said, "Do you think I look all right in this green suit? I'll bet they'll all be in tuxes."

I said, "Mike you always look grand."

He answered, "Thanks darling, I'll have to, now, because even though the suit's too large it's the only decent thing I've got to put on, and they'll have to like it, too."

"It's not the suit you're selling, it's you."

We went in and most of the men *were* in tuxes. I saw Mike smile, then wink at me. I knew what he meant because he had said it many times, "We may not have many clothes, Gertie, but we still have our sense of humor, which is the most important."

During the course of the evening a certain featured actress whom Mike had known in New York before she had known success was dancing with a well known picture boy, and Mike spoke to her pleasantly. Suddenly he turned to a friend of his and said, "I think I'll 'cut in' and dance with So-and-So. I haven't seen her for years. I'd like to talk with her."

I was dancing near actress So-and-So and I heard *her* say, "Hurry, dance me away quickly. Here comes *that* Michael Whalen!" Mike didn't hear that, thank heaven, and he cut in anyway. Today the same Miss So-and-So has called Michael repeatedly, requesting his presence at her home but he declines graciously. There are too many of his old and tried friends who *aren't* in the so-called limelight and who are sincere when they invite him to their homes.

Michael always has given more on the stage than he has ever gotten. His "indifference" is an erroneous statement! I've seen him go out of his way to give the scene to whomever it belonged. I had a comedy scene with him in the Shubert-Timony show, "Common Flesh," which I had to play with my back to the audience because of the seating arrangement of the furniture and the bad direction. Michael played "straight out." The scene proved so hilariously funny that Michael came to me one night and said, "Gertie, it's your scene and I want you to have it all. With my mug to the audience it rather takes away from your lines because they don't want to watch me then, they want to watch you. And they can't even hear you well enough with your back to them."

Well, we worked alone until one a.m. that night trying to fix the scene ourselves. After we worked it out we two went out together, as we had been doing on and off for two or three years, and we had our inevitable midnight snack. While we were gourmandizing, I said to Mike, "You're so darned swell to other actors. I know at sometime in your life you must have been 'upstaged' frightfully." He smiled at me but refused to answer.

I went on, "Now, tonight, that—leading lady! Didn't she change her business entirely and throw you completely off in the last act?"

Mike grinned again, this time devilishly. "Yes, and the funny thing is, instead of stealing the scene, she ruined her own lines and business. You know, when you're right and strive to be generous and someone 'cuts' you in one way or another they're only hurting themselves."

Michael, in the six or seven shows I did with him, which spanned four years, always worked the hardest, thought the most, and as I've said, talked the least.

Every night before Michael made an entrance he meditated for long minutes, outside the "scene door," or in his dressing room, getting in character. The other members of the cast made "cracks" about his silent communion, voicing their comments in burlesqued whispers. But he ignored them and worked all the harder to create his play character to the best of his ability.

There is a scene I want to recall that happened about three years ago. Mike was rather mentally low again from not receiving any paying theatre work (in little theatres and co-op shows you're usually unpaid), and was contemplating leaving town with a touring stock company when he got a call from a certain director of a stock school on a major studio lot. The studio was going to do a play at a legitimate theatre in Hollywood and was using all of its stock "bit" players with the exception of this one particular part, a New York playboy type—the second male lead. The director was calling several good looking, ambitious leading men, who were deserving of breaks, to read for the above mentioned part. Everyone of importance at the major studio would, no doubt, cover the show and someone would be bound to get a long term contract or a job out of the play.

So, among the likely candidates for the second lead was Michael. Then, of course, he was unknown. The leading man of the show, who was already under a small stock contract to the studio giving the play, had already been given his part. He was a friend of Michael's; a pink cheeked, wavy haired, handsome leading man who is *now* cutting quite a figure for himself in pictures. In fact he is the *ne plus ultra* of leading men. Then he, too, was an unknown.

Mike was called on the stage to read. He asked the director if he could have a few minutes in which to look over the part. As soon as he got the idea of the type of character he was reading he walked into the scene with the character woman, who is also well known now, and began his light comedy interpretation.

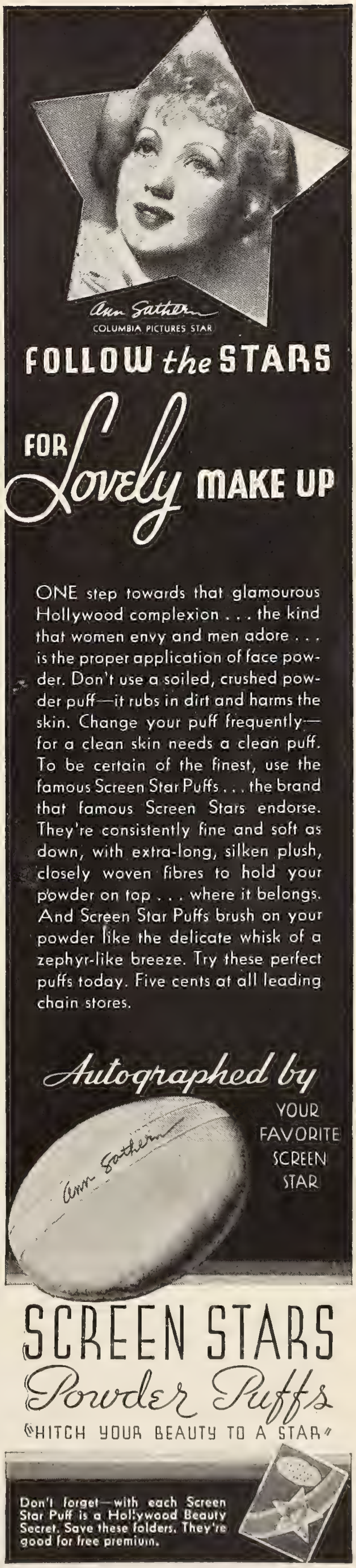
In the middle of the scene the director got a signal from the producer to stop the reading. The director walked over to Michael and said, "That's enough, Mr. Whalen. I'm sorry but the producer doesn't seem to think you're the person for the part. Thank you very much." And he took the script from the astonished Michael's hands, and continued with his other business.

Michael would have gladly had the floor open up and swallow him. He started to say, "Well, but what did I do that made the interpretation seem so wrong?" But he couldn't. He couldn't even see! He was that humiliated. In front of a theatre full of "would be" actors and actresses (and some quite important ones too) he had been unfairly tested and fired by a producer who didn't even have the decency to tell him, himself.

He stood riveted in the center of the stage, not knowing which way to go. Suddenly his eyes lighted on the back stage where all of the rest of the cast were gathered awaiting their cues. Feeling that maybe they'd understand, he turned and walked back stage and seated himself on a "prop."

When he finally decided to get up and go home a girl friend of his (and a picture comedienne, now) called him softly. He stopped! Sitting with her was Mr. So-and-So, who is now one of the favored "white haired" children of pictures, and who was then the stock actor who was doing the lead in the play.

Mr. So-and-So smiled at Michael. Michael, with all of the insouciance he could muster, returned the smile. Said girl friend turned to Mr. So-and-So and, in front of Mike, said, "Allen (we will call him that, any-





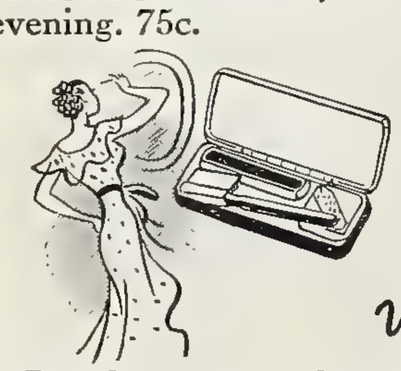
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way), "do you know *why* Michael didn't get that part he just read? Because he's such a darned better actor than you are, that's why!" Mr. So-and-So bowed his head in embarrassment and said, "Yes, I know it!"

Soon after that, through that play, Mr. So-and-So got his "break" and Mike met him on the street months later. Michael spoke. No recognition! Nothing!

Then, a year or so later, Mike got *his* break. He met actor So-and-So again. Ah! Recognition! The more pictures Michael has made, the more recognition he gets from friend actor, which is terribly Hollywood and terribly amusing.

Do you know what Michael said when I asked him how he felt about the above situation? He answered, quietly, and not without sincere emotion, "It's all right. He's got a lot to take in the way of fame. And he's young yet. We can't censure him too much. I merely feel sorry that he hasn't grown inwardly too. *But* I must admit he's grown outwardly. He's really got something!"

"Got something? What?" I queried.

"That indefinable 'thing,' personality, you might call it, that is so powerful—"

"I know, Mike, but *what is it?*"

"Yes, what is it? And why haven't I got it? I'm not envious. I'm a fairly good looking Irishman. I've worked hard to develop a good voice. I still work hard at everything I do. People like me. I like people. But what has he got that I haven't?"

"Nothing!" I said, and *believed* my statement.

"Oh, yes," Mike broke in, "I know differently. But I do know this, also, that I'll work harder to last longer. That's a compensation."

"Mike," I suddenly yelled, "I think I have the answer to our problem. Wait! Have you bought a new car yet?"

"No! I still have my little year old Chevrolet roadster. Muddy at that. None of the girls will ride with me," he laughed.

"Do you plan getting that Zephyr we talked about?"

"No, I can't, Gertie. Not yet. It isn't necessary, really."

"What are you doing with your money?"

"Well, I'm saving a little and being a family man with the rest of it."

"I see, Mike. Now I have my answer. You're unselfish and generous. I've known it from the beginning. All during your career you've thought of Claire because she was ill. And you've thought of Dorothy and your mother because you loved them and you wanted them to have the things they *had* before your father died. Is that right?"

"Yes, and I'm happier about their being here than anything else in the world. Don't you like mother?"

"Yes, Mike. I sincerely do. She's a charming, intelligent woman."

And she is, too. She resembles Pauline Frederick and she's the best cook ever! She does her own cooking now because she loves to be occupied. In Philadelphia she was a great welfare, civic and political leader.

Dorothy and Claire, Mike's sisters, take care of his fan mail and secretarial work for the same reason. They're not a lazy family. Dorothy is beautiful, fragile. Claire is extremely good looking, firm, stable and so hospitable. And they're both highly intelligent and witty.

"Michael," I continued, "don't you see that these great personalities, a lot of them, are built on selfishness and ego? That is their power."

If that's true I couldn't be a tremendous personality, then. I must diffuse my personality in my part.

"Just the other day, after finishing my new picture in which I am featured with Rochelle Hudson as star, Miss Hudson turned to me and said, 'Mike, you're wearing yourself out. You work too hard. Just



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Oakie at their home in Beverly Hills. Jack will next be seen in "Robber Barons."

relax and ooze personality, which you can do. That's all they really want in this business.'

"Well, Gertrude, I can't do it! Furthermore I know that *isn't* all they want or they wouldn't worship at Katharine Cornell's, Helen Hayes', Elizabeth Bergner's, Charles Boyer's, Charles Laughton's and Luise Rainer's shrines. Those men and women act! And I want to and will! I *can't* just smile and look pretty. I must work, as you know I've always done."

"Mike, what are you going to do if—?"

"If pictures don't bring me the success for which I'm striving?"

"Yes!"

"I'm going to New York again—and the stage. I'm going to take every part they'll give me, as long as it's a good part in which I can develop myself, and I'm going to just begin again. You know my ancestors were not 'shanty Irish' nor lazy people. They were all full of that adventure that I love!"

"Any of them, besides yourself, in the theatre?"

"Yes, two of them tried the theatre. Our families, both the Shovlin's (my father's family) and the Whalen's (mother's) were against the theatre. I'm terribly proud of my family and its accomplishments.

"Lately so many people have read stories about me that suggest that I was the only one of my family that had the nerve and stamina to stick it out, to try to achieve! It's wrong.

"My grandfather, Michael Whalen, was burgess (mayor) of Avoca, Penn. He manufactured fire brick in Virginia, was an original member of the company that supplied water to all of Wyoming Valley, and had several other local business interests. He had an ice house from which was never sold one piece of ice. Every summer it was all given away to those who needed it.

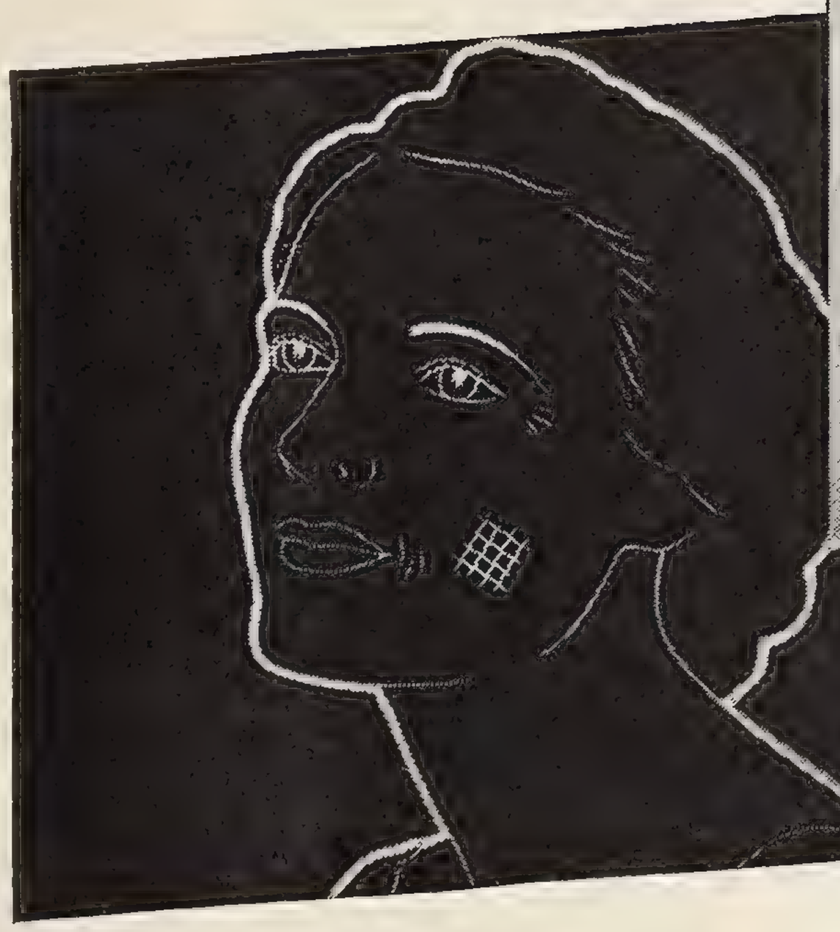
"He also held open house every Sunday for the entire countryside who dropped in after church to have one of his prolonged chicken breakfasts.

"My mother's mother was of the Murray Clan. They were pioneers in the Anthracite coal region. They moved there in the seventeen hundreds, when coal was first discovered. They sunk the Murray Shaft, one of the first and deepest in existence, and today the Murray Breaker still stands and still runs in the heart of Wilkes-Barre. Sort of like the town pump, you know.

"My Grandfather Shovlin was in the hotel business, retired, and lived to a ripe

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old age. I come from a large family. Those that could not be educated have educated themselves. Among them will be found doctors, lawyers, priests, teachers, politicians, bank directors, professional and business people of all types."

He stopped, caught his breath and grinned, "I suppose I'm boring you but, Gertie, I'm an Irishman and, as an Irishman, I know you'll forgive me a bit of sentiment. And sentiment I will have for those who are mine, and for places I have known and loved."

"What about your own father? Was he a Woolworth store owner as other articles have stated?"

"Why, no. The reason people have been confused about that is because all of the owners or executives of Newberry's and Woolworth's come from Wilkes-Barre.

"My father was a successful contractor with a too adventuresome spirit. He was a member of the city council and Chairman of the Board of Health, and when I was about sixteen he sold all of the property Grandfather Shovlin had left him, even mortgaged our own home, and then went to Texas to buy an oil field."

"And did he?"

"He sunk one all right. He sunk his money in a dry hole. Our family always has been like that. Successful one minute, broke the next, but invariably happy.

"Dad became ill in Texas. The doctor pronounced him incurable and he came back to Wilkes-Barre. We sold our home and took him to Atlantic City where he died eighteen months later."

"And you?"

"And I, with my college hopes shattered and with very little money, began my search for that pot of gold.

"Starting as a stock boy in Woolworth's, I worked my way up to managership. When my mother remarried I was free to quit. And quit I did! I traveled from there to New York, intending to go around the world. You know, cattle boats and things? But New York and the theatre claimed me!"

"But what about this other relative that tried the theatre, and quit? It was a cousin, wasn't it? I rather vaguely remember. What was it he told you when you began your career in the theatre?"

Mike's eyes twinkled, "He said, 'Michael, my boy, I tried it and had to give it up. The theatre is the most difficult career a person ever attempted. It's almost useless. If you've got the stuff to stand the terrific gaff, and if you achieve a name in any part of the theatre you're the bravest Whalen that ever trod these shores. And that, my boy, is saying a mouthful!' "

And I guess Mike has said a mouthful now. We know that he'll never bite off more than he can chew because life has taught him two very great lessons: humility, and the love of hard work!

Fun In Mexico

[*Continued from page* 23]

a horse-and-buggy, but can you fancy such transportation in Beverly Hills? At Ensenada they hire what they declare is better still—a horse and a wagon. Then they go trotting up the beach, perched delightedly on the wagon-seat. The other day they set forth on a picnic and spent three hours traveling seven miles.

Amazing contrasts are typical of Mexico and you get a major jolt when you first reach Ensenada. The village is as opposite from the resort hotel as possible. It's a couple of blocks away and it's Mexican simplicity itself, a few frame stores of no architectural pretensions sufficing for the trade of the happy peons. Burros ladened with sticks of firewood and baskets of vegetables meander down the streets.

The villagers don't pester the stars and neither do the other guests at the hotel. In fact, Charlie Chaplin is so amiable that he allows strangers to kodak him and Paulette Goddard whenever they wish; he once turned down Franchot Tone when his autograph was requested, but Mexico mellows him.

Honeymooners are entranced by the magic calm and color that's combined at Ensenada. Myrna Loy led off by marrying there; Kay Hughes wanted to follow suit recently, but when she and her groom arrived the magistrate was too involved with the marine strike to be impressed with the urgency of her love. She turned around and came back! Maureen O'Sullivan declares she had the world's finest honeymoon in this paradise. Even Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez have found the sunsets at this seaside spa too wonderful. They spent their second honeymoon here.

Una Merkel, who was married at Caliente on a New Year's Day, has switched her annual repeat honeymoon to Ensenada. Una was strolling one day when she noticed an elderly woman. On second glance it *was* her former eighth-grade history teacher! From Kentucky to a dream cottage here and a career as a novelist has been some jump, but her old instructor has not only made it but has adopted the costume of the natives so that she appears one of them.

A trip to Mexico sometimes kills two birds with one fling. Foreign actors, who have come to Hollywood on temporary quota permits, frequently renew their entry tickets by sojourning awhile in handy Mexico while their lawyers attend to the legal procedures. Sonja Henie has lately done this. Richard Arlen cannily saved $30,000 by vacationing for twenty-eight days at Ensenada—this is what he would have had to pay the state of California in income tax had he not remained out of the state a full six months. He'd been to England to make a picture and he'd already paid Uncle Sam and Britain a generous sum.

Twenty miles from Ensenada, over winding dirt roads, is the supremely quaint Russian farming colony Paul Muni raves about. It seems that in 1905 a band of Moujiks heard the rumbling of upheaval and determined to transplant their beloved Crimean customs to preserve them. They settled in this haven, becoming Mexican citizens. But they haven't lost a speck of their identity; they live exactly as they used to and so do their children. Muni is much impressed with their manner of living in spite of no newspapers, no telephones, and no radios. They forbid them!

All down the drowsy, sunny Gulf of Lower California the fishing and hunting is grand. Gary Cooper can't let you listen to how he hooked his giant tuna without acting out how he lured the monster; Clark Gable has been hunting at Guaymas, further South. (Groucho Marx has been having such checker bouts with the military commander at Ensenada that he hasn't

"You're still a Bride to me, Dear"



Neglect of Feminine Daintiness had never tarnished their Romance

OTHER WIVES envied her life-long honeymoon . . . told their husbands, often, how nice *he* was to *her*.

It is not easy to analyze the qualities that make romance endure through the years. Individuals are so different. But, in *one* respect at least, all husbands are alike. Lack of perfect personal cleanliness in a woman is a fault they can never understand. And few things are so apt to dampen a man's affection.

Strangely enough, in many cases, a woman is not, herself, aware of neglect of proper feminine hygiene. She would be shocked to learn that she is guilty of not being thoroughly dainty. Yet, if the truth were known, many a case of "incompatibility" can be traced to this very fault.

If you have been seeking a means of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleanly, to promote intimate daintiness, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been used for feminine hygiene by thousands of women.

"Lysol" disinfectant is known as an effective germicide. Among the many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which "Lysol" provides—



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC..."Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle in action. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is active under practical conditions...in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.)

3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY..."Lysol," because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" vanishes promptly after use.

6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

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always
ardent color..
never
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parching



Put sweet, ripe color on your lips—by all means. It thrills!...But remember, too, that—lips must be soft, not dry—smooth, not rough. Only smooth lips tempt romance. Avoid Lipstick Parching.

Get protection along with warm color by using Coty "Sub-Deb." It contains a special softening ingredient, "Theobroma." Because of its soothing presence, your lips are kept soft and smooth. In five indelible shades. *New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50¢.* Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK *50¢*

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.



Tyrone Power, Jr., and Loretta Young in a pose in harmony with the theme of "Love Is News."

had time to go on with the other curious stars.)

The train that tears South through the rugged gorges of the Sierra Madre range is the daily treat to the natives, who gather at all stops with pottery and serapes and bubble glass that you can't help wanting. You feel as though you're on a continual fete.

At Mazatlan, across from the tip of Lower California, the Warren Williams made a memorable trip up the estuary in a small power boat. They soon got into a dense tropical district and Mrs. William was admiring the egrets lavishly until they ran into a mess of alligators. She made Warren turn around as fast as he could maneuver the boat and she hasn't worn an alligator shoe since. She shudders at the very notion!

The goal of the stars today is Mexico City, which can be approached by the West Coast or an interior train, by the excellent new highway from Texas, or by regular airplane service. The Buddy Ebsens drove the entire way and report the highway all it is said to be—only in the jungle territory there isn't a gas station every dozen miles and so you'd best not be careless. Historic and cosmopolitan Mexico City itself, atop a high plateau, is the end of the new trail. There the actors who can get away long enough are revelling in the astonishing proximity of the ancient, the simple, and the sophisticated forms of life.

Katherine De Mille had to be a Mexican maiden in "Ramona" before she could study up on the ways of Latin ladies, but she's been down there catching up. Miriam Hopkins has been talking about the National Theatre, the world's finest playhouse, which cost $7,000,000. Its jewel-like beauty has many unique features, but none more spectacular than the curtain of glass. The richly decorated cathedrals draw all the tourists, as do the pyramids that are an hour-and-a-half's drive distant. You didn't know they had pyramids in Mexico? They have, and they're as old as those in Egypt! The Pyramid of the Sun dates back far before Cortez and the Montezumas.

What has captivated Miriam the most, though, is the floating gardens at Xochimilco, near Mexico City. "You step into gondolas and then drift through heavenly canals for miles, for hours! They have dining pavilions with orchestras where you tarry. And guitars strum so romantically . . . !"

While La Hopkins waxes poetic, Dolores Del Rio smiles broadly as she reminisces. As you know, she was real society in Mexico City when a Hollywood troupe went there to film interiors. As a foremost hostess she entertained for the stars and the director, Edwin Carewe. He was so struck by her glamour that he offered her an opportunity in Hollywood. Dolores seized it and the rest has been obvious. Her father is still a prominent banker in Mexico City and that brings us to the complete tale of her experience with the forward bull. Of course the proud authorities insisted that she be guest of honor at the bull fights; graciously she prepared to acknowledge the ovation by bowing from the arena. "Only someone," exclaims Dolores, "forgot to tell the bull not to get excited!" The beast broke loose unexpectedly and aimed straight for the honoree, who had to scram like mad!

Warner Oland has bought an island of seven thousand acres off the West Coast of Mexico. On his Palmetto de la Virgin (its name) he is raising cattle and cocoanuts—always this strange contrast in Mexico! His hacienda is a far cry from Hollywood Boulevard. But, then, even in Mexico City he hasn't been too annoyed by his picture public. In fact, Diego Rivera, whose murals have caused so much controversy, was awed by Warner's literary fame but never mentioned his acting.

Many years ago Warner Oland translated Strindberg's works into English; wandering into a tiny bookshop he ordered some books and admitted that he had translated their contents. News spread to Rivera, who became desperately anxious to meet such a distinguished writer. The painter finally finagled a meeting with the Olands in the bookstore and then entertained them at his home. Besides his paintings, Rivera had some valuable, ancient Aztec idols thousands of years old. The Olands admired them enviously. When they were getting on the train to leave the city, a servant rushed up mysteriously with a large package from Diego Rivera. "Hide this until you get across the border!" Mr. Oland put on his suavest *Chan* manner, and now a rare Aztec idol decorates his American home!

But every star doesn't take on Mexico in style. Luise Rainer disappeared. For five days she toured Northern Mexico in an old Ford. In slacks and a sweater and an old coat, nobody recognized her. She slept at auto camps—yes, near the line they have them!—and altogether spent only $12 for her fun.

You don't have to speak Spanish. In the leading towns there's always someone who can gabble in English. But nevertheless I'm going to brush up on my Spanish grammar. When a black-eyed senorita rolls her eyes at me and murmurs sweet nothings, I want to know exactly what she's proposing. It might be only an Aztec idol!

I've never been "typing tired" since I've used the Underwood





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The little lady of the keyboard will give *you* a much better typing job if you give *her* a new Champion Underwood. More than that, fatigue won't dull her wits in the home stretch of the business day... nor cause her to blunder and throw the office routine out of gear.

You see, instead of *pounding*, the fingers of the operator do little more than *touch* the Champion Keyboard on the Underwood. Strange as it may seem, the Underwood saves a ton of dead-weight lifting every business day*! It's Tuned to the Fingertips.

With the new Champion Underwood in your office you will get a smarter, neater typing job. More than that, you'll get so much faster typing production that the closing hour will seldom strike on work undone. Give her a new easier-typing Champion Underwood. There's an Underwood Elliott Fisher Branch within easy reach of your telephone.

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BALD—Scanty, hard-to-see lashes. Eyes look bald, expressionless. Proper make-up missing.



BOLD—Theatrical effect of ordinary mascaras. Overloaded, gummy, blobby. Eyes shout bad taste.

BEAUTIFUL—Natural appearance of luxuriant, dark, curling lashes. Maybelline eye make-up in good taste.

LOVELY glamour of luxuriant, dark, silky lashes—swift beauty of brow line—soft shaded color of lids! These can all be yours—instantly, easily—with a few simple touches of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Then your eyes speak the language of beauty—more truly, more clearly than words themselves!

But beware of bold, theatrical mascaras that shout "too much make-up," that overload lashes, and make them sticky, lumpy, dry, or brittle. Many women have entirely denied themselves the use of mascara rather than fall into the "too much make-up" error. But colorless, neglected, scanty lashes deny the all-important eyes their glorious powers.

Maybelline has changed all this. And now more than 10,000,000 modern, style-conscious women solve this problem perfectly by using Maybelline's new Cream-form or popular Solid-form Mascara—for the charming, *natural* appearance of beautiful eyes. Non-smarting, tearproof, absolutely harmless. Reasonably priced at leading toilet goods counters.

The other Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are just as delightful to use. Form your brows into graceful, expressive curves—with the smooth marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Shadow your lids with glamour, and accent the sparkle of your eyes with a soft, colorful tint of Maybelline's creamy Eye Shadow. Generous introductory sizes of *all* Maybelline eye beauty aids at 10c stores everywhere. For your own delightful satisfaction, insist on genuine — Maybelline products.



Maybelline's world-famous economical Solid Form Mascara, in red and gold metal vanity, 75c. Refills 35c.



Maybelline Cream Mascara in Black, Brown or Blue, with dainty zipper bag. Easily applied without water, 75c.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Wild Boy of Siberia Conquers Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 29]

Italy, where a girlhood friend of his mother was living. This woman, wife of a Florentine attorney, took the boy in, and notified his grandfather, Leopold Auer, in New York, who immediately cabled passage money.

Only since Mischa has been in America has he grown to his present stature of six feet two inches. Because of hardship and malnutrition, he was less than five feet tall when he joined his grandfather, the famed music master who taught Zimbalist, Heifetz and Elman, among others, the art of the violin. Even today, the effects of those early years of strife are plainly evident.

Hollywood first saw this talented Russian when he appeared with Bertha Kalich on the Los Angeles stage in Sudermann's "Magda" some eight years ago. Prior to this, he had shown an early interest in the theatre and played in a number of shows on Broadway.

Returning to the film capital following the completion of his stage tour, Mischa discovered the man who had promised him a contract with a studio had been discharged two days before he arrived—and he had less than two hundred dollars in his pocket. When this had gone the way of all funds, he threw pride to the winds and turned extra.

An amusing incident, although at the time it was far from funny, insofar as Mischa was concerned, occurred during this period of travail. Henry Hathaway, then an assistant director, fired him from his first "extra" job because he said Mischa wasn't "the Russian type!" But Frank Tuttle, the director, befriended him and gave him work in every picture he made.

To chat with Mischa Auer in his hilltop home, amid the luxurious surroundings he has provided for his American wife, his two-and-one-half-year-old-son, Tony, and himself, one would never suspect he had ever known anything but an even-tenored existence. His sense of humor is superb and there is not the slightest suggestion that he might be an actor. He rears champion Great Danes—Lars, his pet, weighing only a measure less than a house, stretched at our feet during the entire course of our conversation and occasionally uttered yawning noises that suggested a noontime factory whistle. Mischa likewise owns up to a fondness for cats. He is looking forward to the time he can amass sufficient wealth to retire . . . then, he expects to do one of about two dozen things, none of which he knows he will ever attempt. Meanwhile, he teaches his wife Russian, and she responds with lessons in draw poker.

You're going to see much of Mischa Auer. He's the comedy find of the year and his humor on the screen is so infectious that it will continue to entertain the American public for years to come. You'll laugh with him in "That Girl from Paris," Lily Pons' latest picture, in which he glories in the cognomen of "Butch" Strogoff . . . watch him burlesque Hamlet in Universal's "Top of the Town" in such a manner that even the members of the company roared with delight . . . and the potentialities of his rôle in Hal Roach's feature, "Pick a Star," are sufficient to predict a brilliant performance Just as murder . . . *comedy will out!*

AT A rehearsal the other day one of the chorus girls actually showed up with a pink ribbon tied around her shapely ankle so that she could tell her left foot from her right!

Players Win Fabulous Riches

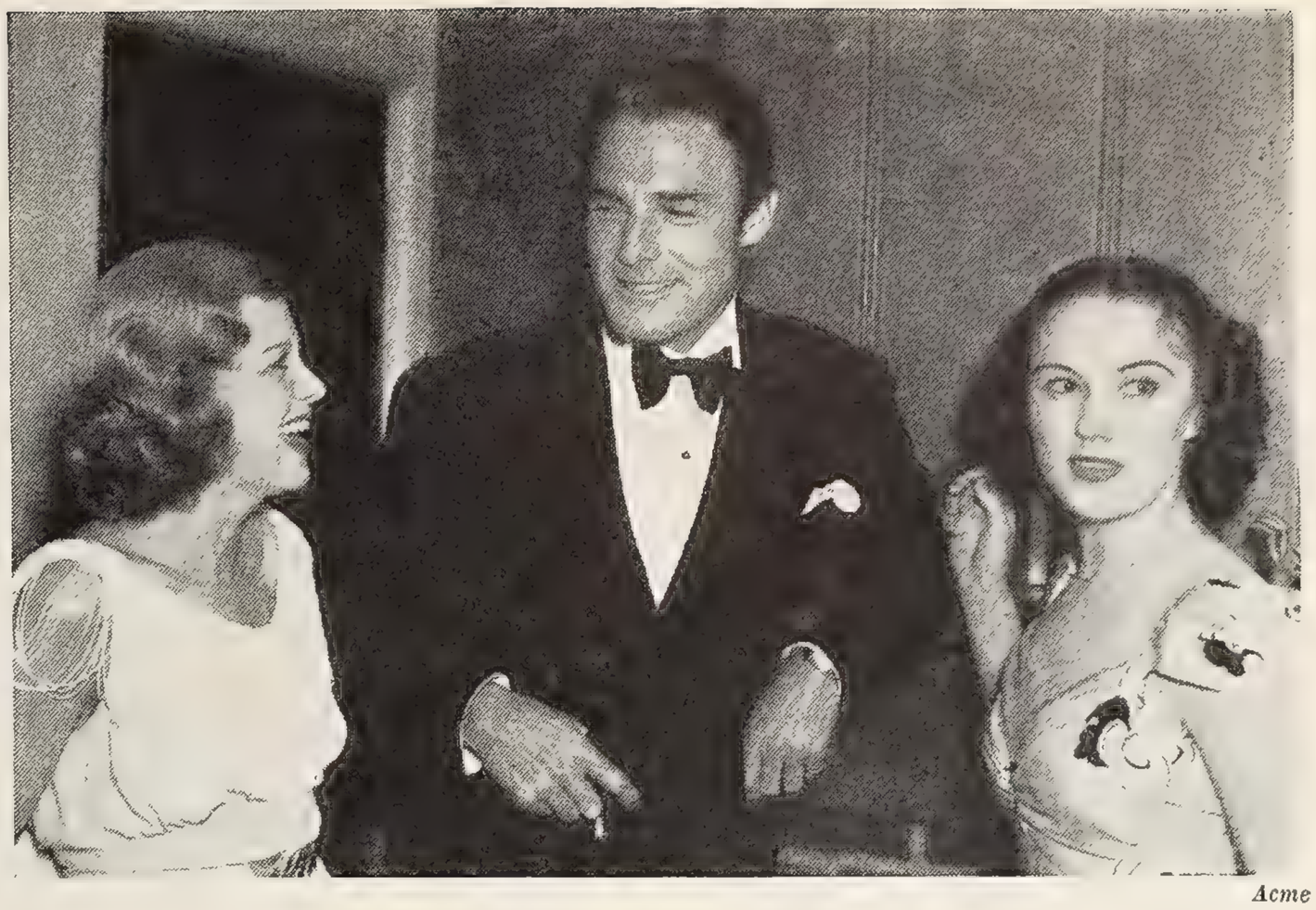
[*Continued from page* 35]

A writer hasn't begun to write until he has plastered the walls of his room with rejection slips. Most authors tuck away in the bottom of the trunk a play and several books before they happen to write something that catches a publisher's fancy. And even then it might not catch the public's fancy—and royalty checks do sort of depend on the public's fancy.

George Bernard Shaw had five unpublished plays on his hands, which no one seemed to want, when he took over the editorship of a magazine in England. The company had no money with which to buy original manuscripts so Shaw ran one of his unpublished plays, and thereby caught the attention of the English reading public. Joseph Hergesheimer wrote for sixteen years before he sold a single thing. O. Henry went through the entire gamut of debt and prison.

But little Simone Simon smiles prettily in a French film and immediately she is signed by Twentieth Century-Fox at more money than O. Henry ever knew existed. Gypsy Rose Lee strips as prettily as Simone smiles and immediately every studio in Hollywood dangles a contract under her nose. What does Miss Lee do? Why naturally she chooses the company that offers the most money. She's no fool.

George Eliot was nearing forty before she wrote her first novel. She had written magazine articles before but no one paid the slightest attention to her. Theodore Dreiser fussed around his typewriter a number of years before American readers decided to get terribly thrilled over his "American Tragedy." And William Faulkner of "Sanctuary" fame had by actual count a collection of one hundred rejection slips before any publisher would give him a tumble. Only last winter George Santayana, at the age of 72, had published his first novel, "The Last Puritan." He had been writing it for fifteen years.



Acme

Glenda Farrell, Randolph Scott and Fay Wray enjoying themselves. In Hollywood they even play enthusiastically.

Imagine anybody in Hollywood doing anything at the age of 72. Mercy, nobody in Hollywood is over 29. (Oh, I've got my tongue in my cheek when I say that.) That's the grand thing about the art of acting for the cinema. You don't have to spend your youth building up to it. You can be an artiste, you can have plenty of money and public adulation and still be in your twenties. I'm telling you it's the easiest art in the world.

The modern young actor, or actress, usually spends a year in a stock company, or perhaps a "walk on" or a "bit" in a New York play, or sings or dances in a night club, or appears in a "little theatre" play at the Pasadena Playhouse—and that's about all the apprenticeship he or she



6 WEEKS AGO HE SAID: "SHE'S TOO SKINNY!"



Posed by professional models

NEW DISCOVERY GIVES THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 POUNDS —in a few weeks!

IF you seem "born to be skinny"—if you've tried everything to gain weight but with no success—here's a new scientific discovery that has given thousands of happy girls and women just the pounds and rounded curves they wanted—*and so quickly they were amazed!*

Not only has this new easy treatment brought solid, naturally attractive flesh, but also normal lovely color, new pep, and the many new friends these bring.

Body-building discovery

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and Iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and you don't get the most body-building good out of the food you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, *made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm and new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets should aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept 263, Atlanta, Ga.



A still showing Myrna Loy and Clark Gable in their new romantic picture, "Parnell."

needs. It's as simple as all that. Katharine Hepburn was signed after she appeared in a small part in a Broadway show, and so were Ginger Rogers, Bette Davis, Kay Francis, Joan Blondell and many others.

Tyrone Power, the new sensation in male stars, was signed after the talent scouts saw him in Cornell's "St. Joan." He played two small bits in Hollywood pictures and then his third assignment was one of the plums of 1936—the lead in "Lloyds of London." Had Tyrone remained on the stage it probably would have been several years, with plenty of trouping and stock in the meantime, before he got himself a big dramatic lead. Things happen fast in the movies.

But don't let yourself be too taken in by all this. Crashing Hollywood isn't as easy as I may have led you to believe. You see, Hollywood doesn't insist upon a long apprenticeship, and years and years of study, BUT Hollywood does insist upon a talent, and a mighty good talent too. Every little kid isn't a Shirley Temple. Every dancer isn't an Eleanor Powell. Every Pomona college boy isn't a Robert Taylor. No, you've got to have that talent, "gift" I believe the actors like to call it, before you can expect to become a part of the easiest art in the world. But if you have that gift you don't have to starve, unappreciated and unwanted, as the geniuses did of old. In Hollywood you can have your cake and eat it too.

"Sitting Pretty—No Complaints"

[*Continued from page* 39]

and then. Every stage actor knows when he is, and when he is not, in touch with his audience. There is a mysterious force operating between the two. Not until this contact is established will he be able to carry his audience with him. It isn't only the player who acts. The audience acts too, and the play is the joint product of both.

"The cinema has many advantages over the theatre. Let me mention a few. A stage play is never the same, it varies with each performance. A screen play, on the other hand, is permanent, fixed. The cinema actor, furthermore, has the whole world as his audience. On the screen you can have vast deserts, seas, mountains, whole armies in action. Its scope is far wider than that of the theatre.

"My contract with Mr. Wanger allows me to spend six months out of every year abroad. This enables me to renew my association with the French theatre and cinema, and many valuable friendships. What more could a French actor wish? Hollywood is the paradise for actors. As a European, I know what a precarious life the average actor in Europe leads. Hollywood is a fantastic dream to them, a place of incredible wonders. In Europe, Hollywood has ten times the glamour it has for the rest of this country. I have no complaints; on the contrary I am deeply grateful to American audiences for accepting me in straight dramatic rôles in spite of my accent. I'm afraid, in France, an American actor speaking as bad French as I do English would not be accepted except in comedy."

Said Walter Connolly, genial character actor of stage and screen, who trooped with such famous personalities of the theatre as Sothern and Marlowe before he became the official daddy of the screen's loveliest femmes:

"Year by year Hollywood is doing much better things—pictures you really enjoy. I get a real kick out of my parts. Producers are tackling more worthwhile subjects, and it's gratifying to be associated with them. It's amazing how film audiences have improved during the past five or six years. This business is 'way ahead of what it used to be. Now everybody goes to pictures!

"However, from the standpoint of personal ego, I believe the stage offers more satisfaction to any man who feels acting is his profession. The screen is the director's medium; the stage, the actor's. Of

course, the author is a vitally important person to both industries.

"Do I like working in Hollywood? Well, last year I gave up my apartment in New York and bought a house out here—a two-story Spanish type building in Beverly Hills, with a roof of red tiles and heavy monastic doors. I love the olive trees in the garden.

"So far as my association with Hollywood is concerned, it has been most pleasant. My boss, Harry Cohn, has made things quite comfortable for me. I can divide my time between the stage and screen. I'm due to return to New York right now—but as yet I haven't found a play I like. Mr. Cohn has been most liberal, damn sweet, I should say. I know, there are some places I should probably feel miserable, but not in a studio like Columbia. I feel that if you must complain, you'd better do it in your beard." His honest blue eyes twinkled, and he rubbed a fatherly hand across the reddish tan of his face.

"Hollywood offers the actor a real home life, unlimited sunshine, and much more leisure than he could have in New York. If you are playing in New York, you are engaged every night, you can't take little trips, go native on occasion, relax. Now, tennis happens to be my hobby, but unfortunately I had to give it up. I'm getting too old for it, I guess. But I can sit in the peace of my Beverly Hills garden and read, with all those wonderful olive trees around me. I like biographies, and I read an awful lot of plays." He checked himself, then, lowering his voice, "I'll receive ten more plays after this goes to press. Playwrights and agents read fan magazines; you'd be surprised to know how carefully! They miss nothing.

"Hollywood is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. It has been truthfully said that if you stand at the corner of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard long enough you will meet all your friends and acquaintances, from Paris and London and Timbuktu. In Hollywood there are representatives from every artistic center in the world, and you can't say you can't have congenial conversation out here. But you do miss the old pals you knew in your leaner days.

"In the days when I started, 25 years ago, engagements were plentiful. The stage wasn't as crowded as it is now. Opportunities for young people have been washed up. I didn't have any difficulties to speak of. But I probably wouldn't be able to go back and do the one-night stands I did in my youth. Our wages were small and we had to sit up on trains rather than take sleepers, but it wasn't a hardship then. So today, conditions in the theatre being what they are, Hollywood is a haven of refuge for stage actors harassed by landlords and bill collectors."

Brian Donlevy, a mild-voiced bland Irishman who writes poetry, but hates to admit it, has one of the most colorful backgrounds of any actor in Hollywood. Born in Ireland, he was brought to this country a babe in arms, and grew up in Wisconsin. He went to school in Beaver Dam, whence hails the curly-headed Fred MacMurray. At 14, Brian was with Pershing on his Mexican Expedition, tooting an army bugle. He was a husky lad, and passed for 18. He joined the French flying service before America entered the great war, and was wounded twice.

After the armistice, he spent a year at Annapolis, and then took up short story writing at Columbia University. Leyendecker, the illustrator, picked him out of a football crowd, as a perfect model for his magazine cover and advertising work. His handsome mug, with its wavy brown hair and resolute chin, has adorned several times the covers of the Saturday Evening Post and other magazines. He broke into



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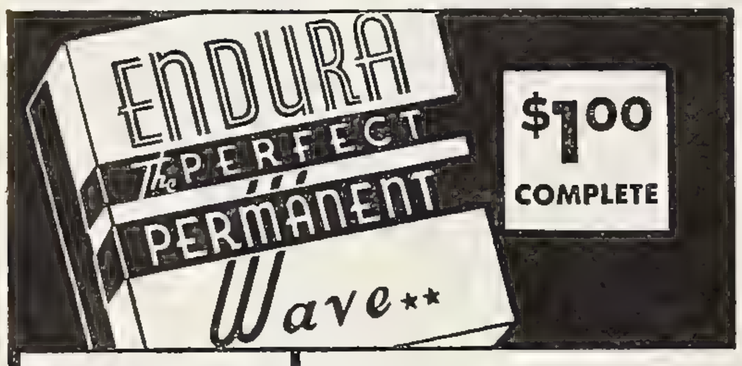
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pictures as a sailor, and a week later was cast in the stage production of *What Price Glory,* as one of its three memorable corporals. After a long series of Broadway productions, he came to seek his fortune in Hollywood.

"I owe my success in pictures to Clark Gable," he said, as we met him at 20th Century-Fox Studio, where he is under contract. "Clark always gives a good, sincere performance, and I admire him very much. Here is how he put me over—by the way, what kind of a fellow is he in real life? I've never met him."

We gave him our personal impressions of the great screen lover. We were curious to know how he helped Donlevy, and suspected an Irish gag. But here's the story as Donlevy tells it—

"When I came out here, I finally managed to get a job in 'Barbary Coast.' Just a few lines. The director wanted to see me in costume, so I went down to the wardrobe department to get my outfit. As the others were wearing rather flowery costumes, I wanted something very plain, just to be distinctive. I had the part of the killer, 'Knuckles.' The head of the wardrobe department dug out a black shirt, worn by Gable in 'The Call of the Wild.' That was exactly what I had in mind. I found black boots, a black hat and a black suit. Everything I wore was black. I'm superstitious. I was sure Gable's shirt would bring me good luck. When I finished the picture, I stole it. I have it at home now. I wouldn't part with it for anything in the world."

As Spike, in "Mary Burns, Fugitive," he made Hollywood Donlevy-conscious. Since then he has appeared in four or five pictures, and currently you can see him in "High Tension" and "Crack Up," heading the casts of both. Peter Lorre is co-featured with him in "Crack Up." "I think it's a swell picture," says Donlevy. "Lorre, by the way, is a great comedian."

Donlevy would work in pictures even if the stage offered him more money. "I like to work hard, I don't care at what. In Hollywood you have to get up at six o'clock in the morning, and that's a mighty good habit to develop after fourteen years on the stage. Here is another reason why I prefer the screen. I was in 'What Price Glory' over two years, touring the country. When I got back to New York, people asked me, 'Where in the world have you been?' It took me eleven months to get another job. Today I received a letter from New Zealand, from a fan who has just seen me in 'Barbary Coast.' You finish a picture, take a vacation, and you aren't forgotten. For months, and even years, people see you in all parts of the world. But frankly, I miss hearing people laugh, comedy being my specialty. I miss it like the dickens."

We asked him if he has ever been broke. "Gosh, I've been broke more times than you have years in your life! Once I had offers for two plays, but my agent talked me out of one of them, and put me in the other. It was called 'The Rainbow.' I took a year's lease on a $250 a month apartment. My salary was $225 a week. We had a burro in the show. When we opened in New York, the burro misbehaved on the stage, and held up the show 18 minutes. Instead of being the huge success we anticipated, 'The Rainbow' became a huge flop. The burro killed it. Most of the audience walked out on the show. I went flat broke, had to live on bran and water. One night, with my rent bill in my pocket, I walked toward the Hudson River. On my way, I met the agent. I could have killed him. I told him I was going to jump into the river. He loaned me $200."

I asked him for a humorous experience.

"Well," he said, "the funniest thing that has ever happened in all my years in the



Alice Faye as she will appear in her next picture, "On the Avenue."

theatre was this: We were in the Court Theatre, playing 'The Milky Way.' I was 'Speed McFarland,' a prize fighter and a tough guy. Hugh O'Connell was 'Burleigh Sullivan,' the milkman who became middleweight champion of the world. There was one scene which required that we pull off his pants to see his biceps. Hugh had forgotten to wear his drawers, and we didn't know it. So you can imagine his mortification when we pulled off his pants! We pulled them off, entirely, definitely. Now, a thing like that can't happen on the screen."

The days of bran and water are over for Brian Donlevy. Today he lives in a Spanish mansion in Beverly Hills, has two Philippino servants, and pilots two shiny, powerful cars. Can you blame him for liking Hollywood?

Never Grow Old

[*Continued from page* 33]

Freckles are a part of his stock in trade so, with no schoolgirl complexion to worry about, he flops down on the beach and lets Nature take its course.

When Tom was a bonafide juvenile, only sixteen years old, they stuck a moustache under his youthful proboscis and put him to work as leading man opposite Joan Blondell and Sally Eilers. Then, when he

began to grow up, with the perversity that is characteristic of this business, they shaved him up and stuck him in the juvenile class. And there he's been, cashing in on freckles and an accent-on-youth, ever since.

Ever since, that is, until the present time, when Tom is ably replacing Gene Raymond in "Love Begins," and playing at being grown up for a change.

Under the delectable nom de plume of "Dawn O'Day," Anne Shirley stuck her little pink toes into the movie game at a very early age. Even the gangly period of adolescence found her on the screen more or less consistently. And it was good that she kept in sight because, with the advent of "Anne of Green Gables," there she was, with everything the part called for.

"Not growing up is a matter of both mental and physical discipline," Anne decided. "So far, I haven't had to work very hard at being young. It just comes natural. But, if I'm to go on being Sweet Sixteen for years and years, then now is a good time to prepare for a life of 'standing-with-reluctant-feet-where-the-brook-and-river-meet.'

"I like parties, and dancing, and candy, and just about everything that makes life thrilling for high school girls. But I realize that I have a job that calls for freshness and youth. Fortunately, the rest of my crowd is up against the same proposition, so it isn't nearly so hard to give up a mid-week party and get to bed at ten o'clock when the rest of them are doing the same thing.

"I don't like sophistication. It's a grown-up affectation, and the most important trick of not growing up is in being entirely unaffected."

Anne likes to read and does a great deal of it. "Don't let on," she whispered, "but I still haven't gotten around to 'Anthony Adverse' or 'Gone With the Wind!'" Which makes two of us.

Richard Cromwell is twenty-seven years old and doesn't care who knows it. Adolescence is his forte, and as long as the industry wants it, Dick will dish it out. Even when he has to tuck his long gray beard inside his weskit to keep it out of sight.

The job he did in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" will be remembered when Dick is pushing himself around the Old Men's Home in a rubber-tired wheel chair. As with Linden, in "Life Begins," parts like that don't fall off the tree very often. But, when they do, the kids are right there and ready to play them clear up to here.

"Not growing up is a matter of not being bored, ever," Dick announced definitely. "I have so many hobbies that I honestly haven't time to grow up. I write until I'm tired of writing, and then I turn to sculpting. Or drawing. Or making plastic masques of my friends. And, in between, I go for horseback rides, or bat out a couple of games of tennis. If I ever run out of something to do I'll probably fold up overnight, like an accordion. And, hey! I'm learning to play one of those things, too! If I ever do grow up, accidentally, I can always try for a Major Bowes unit!"

Jackie Coogan, Wesley Barry, Mitzi Green, Baby Peggy Montgomery, all of these, and more, made the unfortunate mistake of outgrowing the "cuteness" that spelled Box Office. And that, in Hollywood, happens to be one of the major cardinal sins.

It's nice to be young. Especially if somebody is willing to pay you for being that way. But it's a tough job, as well, and our hat's off to the kids who are making good at the difficult but interesting business of "not growing up."

She had everything but love

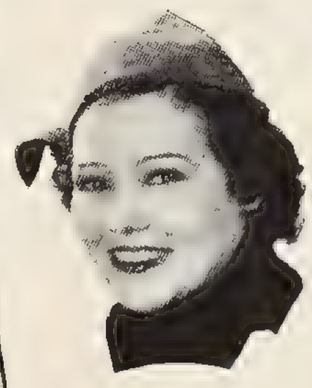


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SEARCH YOUR SKIN



FEEL FOR LITTLE BUMPS!

They Indicate Clogged Pores, the Beginning of Enlarged Pores, Blackheads and Other Blemishes!

By *Lady Esther*

Don't trust to your eyes alone! Most skin blemishes, like evil weeds, get well started underground before they make their appearance above surface.

Make this telling finger-tip test. It may save you a lot of heartaches. Just rub your fingertips across your face, pressing firmly. Give particular attention to the skin around your mouth, your chin, your nose and your forehead.

Now—does your skin feel absolutely smooth to your touch or do you notice anything like little bumps or rough patches? If you *do* feel anything like tiny bumps or rough spots, it's a sign usually that your pores are clogged and may be ready to blossom out into enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, "dirty-gray" skin and other blemishes.

A Penetrating Cream, the Need!

What you need is not just ordinary cleansing methods, but a penetrating face cream—such a face cream as I have perfected.

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates the pores quickly. It does not just lie on the surface and fool you. Gently and soothingly, it works its way into the little openings. There it "goes to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt—loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you get more dirt out than you ever suspected was there.

It will probably shock you to see what your cloth shows. But you don't have to have your cloth to tell you that your skin is *really* clean. Your skin shows it in the way it looks and feels.

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and flexible. Thousands of women have overcome dry, scaly skin, as well as enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream.

The Proof Is Free!

Let me prove to you, at my expense, the unusual cleansing and lubricating powers of Lady Esther Face Cream. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a purse-size tube postpaid and free.

Use the whole tube in single cleansing of your skin. Put on one application of the cream after another until you have used the tube up. Note the feeling of relief your skin experiences. It is as if a load had been taken off your pores. You can see that even one cleansing with Lady Esther Face Cream has made your skin decidedly cleaner, clearer, smoother.

A New Skin!

You can readily see what a month's trial of the cream would mean. It would mean the end of those stubborn blackheads, the reduction of those gaping pores, the end of that skin-withering dryness.

Write today for the purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream that means the beginning of a new skin for you. Clip coupon now.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Projections

[*Continued from page* 27]

most smartly dressed woman in any night club, it is no wonder that men went mad over her. At that time she lived with two girls in a small apartment near the corner of 51st and Park and it speaks well for their popularity that although they only had two rooms they had three telephones. There was such merry, hectic jangling of bells of an evening as you never heard—but it was all for fun, and fun they really had. Crazy, mad things. But Kay put an end to madness, temporarily, the night of the great Indoor Polo Match of East 51st Street, when a two hundred pound football player, in the excitement of the game, fell on Kay and broke her collar bone.

Kay Swann and Lois Long, her roommates, laughed heartily, but Kay didn't think it was funny at all. Lois Long, who later became Mrs. Peter Arno, and still later became the *ex*-Mrs. Peter Arno and the *New Yorker's* famous Lipstick, visited Kay in Hollywood recently and Kay threw a cocktail party for her that was quite the gayest thing of the year. There were no broken collar bones. Girls do grow up.

And what was Kay doing about all these men who were becoming raving maniacs for love of her? She married a couple of them and let the others sulk it out. Prior to going on the stage she married young Dwight Francis, hence her theatrical name of Kay Francis, and people who knew her then, when she was in her teens, say that she was certainly the model wife. Dwight was from one of the Best Families, but there wasn't much money for the young married couple so they lived in a little house in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and the future Glamour Girl of Warner Brothers cooked three meals a day for her husband. It was all very beautiful and simple.

Kay's second marriage was to William A. Gaston of Boston, whose father was Mayor of Boston and then Governor of Massachusetts. This marriage ended in a Paris divorce court and Gaston later married Rosamond Pinchot. Her third marriage was to Kenneth McKenna of Canterbury, New Hampshire, whom she met in Hollywood one fine morning when he was introduced to her as the leading man of her next picture.

McKenna, well known New York actor whose real name is Jo Mielziner, immediately embarked on a whirlwind courtship and finally won a "Yes" out of Miss Francis when she was recovering from an illness in a Hollywood hospital. He drove her from the hospital directly to the Los Angeles City Hall, and got a ticket for speeding too, where he bought a license. Then the two of them, all alone, boarded his boat and sailed away for the island of Catalina, where they were married in the little town of Avalon in January 1931.

Kenneth used to like to tell an amusing story of their first night as Mr. and Mrs. Jo Mielziner. It seems that he had stocked the boat with provisions, and Kay was all excited over cooking their wedding dinner while they were anchored off Catalina. But he had forgotten to put gasoline in the stove tank and in the midst of Kay's culinary display the darned thing sputtered and went cold. There was no gasoline on the boat. "There must be gasoline somewhere," said Kay desperately, following it with one of her most classic remarks: "Fate wouldn't let this happen to me on my wedding night."

The Kenneth McKennas spent their honeymoon in the house where Janet Gaynor has lived for the last few years, and then were divorced. No one knew exactly why, and you can be quite sure that tight-mouthed Kay did not choose to enlighten anyone. After her divorce Kay was seen



Wide World

At St. Moritz, Kay Francis enters into the spirit of the winter sports resort.

often in Hollywood escorted from time to time by William Powell, Ronald Colman and Maurice Chevalier. They weren't romances—just good friends.

But for the last year she has been keeping "steady company" with big, blonde, anything but handsome Delmar Daves, a one time lawyer who became a writer, and whom Kay met on the Warners lot when he wrote the script of one of her pictures. There is much speculation in Hollywood as to whether they will marry or not. Kay has said many times that she will not marry again until she is through with pictures—her present contract with the Messrs. Warner Brothers has three more years to go.

Before her recent departure for Europe, and she has been to Europe more than any other actress in Hollywood, she made a statement for the Press. "I am not going to get married while I am in pictures," said Miss Francis. Ten days later she was on a plane for New York, where she was joined by Delmar Daves, who, not by accident, caught the same boat she took for France. When last heard of they were celebrating Christmas together at St. Moritz, along with the Douglas Fairbanks and Merle Oberon. Your guess is as good as mine.

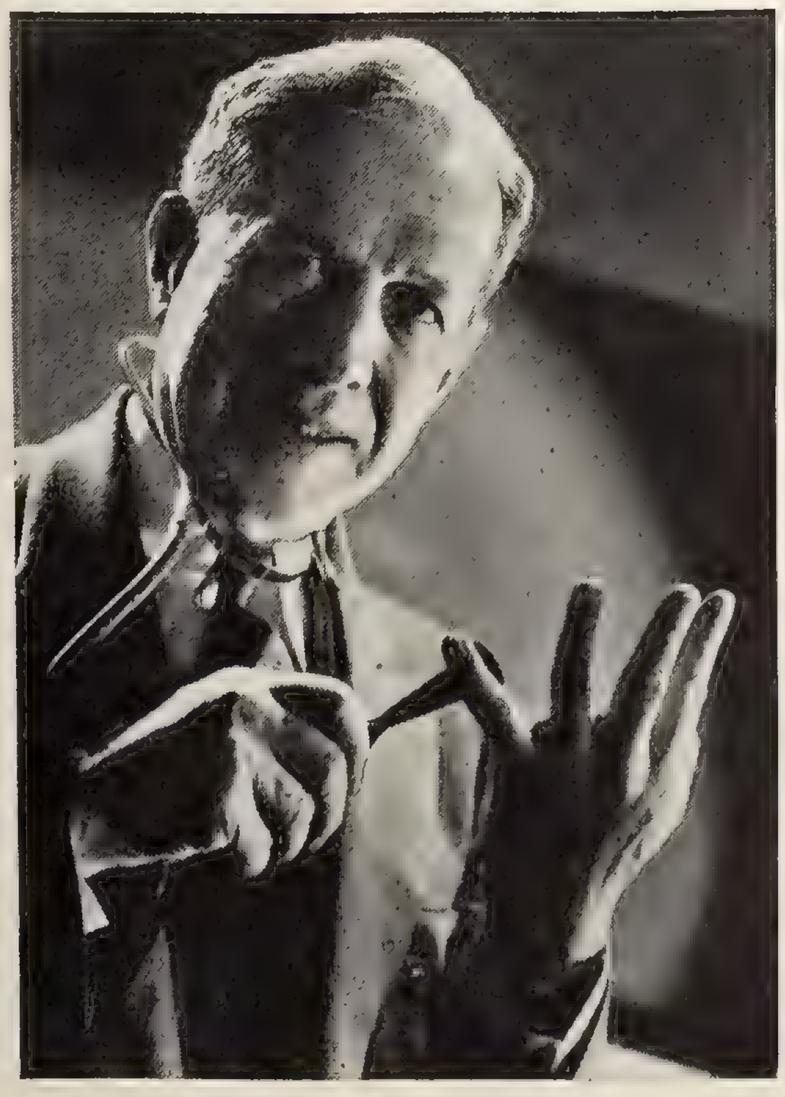
Next to interviewers who ask her about her love life Kay loathes, with a fine and beautiful loathing, fashion stills and gallery sittings, in fact she just hates to have any kind of portraits taken. Getting her into the studio photographic gallery for a fashion sitting is just about equal to accomplishing the impossible. The still camera lens, for some reason or other, brings out the worst in Kay and she can usually be counted upon to go into a temperamental rage and tell off everybody in sight. And when Kay gets angry she does it thoroughly. Of course the night after one of these stormy gallery sessions Kay usually spends calling up everybody she bawled out and telling them quite meekly that she is very, very sorry.

This fashion-fury of Kay's is probably a hang-over from the humiliation she suffered when she first came to Hollywood. Paramount had a new featured player who was being sent out from New York and who, rumor had it, could wear clothes. There must be a publicity campaign to "put her over." Why not call her the Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood and cause a controversy with Connie Bennett and Lilyan Tashman? Why not?

And so, when Kay got off the Chief in Pasadena she found the station jammed with trunks and luggage not her own and a publicity department frantically snapping her *by* trunks, *on* trunks, *in* trunks. She shuddered every time she picked up a paper for weeks afterward. "Kay Francis, the Best Dressed Woman, Talks About Hats" . . . "How to Dress Smartly on Nothing, by Kay Francis, Hollywood's Best Dressed Star," etc., etc., etc. What the red flag is to the bull the word Best Dressed became to La Francis. But it stuck like adhesive tape.

In publicity circles Kay Francis is still the clothes horse of Hollywood. But, perversely enough, in the first scene of the first

How the *doctor chooses* from hundreds of laxatives



MOST of us recall, with gratitude, some crisis in our lives when the doctor's vigilance and skill proved priceless beyond words. But many of us forget that the doctor is equally on guard in *minor* matters of health.

Consider a laxative, for example. It may be news to you that the doctor has a definite set of standards which a laxative must meet before he will approve it. Check the specifications listed below. How many of them will your *own* laxative meet?

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should *not*: Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Ex-Lax checks on *every* point listed above. Meets the doctor's demands of a laxative fairly and fully. No wonder so many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes, for their own families. In fact, Ex-Lax has made so many millions of friends, that it is the most widely used laxative in the world.

Convince yourself of the facts. Try Ex-Lax. You'll find that it *is* mild . . . that it *is* thorough. You'll discover that it does *not* bring on stomach pains or nausea. On the contrary, the easy comfortable action of Ex-Lax will leave you with a pleasant sense of freshness and well-being.

Children, particularly, are benefited by Ex-Lax. Like the older folks, they enjoy its delicious chocolate taste. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for a free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S 37, P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

picture she made in Hollywood, "Dangerous Curves," starring Clara Bow, she wore a tailored suit which had once been made for Bebe Daniels and left behind in the wardrobe department. And Miss Francis' lines didn't coincide then, or now, with those of Miss Daniels.

"Now how can I be the best dressed woman in Hollywood," Kay once snapped to an interviewer. "I buy only six dresses a year." And that's quite true. She buys them in New York and under no conditions will she be photographed in them. They belong to that sacred private life. Her house also belongs to her private life. She will not allow the studio to have a "'home sitting" of it. In fact she permits them, and the Press, to enter it as rarely as possible. It's a charming, small frame house, in a quiet section of Hollywood, and is simply and tastefully furnished. She lives there alone. The last time I saw Kay Francis she was at the smart cocktail party which Merle Oberon gave before leaving for England. Kay wore a rather dowdy sports coat and no hat. Hardly the Best Dressed Woman.

It is said in the market place, by those who pretend to be in the know, that Kay Francis is one of our richest movie stars. When she is ready to retire she will be so financially independent that she can thumb her nose at anybody. The Francis weekly stipend from Paramount and Warners has not gone into Beverly Hills estates, Duesenbergs, yachts, race horses, furs and star sapphires. On the contrary, it has gone into annuities, trust funds, bonds and similar little knick-knacks. Yes, for a pretty girl Kay has been very intelligent.

Though "society" to her finger tips she has always refused to live according to the Hollywood tradition. When all the other Glamour Girls go mad for Duesenbergs, Rolls, and town cars Kay buys a Ford, and not very often either. She drives it herself. She has never had a chauffeur. Her one bit of jewelry is a wrist watch, which she sort of excuses by saying that it's a handy little gadget. She has beautiful clothes of course, though not the most expensive, and very few of them.

She usually gives one big party a year and in that way pays off all her social obligations—the rest of the time she contents herself with small dinner parties of four or six. The past year she has taken very little interest in Hollywood's social whirl, as she usually goes to a friend's cabin at Lake Arrowhead for the week-ends when she is working, and as soon as her pictures are finished she dashes off to Europe. These European trips are practically her one great extravagance. She has chosen for her friends the cream of the social set in Hollywood—the Countess de Frasso, Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Dick and Jessica Barthelmess, Ronnie Colman and William Powell —and if she is of a mind to she can be one of the gayest of the gay party girls, provided of course that there are no candid cameras around to spy on her private life.

Her chief fault, people who work with her will tell you, are her moods. It seems that she can sink rapidly into the very depths of despair and despondency, and the further she sinks the more ill-tempered she becomes. When Miss Francis is in a mood the "hired help" of the studio keep their distance. But just to show you what a contrary personality she has Miss Francis is also one of the most thoughtful and most generous of the movie stars to the same "hired help." Her generosity is not accompanied by a fanfare of trumpets and banner lines in the newspapers. Her generosity, my dears, belongs to that sacred private life, and it took a deal of prying about before I could discover it. Kay Francis may be Hetty Green to the jewelry salesmen and the real estate brokers, but she's the Good Samaritan to many a bit of broken humanity.

And here's a believe-it-or-not for you and Mr. Ripley: Kay Francis who stands for all that is glamorous and languorous on the screen was once pushed about by the Mad Marx Brothers in a harum scarum flicker called "The Cocoanuts." How times do change. Though she is one of the best read of the movie stars, she has a perfect passion for detective stories and never misses one of them. She is crazy about small animals and has a regular menagerie of dogs, with a marked preference for dachshunds and Scotties, as well as cats, gold-fish, canaries and a parrot. George Brent gave her a couple of pigeons but they weren't homing pigeons and flew away.

She got a job as a model for clothes once (before she went on the stage) but had to give up modelling because her feet were too small. Her feet aren't *that* big. Somebody once told her she had bad legs so she is very sensitive about them—but they're really not bad at all. She has a perfect back. She is also very sensitive about that little trouble she has with her R's.

She has a keen sense of humor but oftentimes has trouble telling a joke—somehow or other the point comes out first, or else there isn't any point. She loves bridge and backgammon, isn't the athletic type, but plays a very good game of tennis. The last thing she did before leaving for Europe in December was to have her legal name changed from Katherine G. Mielziner to Kay Francis. If she intends to marry Delmar Daves it seems she would hardly have taken the trouble to go to court to secure a legal name change which marriage would speedily change again. But don't ask me—I know from nothing.



"Beyond The Shadow Of A Doubt"

[*Continued from page* 60]

She began with Pudgie. In memory of the dear old days at Ferndale High, Pudgie became her first convert. Sheer personal charm won Pudgie over.

Marion Gordon was a different problem. Mrs. Dean got Marion to agree to give her dancing lessons in the ladies' lounge and established a friendship. In the case of Ephraim Allen, a disconsolate little musician who played first "second violin" in the Ferndale Symphony orchestra, Mrs. Dean, descended to sheer bribery. She invited Allen to give a musicale at her house, then suggested with emphasis that they had better discuss details *after* Mrs. Patterson was acquitted. By the time the jury was sent to a hotel for the night Mrs. Dean had possession of six votes for acquittal. When it came to practical politics, Mrs. Johnathan Ashley Dean was no slouch.

Yes, Mrs. Dean was no slouch, but also she was nobody's fool. She knew perfectly well that six votes for and six against meant only a divided jury and not an acquittal. And it was complete vindication she wanted for Mrs. Romney P. Patterson.

Mrs. Dean did a lot of thinking while she was at the hotel with the rest of the jury that night. Morning came, but no solution. She was feeling rather doubtful when she met Pudgie at the door of the jury room next day. In his excitement at meeting his old schoolmate again Pudgie dropped his box of cough drops. Mrs. Dean picked it up. On the cover was a picture of two bearded gentlemen, Bush & Bush, the throat ease kings.



Rochelle Hudson, who is lavishing her youth and beauty upon "That I May Live."

Two bearded men!

In a flash the explanation of events came to Mrs. Dean.

"Pudgie," she cried. "How long since you've shaved?"

Pudgie scraped his hairy cheek apologetically. "I guess it must be two days, Skinny."

"And if you hadn't shaved for two weeks, Pudgie, would you look anything like this?"

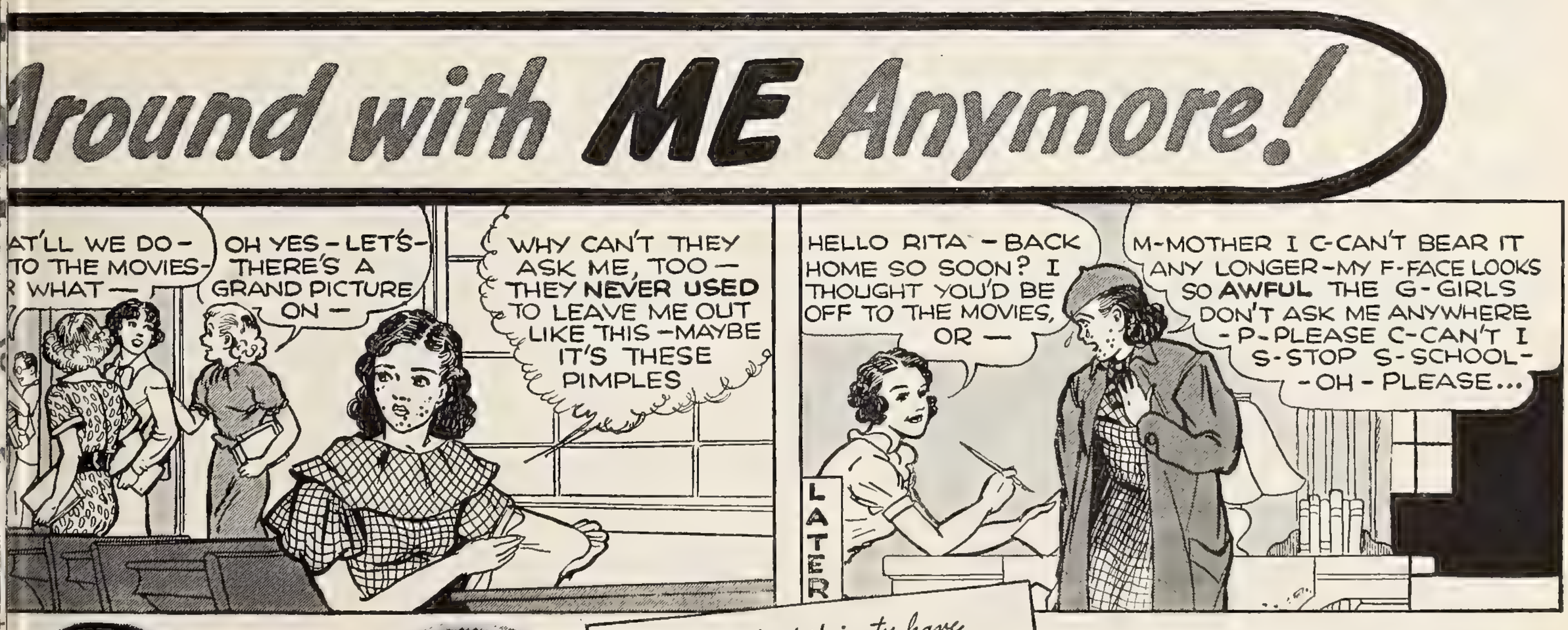
"Maybe not quite as bad, but almost."

"I've got it all, now!" she cried. "You were on the right track when you asked if the murdered man had shaved!"

With the assistance of her maid, Antoinette, and the bailiff, Mrs. Dean smuggled a note out of the jury room. It was to the chief of detectives and asked him to learn at what hour Thomas Jeffrey returned home the night of the murder. Jeffrey said it was two or three minutes after ten-thirty, but was it?

Then she and Pudgie concocted a scheme.

It was a perfectly unethical scheme, en-





E WAY I LOOKED BEFORE

took Fleischmann's ast. I couldn't bear to ve people look at my mply face."



RITA NOW

—skin clear. "It is wonderful the way Fleischmann's Yeast got rid of my pimples," she says.

I know how hard it is to have to go around with a pimply face. That's why I'm glad to have this chance to tell how wonderfully Fleischmann's Yeast cleared up my skin.

I wish every girl or boy who has trouble with pimples would eat Fleischmann's Yeast like I did. I'm sure it would fix them up. Rita Koch

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AFTER the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25, or even longer, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin, especially, gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples go!



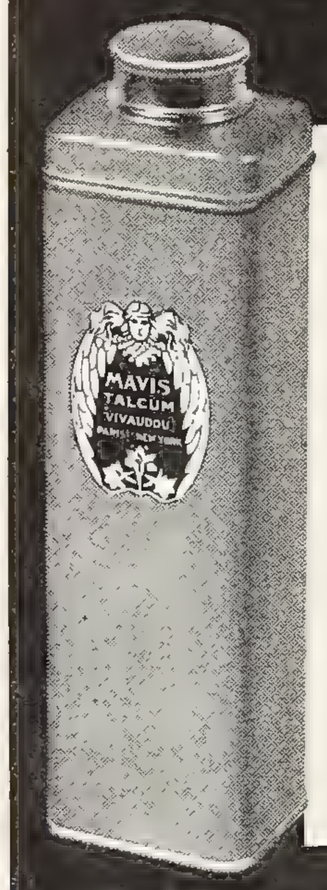
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tirely contrary to the rules and regulations for juries, but, my dear, what did Mrs. Dean care! She began it by demanding that the jury be taken to the scene of the crime. If they could prove to her that Romney Patterson could arrive home, undress, take a shower bath, dress again, all in the space of seven minutes as Clara Simpson testified, she promised to change her vote to guilty and she was sure Mr. Beaver would switch his vote, too. Won by this promise, the majority of the jury voted to try the experiment.

Of course Judge Prime didn't know all this. Henry Prime would have put a stop to it mighty quick, as Mrs. Dean very well knew. Mrs. Dean took care of that by kidnaping the jury. The jury traveled in her limousine while Judge Prime, and the two witnesses, Thomas Jeffrey and Clara Simpson went in police cars. Mrs. Dean's chauffeur managed to lose the other cars and the jury found themselves in a suburb known as Hope Valley, which was the business enterprise of none other than Pudgie Beaver when not doing jury duty.

There was a model demonstration bungalow in Hope Valley, completely furnished. Pudgie had had all the advertising signs removed and when they told the jury this was the Patterson bungalow, nobody knew that it was not.

"Now," said Pudgie impressively, "we intend to show you that Mr. Patterson could not have entered the house, removed his clothes, taken a shower, dried himself, put on his pyjamas and robe all within seven minutes after his arrival as the maid claims—"

"And just who is going to carry out this ridiculous experiment?" snorted Mrs. Bottomley.

"Er . . . I think if Mr. Smith—" Pudgie began hopefully. But Mrs. Dean cried, "Oh, *no,* Pudgie! You're going to be the guinea pig. You start from the lawn here, run into the house, run upstairs, take a shower and we all will follow and time your every action—"

"But Skinny!" Pudgie's voice was a wail. "I took a bath last night and—well, it's like taking a bath in Macy's window!"

"Pudgie Beaver!" Mrs. Dean looked stern. "This is a question of life and death—

"But Skinny, you've never seen me in a shower!"

"PUDGIE!"

Pudgie gave her a despairing glance, read no relenting in her, and got set, ready to begin his race against time.

When Judge Prime got to the real Patterson bungalow and found the jury had been kidnaped he was furious. Police cars with the judge and witnesses raced to Hope Valley. They arrived in time to see Pudgie Beaver dash into the model demonstration house, the entire jury racing after him. Judge and officers followed them upstairs.

The jury was crowded into a bedroom. Mrs. Dean was holding a watch. In one corner, behind a screen, was Pudgie, tossing his articles of clothing into the air.

"Here goes my vest and now my tie—"

"Five minutes to go, Pudgie—"

"My shirt!"

"Four and a half minutes to go—"

"My shoes—"

"What's coming off here?" roared Judge Prime.

"My pants, Your Honor!"

"Hurry, Pudgie. Three and a half minutes—"

Judge Prime turned on Mrs. Dean. "Virginia Ashley Dean, you will please explain—"

"Be quiet, Henry. You're not in your old court room—"

"Skinny, here goes my shorts!"

In a second of tense silence something white flashed through the bathroom door. The shower roared. Pudgie yelled as the ice water came down. Then he added, "All right, Skinny. Come in. The shower door's closed." The jury rushed pell-mell into the bathroom.

"Virginia!" Judge Prime demanded.

She turned on him condescendingly. "It's nothing to make all this fuss about, Henry. We discovered that Jeffrey lied about the burglar alarm. He fooled the police by representing himself as his cousin."

"Why on earth should Mr. Jeffrey impersonate his cousin?"

Pudgie's head thrust out above the top of the half door to the shower. "Because his cousin was dead," he said through chattering teeth. "Jeffrey murdered him on the way back from the hunting trip. He had to make people think Patterson was alive to prove his own alibi—"

"That's a lie!" Jeffrey shouted.

"Oh no, it isn't," Pudgie shouted. "When the burglar alarm trapped you, you bribed the maid to help you out!"

"Nonsense! I left my cousin's house at 10.31."

"Did you, my dear?" Mrs. Dean smiled. She turned to her maid, who had just arrived with an answer to the message she had sent the detectives. Judge Prime read it with her. Thomas Jeffrey had not returned home until 11 o'clock that night.

On the strength of that note Judge Prime ordered Jeffrey's arrest on the charge of murder.

The bathroom was riotous with emotions. The mystery had been solved. The guilty man was in the toils. Little Mrs. Patterson was proved guiltless. And Mrs. Dean had engineered it all.

Pudgie's head and shoulders protruded above the shower bath door. He looked like a life size sculpture done in soap and left half finished. His face was one vast, white blob, his eyes completely covered.

"Skinny!" he shouted. "Hey . . . Skinny! I can't see a thing . . . Skinny!"

But Mrs. Dean didn't hear him. Everybody was talking at once and she was enjoying her triumph.

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

[*Continued from page 37*]

forbid) I'll never forget the kick I got out of seeing it on the stage. Alfred Lunt was *Clarence,* Glenn Hunter was *Bobby,* Roberta Arnold was *Cora* and Mary Boland was *Mrs. Wheeler.* Now, we have Roscoe Karns as *Clarence,* Eleanore Whitney as *Cora,* Johnny Downs as *Bobby* and Spring Byington as *Mrs. Wheeler.*

I have no fault to find with Roscoe Karns as *Clarence.* I'm not even sure he won't be better than Lunt. But, holy good God! Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney in two rôles that *could* be so swell. And Paramount, with Mary Boland under contract, putting Spring Byington into that part. Miss Byington is one of my favorite actresses but anyone who knows anything knows she's not right for that part. It'll probably turn out to be a second-rate picture when it should be one of the year's best.



A scene from "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford and Frank Morgan making the well-known stage play into an up-to-date picture.

Clarence has just been discharged from the army. He was a mule-driver. He can't get work. He is leaning disconsolately against a taxi when Mr. Wheeler (Eugene Pallette) comes out of his office, mistakes Clarence for the taxi driver and orders Clarence to drive him home. His home is a bedlam. His wife is nuts. His daughter is always in love with a phony and threatening to commit suicide if they don't let her have the man of her choice. His son has kissed the maid and the maid is threatening to sue him for breach of promise if he doesn't make an honest woman of her. They all fall heels over head in love with Clarence and all he did was fix the hot-water heater.

"I like your new suit, Clarence," Eleanore raves on. "You always did seem an awfully peculiar kind of soldier."

"That's what everyone keeps telling me," Karns admits.

You can see for yourself, it makes no sense. But if you liked "Three Cornered Moon" (and who didn't?), if you got any fun out of "My Man Godfrey"—if you chortled over "It Happened One Night"—then see "Clarence."

That about winds us up at this studio and, except for Spring Byington playing



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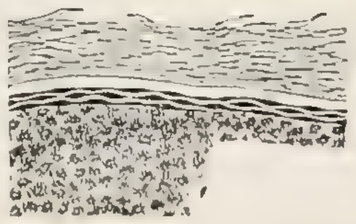
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Mayo Methot, Lola Lane, Isabel Jewel and Bette Davis in "Marked Woman," a picture of lovely girls—with a gangster menace.

the Mary Boland part, I'm very well pleased with things over here, so we'll now turn our attention to——

Warner Brothers

I'V'E never known this studio to be busier than it is today. First and foremost, of course, there is Mervyn LeRoy's first production on his own. It is called "The King and the Chorus Girl" and is from an original by Norman Krasna and—of all people! —Groucho Marx. I can remember when Norman used to work in the publicity office at Warner Brothers and escort me about the sets. Now he wears a camel's hair overcoat and pulls down $2,000 a week. Life is so wonderful, as I remarked last month anent Harry Hamilton.

Joan Blondell is the chorus girl and everybody who knows anything knows that no one can play a chorus girl like Joan. Fernand Gravet (Mervyn's new European discovery) is the king who is bored with being a king and who slips away to Paris to live with Edward Everett Horton and Mary Nash. I can remember, too, when Mary was a big star in New York and so was her sister Florence. And I can also remember taking Florence to the Claridge one night and wondering next day how I was going to eat the rest of the week, although, I hasten to add, it was my own fault because Florence, understanding soul that she is, said, "Don't spend more than you can afford. I'd just as soon go to a hamburger stand."

All of which, of course, has nothing to do with the case in point, which is that King Gravet is inclined to do too much elbow bending, so, when he shows an interest in Joan, Eddie and Mary engage Joan to enter upon a professional romance with Fernand and keep him sober. The only trouble is, he falls in love with her and asks her to marry him. She tells him she can't—that she's already engaged to an American architect (Alan Mowbray). To lend credence to this surprising story she produces her pseudo-fiance, who is in reality a waiter at a restaurant. Fernand bears up heroically while she's with him but as soon as they're parted he goes to the restaurant and gets himself blind drunk. Of course, it has to be the restaurant where Alan works. Next day Joan is on the king's yacht telling him goodbye—(and you should see the costume she tells him goodbye in. A little thing of her own but, boy, howdy! I mean to say it will knock your eye out)—when Alan is announced. He comes in with a hat and coat.

"What do you want?" Fernand demands ungraciously.

"You left these in our restaurant last night, your majesty," Alan says. "I heard you were sailing today and as there was a wallet in one of the pockets which I thought might contain some valuable papers, I brought them to you. Service with a smile is the motto of our restaurant," giving him a sickly smile.

"Oh, Donald," Joan breathes, "you're here!" She turns to Fernand. "This is Donald—my fiance. I asked him to stop by for me."

"How is your grandmother?" Fernand inquires with mock solicitude.

"My grandmother?" Alan repeats in amazement.

"Yes," says Fernand. "In Brussels."

"You remember your grandmother—in Brussels," Joan interrupts hastily, stressing the "Brussels" and vainly hoping Alan will catch on she's told Gravet a whopping lie.





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WINX Eye Beautifiers

"I haven't any grandmother," Alan spills the beans.

"Oh," Joan sympathizes. "Well, it had to happen, I suppose, and everything happens for the best. And, anyway, you were expecting it, weren't you?"

You can imagine that Alan is quite bewildered by all this and he doesn't know quite what to say.

"You'll never know what you've done for me, Donald," Fernand assures him, slipping him a bill. "Take this."

"Thank you, your Majesty," Alan beams and turns to Joan. "And thank *you*, Miss Ellis, for all *you've* done for me," he finishes.

"Can you swim," Gravet demands of him suddenly.

"I don't know, your Majesty," Mowbray says. "I've never tried."

"Well, you'd better go now if you don't want to learn," Fernand snaps, at the end of his patience.

"Cut!" yells Mervyn and turns to me: "This boy (indicating Fernand) is going to be a sensation. You watch. And he isn't going to be a sensation that the studio makes. I'm not letting them ballyhoo him. I'm going to let the public discover him."

Good boy, Mervyn. I think more stars have been ruined by studios trying to force them down the public's throat than such tactics have ever made. And I believe you're right this time. I think Gravet has what it takes.

But that dress Joan has on. *That* is *really* something. And Joan, too, let me remark in a loud aside, also has what it takes.

"Marked Woman" stars Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart and features Isabel Jewell, Lola Lane, Raymond Hatton, Mayo Methot, Rosalind Marquis, Eduardo Ciannelli and Teddy Hart (the little guy in "Three Men on a Horse").

Apparently the girls live more by their wits than their labors and Mr. Ciannelli is a gangster of some sort lurking in the background. He must be on the make for one of the girls. It's morning but Lola and Mayo are in evening gowns. Bette is in a red crepe wool dress of an outmoded style and Isabel is in a bathrobe. They're talking of this and that and Isabel is keeping her own counsel and looking like the cat that swallowed the canary all the time. Suddenly Lola catches sight of her expression and does a double-take.

"And just where did *you* disappear to last night that makes you so smug?" she inquires.

"I spent a very charming evening with *Mister* Manning, (Ciannelli)," Isabel replies loftily.

The news is like a bombshell. Even Mary (Bette) hasn't known about this. They all stare at her (Isabel) in mingled surprise and disapproval. Lola gives a significant, foreboding grunt as though the wind had been knocked out of her.

"Umph!" she says.

Isabel starts to flounce out of the room but Bette follows her. "You're a fool, Emmy Lou," Bette states.

"Don't kid yourself," Isabel flares.

Just then there is a loud knock on the door and Hart comes in with a suitcase almost as big as he is. He puts it down on the floor, extends his arms and beams impartially on them all.

"Girls—good morning," he greets them.

"Don't you believe in knocking twice?" Mayo wants to know.

"Don't you believe in paying once?" he counters.

"No!" says Lola promptly.

And the scene is over. "Hi'ya, toots," I begin to Lola.

"Can't stop," she says, grabbing her coat and hat and beating it. "I'm late for court now. I'm getting my divorce today."



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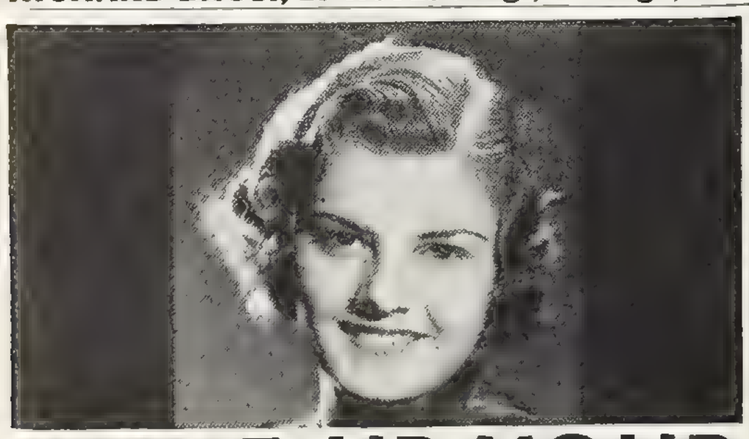
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Far be it from me to stand in the way of a divorce so I shake hands with Isabel and tell her she looks like a sixteen year old kid in that bathrobe (which she does) and I leave.

I am walking along, thinking heavily, when suddenly an arm is tucked through mine. I look around and there is Anita. "What happened to you?" she asks.

"Wh-why," I stutter, "you were working and I thought if I was to get through I better hurry. Nice bracelet you've got on," I add hurriedly hoping to change the subject. "Where'd you get it?"

"You know blamed well where I got it," she grins.

And then it all comes back. Tom Brown gave it to her when they were all in all to each other. It's a double gold chain and a lot of little bangles with the name of a picture and date on each. Every time she gave what Tom considered a good performance he'd have the name of the picture and the date they saw it engraved on a bangle and hang it on the bracelet. I examine it closely. All the pictures are old ones.

"You must not have given any good performances lately," I kid her.

"Lovers once but strangers now," Anita murmurs or, at least, that's what I *think* she said.

So the ragging continues all through lunch with me on the receiving end of most of it, because Anita can dish it out, too.

After lunch, there being nothing more to see here except a Western that I don't care about and "The Prince and The Pauper" which I'll tell you about next month, I go on over to——

20th Century-Fox

THERE are five pictures going here. One of them—"Nancy Steele Is Missing"—is on location. The next one "On the Avenue," starring Dick Powell, I'll tell you about next month, too.

BUT—we now come to "Seventh Heaven." James Stewart is playing Charlie Farrell's old role and Simone Simon is playing Janet Gaynor's. I just have a hunch that Jimmie is going to be every bit as good in this new version as Charlie was in the old one.

You may or may not remember it's the story of a girl (Simone) who lives with her sister in an attic. The sister beats her with a black snake whip and keeps her in a state of constant terror. The girl who lives in an attic is always looking down. Jimmie, a sewer worker, lives in an attic and is always looking up.

Simone flees from one of her sister's beatings, meets Jimmie and he takes her home with him.

They are just coming in. There is very little furniture—a bed in an alcove, a few chairs, a chest of drawers, a table with a gas plate on it and some cooking utensils. Through the window the moonlight streams—and the reflected lights of the city.

"First, you must come here," Chico says, leading her to the window. A plank on the window sill leads across a narrow open space to the adjoining building. His attic is six flights up from the street. All around are other attics inhabited by Chico's friends. Beyond it all there is a panorama of jumbled roof-tops and far away is the dome of St. Coeur. Lights blink in the windows. It is breath-taking.

"If you work in the sewer all day at night you want to be as close to the stars as you can," Chico explains. Then he points to the plank. "That's my back door."

Diane looks fearfully at the alleyway far below. She moves back suddenly and as she does so she dislodges a flowerpot which falls to the street with a crash. Some people look up, shout, shake their fists angrily. Frightened, she shrinks further back. But Chico steps bravely out on the plank and looks down into the street. He waves his



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hand in contemptuous dismissal of the people.

There is a lot more to the scene, as he tries to teach her to overcome her fear of everything. I look on enthralled.

But eventually the scene is finished. The spell is broken and Jimmie comes over to shake hands.

"Just saw your friend Fonda," I announce.

"How's he?" Jim asks, and then, without waiting for an answer. "We're all going out there for a party on Washington's Birthday and help his new daughter celebrate. We don't know which of us will impersonate George."

"I know which one *won't,*" I state, eyeing Jimmie scathingly.

"I guess I can make up, can't I?" Jimmie mutters sulkily.

———————

As I said, the spell is broken so I proceed to another stage where "Time Out for Romance" (isn't that a swell title?) is working.

This one has Claire Trevor and Michael Whalen in it. I think Claire is an adventuress. Mike is driving a car in a caravan out to the West Coast. I've forgotten what happens but he sneaks Claire into the car —which is strictly against the rules.

She has evidently been telling him her story because he says indifferently, "But haven't you any relatives anywhere?"

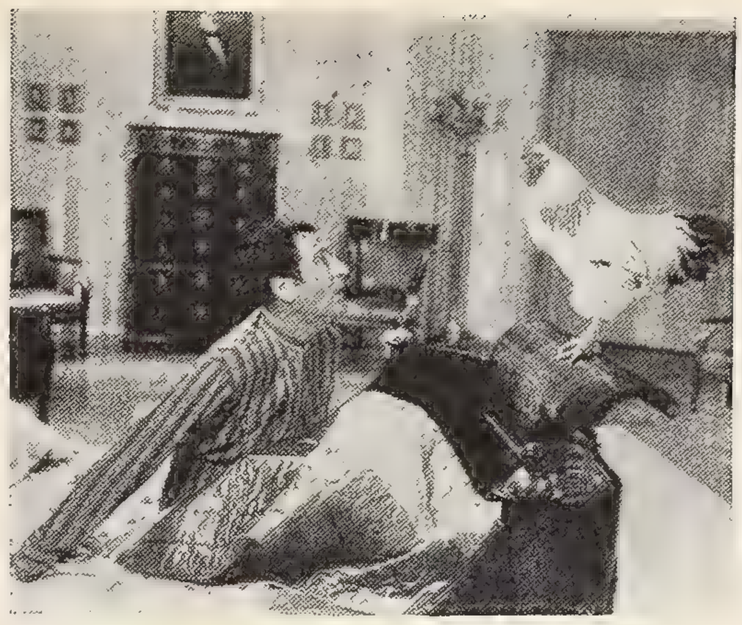
"No one," she answers dramatically. "That's why it means so much when people are kind to me—like you've been."

"I'd like to give you a lift to the coast but I can't take the chance," he says uneasily. "You understand?"

"Why, certainly," she smiles. "You've been more than generous already."

"Got 'ny money?" he asks, even more uncomfortably.

"Oh, plenty," Claire replies ingenuously.



Arthur Treacher, in the latest of the "Jeeves" series, introduces a new type of alarm clock.

"Two dollars and sixty cents."

There is a lot more to the scene. Before it's finished he has loaned her $10 which she promises to repay with interest—and does. But what kind of interest Mike never dreamed.

"How's the house coming?" I ask Claire.

"Oh, swell," she breathes ecstatically. "The living room and dining room are the only rooms really finished but I'm having a marvelous time picking out the rest of the stuff. It's all I really live for."

"Another dream of mine blasted," I comment.

"What did you say?" Claire asks.

"Nothing," I respond disconsolately and wander on to the next set which is another of the "Jeeves" stories featuring Arthur Treacher.

———————

Evidently Mr. Treacher has made quite a night of it. He is asleep in bed. Efforts of his valet (George Cooper) to rouse him having failed, Mr. Cooper puts a rooster on the foot of Arthur's bed. The rooster's crowing wakens him. He looks up, sees the rooster and thinks he has the D.T's.

Picture-making is a funny business. Even the roosters have voice doubles. The rooster on the bed doesn't crow at all. It is another rooster off-scene that crows. When I ask why, the rooster's owner explains that the one that does the crowing is a fighting cock and all he has to do is see another cock and he crows. The one on the bed is a fat slob who, apparently, isn't bothered about anything.

"Well, why don't you put the one that crows on the bed?" I inquire.

"The other one is better looking," is the retort.

That's all there is here so we'll jaunt over to——

M-G-M

"A DAY AT THE RACES" has finally started shooting again but I've already told you about that, so we'll turn our attention to——

"Parnell." This is a story of the great Irish statesman (played by Mr. Clark Gable), and his fight to get Home Rule for Ireland. It ought to be a great picture, except that I'm so sick of costume pictures I could gag every time I see a pair of sideburns. However, that's merely a personal reaction and this was a sensationally successful play.

The scene I see is one of the most important in the picture, but it is a political harangue and there's no sense giving you the dialogue since I can't tell you everything that leads up to it. Suffice it to say that the one and only Myrna Loy is Gable's heartbeat in this picture and the unwitting cause of his downfall.

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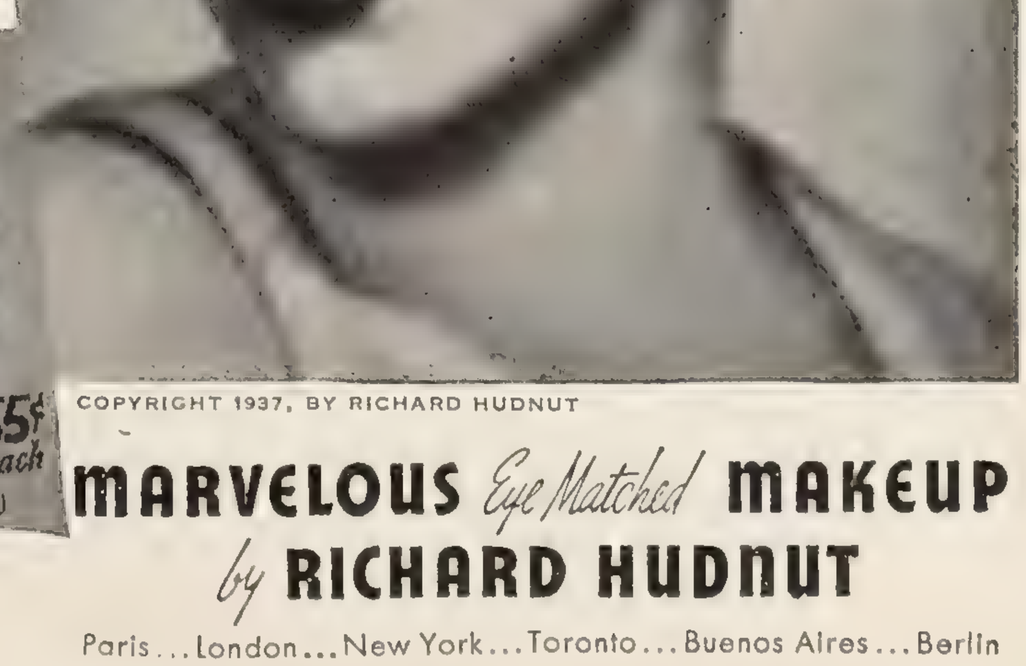
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"Captains Courageous" starring Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew is still on location so that leaves only "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

This time Joan Crawford is playing Mrs. C. But Joan isn't working today. Neither is William Powell. Neither are Frank Morgan, Nigel Bruce, Jessie Ralph or Benita Hume.

But Robert Montgomery is. And Phyllis Claire.

The scene is one of the most beautiful ever built. It's like one of those old English gardens you see in pictures. A lily pond with a fountain at the back. Walks bordered with gladioli and peonies. On the porch are Bob and Phyllis. He is smoking a cigarette.

"Come on," Phyllis urges, linking her arm in his. "They want you to play."

"Sorry," Bob demurs. "I forgot to bring my piano."

"Idiot!" she laughs. "They're playing a game of questions and answers and there's one I want to ask you."

"Am I in love with Mrs. Cheyney?" Bob anticipates soberly.

"How'd you know?" she demands.

"Because you've been trying to ask me ever since we got here. As everybody is expected to contribute something to a week-end party, my contribution is this—I think I am."

"To what extent?" she persists.

"I don't know," sadly.

"What are the symptoms?"

"I've suddenly discovered a liking for little children," he confesses.

"Umm," she says quietly. "That sounds like the real thing."

Pals [*Continued from page* 40]

instruction the study of what literature she thought would be beneficial to the advancement of his career. Freddie accepted all this, but through his own initiative undertook the arduous task of learning to write. For some years now he has turned out stories, keeping the screen ever in mind. For one so young to have pursued this activity as long as he has, proves that Freddie is no ordinary twelve-year-old youngster.

Observers long have noted that, unlike the majority of other children on sets, Mickey does not spend his time, when not actually before the camera, in play but in sitting beside the director, or near him, and watching him direct a scene. While other boys are pitching ball, or engaging in some form of sport, Mickey steadfastly refuses to leave the set and devotes his entire attention to the wheels of production.

During the past few years certain directors, knowing his desire to be one of them, have taken the time to explain their reasons for doing a bit of action in some particular manner. W. S. Van Dyke, especially, has taken Mickey under his capable wing, and whenever the lad has appeared in one of his pictures has been known frequently to ask him how he would direct a certain scene.

Separated following the completion of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Freddie and Mickey joined forces again in "The Devil Is a Sissy" and, more recently, in "Captains Courageous," renewing their discussions of the future. Each now is more intent than ever in arriving at his goal.

How can any child such as Freddie, only twelve years old, have reached so momentous a decision regarding the future, you ask? How can he know his mind sufficiently well to say what he will or will not do in years to come?

I can only repeat that Freddie Bartholomew is no ordinary lad of twelve. He possesses the mind of one wise far beyond his years and his reasoning powers have been developed to an extraordinary degree.

At home, he is especially interested in anything mechanical, particularly in trying to fathom the principle of radio, but sooner or later he invariably turns to either reading or writing. His tutor claims he possesses a natural gift of expression second to no boy he has ever known, and, judging by the style and text of his compositions, he seems destined to realize his ambition to be a writer.

Fascinated by the stirring dramas he hears over the air-lanes, his active mind sets to work in trying to adapt them to the screen.

"Very often, I will listen to a serial for several nights, then take up the thread of the plot from there and write my own



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story," Freddie explains his favorite pastime. "Sometimes the action of my story is very much like that of the radio; more often, though, I enter new fields and my hero and heroine perform in entirely different ways from the characters in the radio story."

There can be little doubt that these exercises will materially influence his future, for Freddie is learning to write through the most practical route.

At sixteen Mickey Rooney declares: "By the time I'm twenty or twenty-one I'll be ready to direct. I've been in hundreds of pictures—almost seventy-five during the past two years alone—and I've always made a point of observing carefully. I think I know my moods, my tempo, how to properly characterize a part, from a director's viewpoint, and I'd be willing to step into a director's shoes tomorrow. But I realize my age is against me, so I'm content to wait.

"I am, however, getting a lot of practical experience. Mr. Bernie Hyman, the producer, months ago told me I might sit in on story conferences whenever he and others were thrashing out the problems confronting them on a picture and I've learned a lot from these meetings. I never speak out, of course, but I've compared my ideas with theirs and many a time they've been the same.

"Then, too, several of my friends and myself are producing a picture, just for the fun of it, on 16-millimeter film. I'm directing this. It's a wild melodrama, and without any dialogue, but it's a chance at practical directing experience."

A natural-born organizer and leader, Mickey captains a football team and is about to form a basketball five. He heads, too, a bowling team of youths several years his senior, and is the leader of a swing-band orchestra, which plays at college dances and wherever an engagement can be found. Pretty good, for a young chap only sixteen . . . and he still has time to study the methods of the different directors on the Metro-Goldwyn lot where he is under long-term contract.



Mickey Rooney is shown here with Warner Baxter and Wallace Beery in his latest picture, "The Last Slaver."

"Before I become a director I want to put in several years at college," he tells you. "I don't care particularly about a degree, but I do want to take subjects that will help me in my work. Naturally, I'll take as many dramatic courses as I can."

Insofar as his learning how to act is concerned, Mickey need attend no drama classes. He is hailed as one of the cleverest juvenile actors on the screen today, and when Max Reinhardt presented his spectacle of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl several seasons ago Mickey enacted the part of Puck and garnered every honor.

Not once, but many times, have Freddie and Mickey talked over the possibility of Freddie writing the first story for Mickey to direct. Each holds a tremendous admiration for the other, both personally and professionally. That they later may be associated in such a venture seems not at all beyond the realm of reason. Freddie, the visionary; Mickey, the practical-thinking . . . what better combination for the future. Just as, today, they stand at the peak of their profession, so tomorrow may see them working as a team. It's only conjectural, of course . . . but there's nothing problematical about their respective futures. Just watch their smoke!

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Publicity Dodgers?

[*Continued from page* 32]

full column on Dan Cupid.

The Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone marriage was in the worst tradition. It wasn't their fault—the publicity offices cooked up or brewed every detail of it. Insisting that they wanted to be married quietly and far from observers, Joan and Franchot sought privacy at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, of all places. Here again, Love with a capital "L" had moseyed into the publicity orbit, and while it was good publicity for M. G. M., it was in bad taste. Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, on the other hand, proved that such a situation could be handled gracefully and tactfully, without offending the cameramen and newspaper interviewers. They posed for pictures, submitted to interviews and then retreated to a privacy which was a genuine wish to be left alone. Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda, once married to each other, showed equal desire for privacy when they were married to others recently. Miss Sullavan slipped away between shows to marry Leland Hayward, the manager of Katharine Hepburn; Fonda, quietly and without any fuss, married a society girl.

In 990 cases out of 1,000, I have found that the Hollywood stars prefer the undertones to the overtones of publicity. This is doubly remarkable because they are engaged in a business which places a high premium on personal publicity.

The answer to this is partially that when the movie stars reach New York they are on a vacation. They want to get away from any suggestion of their work, and it is hard, wearing work, despite the glamour which attaches to it. Publicity is a reminder of labor, so they avoid ballyhoo. Not very successfully, as a matter of fact. Claudette Colbert, the last time she was in New York, told me that in three days she had had appointments for forty-six interviews—magazines, daily papers, Sunday sections, radio scribblers. Each of these interviewers is a potentially powerful enemy, each has to be treated nicely for fear of rubbing one of them the wrong way, so it is a strain on tact and graciousness as well as a physical ordeal. They must dine at the homes of certain big officials of their company. It may be boring, but it is better not to offend the biggies.

Once these interviews and social obligations are out of the way, a femme star must pose for fashion pictures for whatever publications have been contacted by the home publicity offices. If it is an M. G. M. star, there will be at least one appearance on Station WHN, controlled by Loew's. The powerful newspapers of the country must be catered to. If they are running a contest or a promotion show at the moment, the movie critic has a right to feel offended if the visiting star does not at least take a bow. As a result, the movie queen or king visiting Broadway does not have to seek publicity, because it seeks them out, and eventually, after they have discharged all of the jobs wished on them, they just want to be left alone.

Clark Gable, on every New York appearance, has kept himself out of the glare of the spotlight completely. I have seen him in Broadway night clubs, apparently enjoying himself most when he is hidden at a table in the middle of the house. I know that Clark Gable is certainly not enjoying himself when frenzied women storm his car outside a New York theater, demolish the fenders and almost tear the clothes off his back. I played a week in Baltimore vaudeville shortly after Clark Gable had played there with the Ritz Brothers. Loew district manager, Bill



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Print Your Name and Address

Saxon, was telling me the incredible things that had happened to Gable while he was in the Maryland city. Police reserves had to be called out at the railroad station on his arrival to guard him from being sawed in half by the girls, who later invaded the floor of his hotel. Gable switched to another Baltimore hotel, signed his name as "Goldberg" on the hotel register and went back and forth to the theater all week long, without attracting any attention in the hotel lobby.

I asked Loretta Young once if she minded signing autographs for her fans: "I only mind the first one," she said, and then explained what she meant. "If any of us in the movies could withdraw to a secluded spot and sign ten or fifteen autographs, that would be perfectly all right. But the autograph-seeker grabs you just as you're going into a theater, or a restaurant, or on Broadway. Now just as soon as you start signing an autograph, the trouble starts. People passing by immediately stop, their attention arrested. In a moment, instead of one autograph seeker, you have hundreds milling around you. As the crowd grows, taxicabs pull up to the curb to see what is going on. If you are entering a theater, with a party of friends, you feel like a perfect fool, honestly. You don't like to tell the autograph-seekers to run away, because that will hurt their feelings; yet, on the other hand, your friends can't go into the theater until you join them, and the crowd blocks the entrance so completely that other theater-goers are scowling and muttering."

It is for this reason that when the Hollywood stars arrive in New York, they prefer the Colony Club, El Morocco, "21," the St. Regis and the Plaza Persian Room. In these places, they are never bothered by autograph hunters and they are never introduced from the floor. When they go to the Hollywood, the Cotton Club or the Paradise, they most certainly will be introduced and spotlighted. They generally effect a compromise, however, by asking the Masters of Ceremonies to accompany the introduction with a request to the other diners not to besiege them for autographs. This never works out happily, as, once it is learned they are in the place, it is every man and girl for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.

Fred Astaire does not spend a great deal of time in New York proper on his infrequent trips east. However, he told me that on his first trip back to Manhattan after his initial picture, he hadn't realized how intense was the enthusiasm of movie fans: "I went up to Saks to do some shopping," he recalled, "and a woman came up next to me, stared in my face and shrieked: 'My God—he dances with Ginger Rogers.' In a minute, women were running from all over the store to look at me and I never felt so silly in all my life. I had been a dancer all my life around New York, and nothing like that ever happened. One picture and I was a freak attraction." The genuine modesty of Astaire finds excellent reflection in this typical reaction.

Yet, despite the fact that in 999 out of 1,000 cases the movie stars behave themselves quietly along Broadway, they must ever be careful, because their slightest mistake will be red-lettered. Constance Bennett took a terrific rapping because she arrived late at a Broadway theater, and had to stumble over a quarter of a row of sulky knees to her seat. "There were fifty other people just as late," Miss Bennett protested, and not without reason, "but because I was from the movies, I was held up as a horrible example. They said I was disrespectful to the cast—nuts!! As a matter of fact, I had dinner at the home of some friends, the dinner was served late and I couldn't very well get up and leave the table before my hostess."

Sylvia Sidney has been rapped for wearing dark glasses around New York. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of New Yorkers wear dark glasses without being abused for it. She is a movie star and as such evidently is fair game for any criticism. Herbert Marshall apparently enjoys himself thoroughly in New York, attends plays and parties, and yet never attracts attention by any personal absurdity. Jimmy Cagney, Mervyn Le Roy, Lewis Milestone, Robert Montgomery, Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson drop into town frequently and behave normally. There are hundreds of fights in Broadway night clubs, but because he was from the movies, Johnny Weissmuller was pilloried because he was on the outskirts of a scrap that resulted in a black eye for a naval lieutenant at the Stork Club. Actually it wasn't his fault, but names make news.

No, I'm afraid that as a reporter, I must conclude that left to their own devices the picture stars mind their own business very successfully when they come to Broadway. I see them all, and the net impression is that they do not seek publicity, but that, on the contrary, it seeks them. Only when the publicity offices of the various companies step in and propose "stunts" for the visiting stars, do they get into trouble. For these publicity stunts are always in bad taste. The stars themselves always display good taste, and on Broadway, at least, they can match their public lives with that of any man, or woman.

Margaret Lindsay, Warner Bros. Star appearing opposite Errol Flynn and Anita Louise in Warner Bros.-Cosmopolitan Picture "Green Light"



The Final Fling

RECENTLY a picture was shown in New York which created quite some excitement. It was "Slalom," an Austrian film, and was really delightful to see. The theatre was well-filled and you could sense the wave of joy that went over the audience. That picture reached into our emotional nerve centers and stirred us all. We felt happy to be alive; we tingled to join in the sport. The comical fellows on the screen would be surprised to know that they won a place in our hearts. It was a skiing picture, not of jumping exhibitions, but with a story—a comedy. Mountainsides covered with snow and skiis like wings!

There was no well-known star featured, but a star doesn't always make a picture. There was in this picture the essential of screen entertainment—and that is *motion*. It was a love story, but even that did not matter. The secret of this screen success lies in the beauty of the scenery and, also, it is due to the fascination of seeing in action a new and thrilling sort of life.

America is going in for skiis. Ski trains leave New York for the mountains of New Hampshire every week-end. Skiis, and the costumes necessary for this sport, are on sale everywhere, and after seeing this picture we can understand the reason.

Pictures deserve success that have the excitement of movement, and that also awaken in us love for youth and health and the glorious sport of living—forgotten perhaps in the routine of our daily grind.

See "Slalom," then get your skiis and find yourself a mountain. It's colossal!

* * *

There is another picture to help on the new fad. It was made in the Austrian Tyrol by Hannes Schneider, the world's champion skier, and shows, as one of its features, three skiers leaving a grapevine design miles long on the side of a snow-covered mountain!

* * *

Much of our pleasure in seeing foreign films may come from the fact that we do not understand the languages used, so they have for us "silent" picture charm. We enjoyed the *reality* of "Janosik" and the natural beauties of the mountains of Czechoslovakia, but we did not enjoy scenes of lashings and nightmarish close-ups of torture.

* * *

Which brings us to the fact that pictures that have pleasant emotional turmoil and suspense like "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," last year's best picture, give us the most pleasure.

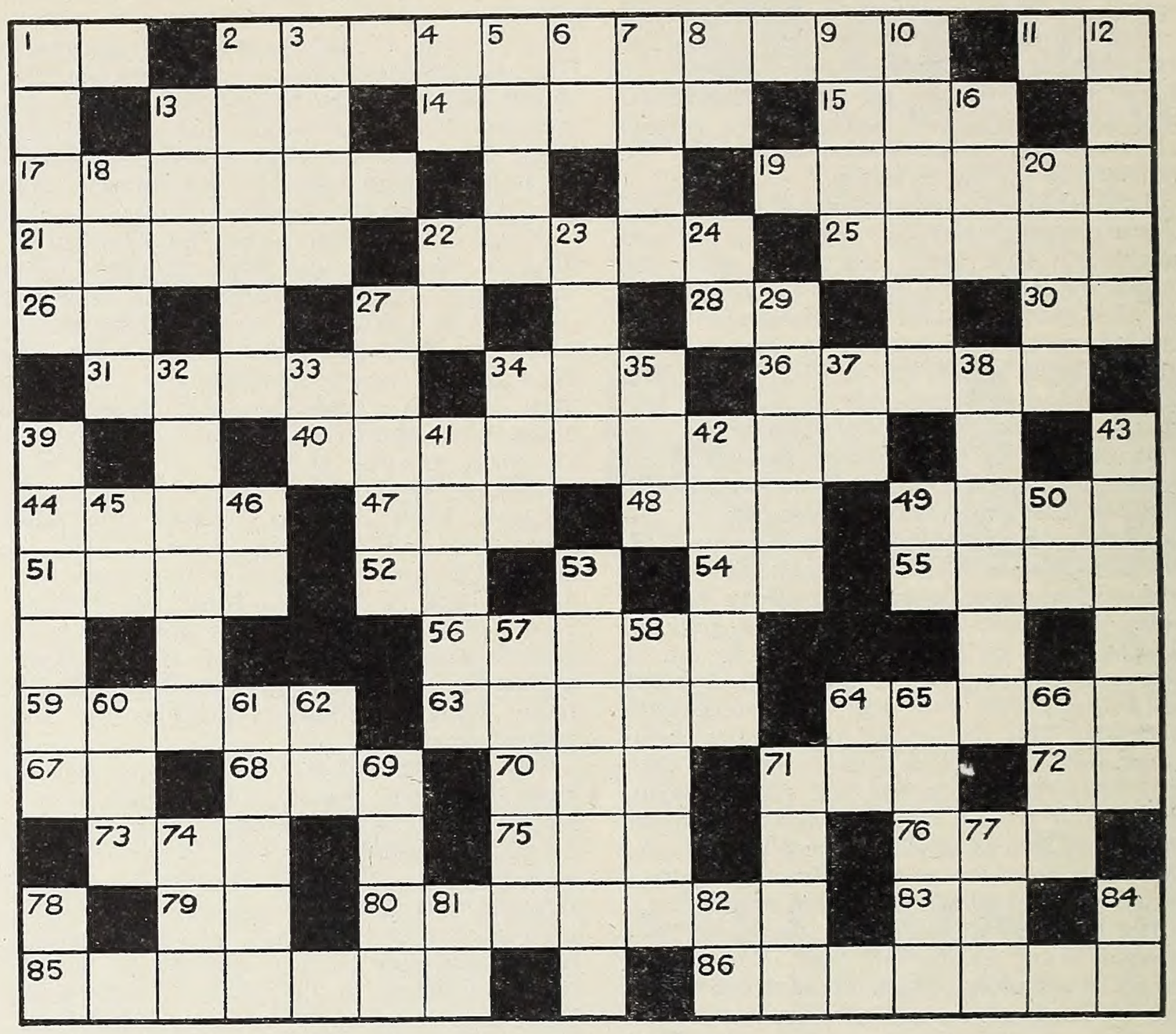
"That Girl from Paris," the new Lily Pons' picture, has imagination, marvelous comedy, singing that is wonderful, and, through it all, high entertainment values.

So there is, to this year's credit so far, one delightful evening for the millions of movie fans.

Elliott Keen

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

1. Near at hand
2. The desert messenger in "The Garden of Allah"
11. Paid publicity
13. Mimic
14. Exhausted
15. Tall growing cereal grass
17. He is appearing in "San Quentin"
19. With Judith Barrett in "The Flying Hostess"
21. The editor in "More Than a Secretary"
22. In "The Luckiest Girl in the World"
25. Exact reasoning
26. Pronoun
27. To exist
28. Upon
30. Personal pronoun
31. The monk in "The Garden of Allah"
34. Simpleton (abbr.)
36. Forebodings
40. The assassin in "Winterset"
44. Gramp in "Pennies from Heaven"
47. A beverage
48. A large powerful snake
49. Mrs. Charles Laughton
51. Organs of hearing
52. New Brunswick (abbr.)
54. Stannum (abbr.)
55. An emperor
56. She returns to the screen in "Camille"
59. The wealthy Artemus Todd in "Love Letters of a Star"
63. With James Dunn in "Come Closer Folks"
64. She makes her screen debut in "One in a Million"
67. A Metro player (abbr.)
68. Unit of electricity
70. Companion
71. Priestly garment
72. Title of respect (abbr.)
73. A month (abbr.)
75. Organ of sight
76. The liquid juice of plants
79. The sun god
80. Heavenly (Fr.)
83. Type measure
85. She was grand in "Come and Get It"
86. Joel McCrea's father in "Banjo on my Knee"

DOWN

1. He sang in "Rainbow on the River"
2. A favorite in "Our Gang" comedies
3. Verified statement (abbr.)
4. Neuter pronoun
5. The coloratura soprano in "That Girl from Paris"
6. A medical degree (abbr.)
7. Mazie West in "More Than a Secretary"
8. Thoroughfare (abbr.)
9. Mountains in Russia
10. The lover in "Lloyds of London"
12. A series of rhythmic movements
13. Era
16. To urge on
18. Raven (Heb.)
20. Endeavors
22. Pronoun
23. Man's name
24. Toward
27. With Merle Oberon in "Beloved Enemy"
29. A new star in "Top of the Town"
32. Her right name is Queenie Thompson
33. Stage, radio and movie star (initials)
34. A number
35. February (abbr.)
37. A measure of distance (abbr.)
38. His next picture will be "Maytime"
39. The doctor in "Ladies in Love"
41. A book for holding photographs
42. The graceful dancer in "The Garden of Allah"
43. The White Hunter
45. Each (abbr.)
46. Famous radio singer (initials)
49. A conjunction (Fr.)
50. Continent of Western Hemisphere (abbr.)
53. Dressed
57. Part of a coat
58. Small bodies of land (poet.)
60. In "Devil Is a Sissy"
61. A couch
62. Therefore
64. A well-known comedian (initials)
65. The amusing dancer in "Banjo on my Knee"
66. A mischievous child
69. Refined
71. "That Girl from Paris" is his latest picture
74. Pray (L.)
77. Mrs. Roger Pryor
78. Because
81. Suffix used to form plurals
82. Hero of "Rosebowl" (initials)
84. Within

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

J	E	A	N	■	A	D	M	I	R	E	S	■	E	R	I	C
E	R	R	■	C	L	A	U	D	E	T	T	E	■	A	S	H
N	I	N	E	■	T	I	M	O	T	H	Y	■	I	D	L	E
K	N	O	W	L	E	S	■	L	■	E	L	E	G	I	E	S
I	■	L	E	■	R	Y	E	■	A	L	E	■	B	U	■	T
N	O	D	■	M	■	■	O	A	R	■	■	R	■	M	A	E
S	R	■	T	E	C	H	N	I	C	O	L	O	R	■	D	R
■	G	L	O	R	I	A	■	M	■	D	A	M	I	T	A	■
B	A	R	N	E	S	■	G	■	M	■	C	A	L	I	P	H
E	N	■	E	D	■	E	L	E	C	T	■	N	L	■	T	E
L	■	K	■	I	N	T	E	R	C	E	P	T	■	B	■	A
L	E	E	■	T	■	A	N	■	R	D	■	I	■	R	U	T
A	R	I	G	H	T	■	D	O	E	■	M	C	H	U	G	H
M	A	T	E	■	A	L	A	B	A	M	A	■	A	C	H	E
Y	■	H	E	L	P	S	■	I	■	M	A	D	G	E	■	R

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